THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

Vol. XII OCTOBER, 1900 No. 2

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The expiration of the copyright in Balzac's novels has already produced its sensation in the book market. The house of Ollendorff has begun the issue of a complete series of Balzac's novels in a superior *format,* and with illustrations, at the regular price of 3 fr. 50 c.

The proposal to place a medallion portrait of John Ruskin in Westminster Abbey, says the London *Academy,* at a cost of £500, may be said to have been criticised in advance by Ruskin himself. He had no patience with the jumble of monuments in the Abbey—the "incoherent fillings of the aisles at Westminster," as he called them. It is suggested by a correspondent of the *Times* that the purchase of a cliff or hill-top, and its preservation from the jerry-builder, would be a more appropriate memorial. We think it would.

Philosophy and Physiology.

Almost every one must be interested in the recent announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson to her cousin; and all who have enjoyed her epigrammatic, vigorous and original writing will wish her happiness. Should the wish be granted by the gods, we think it very likely that Mrs. Stetson will hereafter more and more confine her gifts of thought and of expression to the production of pure literature rather than to the propagation of her theories about woman's true place in the spheres of sociology and economics. There are, indeed, to-day a number of women, by no means lacking in intellectual attainments, who go about restlessly throughout the land, crying aloud and sparing not in their agitation over the woes of women and over the awful fact that there is such a thing as sex. Many an impressionable person has listened to these ladies and has gone away perturbed and anxious, fearing lest, after all, our whole social system may be absolutely wrong, that man is largely to blame for it all, that women could manage things much better, and that if these oratorical ladies only had a chance, we should quickly find ourselves upon the verge of a new heaven and a new earth. We have a dim idea, however, that this isn't really so, and that the true basis of such theories is much less philosophical than physiological. All it really means is that the female prophets who are now so loudly crying in the wilderness have never yet been fortunate enough to meet with The One Man.

F. W. Nietzsche.

The death of Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche brings to an end a life and a career that are full of melancholy interest both to the student of philosophy and to the student of modern literature. Some two years ago we discussed the works of Nietzsche with sufficient fulness to absolve us from the necessity of writing at any length about him now. He had a brilliant mind, a wonderful style and a gigantic egoism. It is a sufficient comment upon his mental labours, which sometimes reached a pitch almost of mental agony, that through the last few years of his unhappy life he should have raved and gibbered of his firm belief that he had built up a new world-philosophy,

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FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE.

while in reality he had accomplished nothing more than to give a somewhat deeper tinge to modern pessimism and to furnish for saner minds than his a vivid warning of the dangers of reliance upon pure intellect alone. His works will live; but they will live not for the originality and the depth of their thought, but for the extraordinary style in which they were composed—a style combining keen analysis, strange power of expression and at times a certain lyric movement that recalls the outbursts of a rhapsode of Hellenic days.

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Post Wheeler and the "Reflections of a Bachelor."

It is now several years since the New York *Press* began publishing day by day at the foot of the third column of its editorial page a collection of epigrams under the title "Reflections of a Bachelor." We do not think that any one can have followed this department of the *Press* for any length of time without having been provoked to a certain wonder and amazement. A clever man with a properly cynical method of looking at the contradictions and complications of life might, perhaps, turn off thirty or forty of these paragraphs at a sitting. But when a man grinds out day after day five or six of these epigrams, all of them up to a certain standard of excellence, the work assumes the dignity of a real *tour de force*. Now, these "Reflections of a Bachelor" are not only always passable, many of them represent a very high order of cynical humour. Almost at haphazard we quote:

An accomplishment is the ability not to do a thing.

Home with some men is a place to go to when the others close up.

Whenever a woman tries to box a child's ears and misses, she always says, "Take that!"

Lots of women talk about their carriages in street-car dialect.

Love is the cherry in the cocktail of life. It doesn't make it taste any different, but after you get used to it, you always feel cheated if you don't get it.

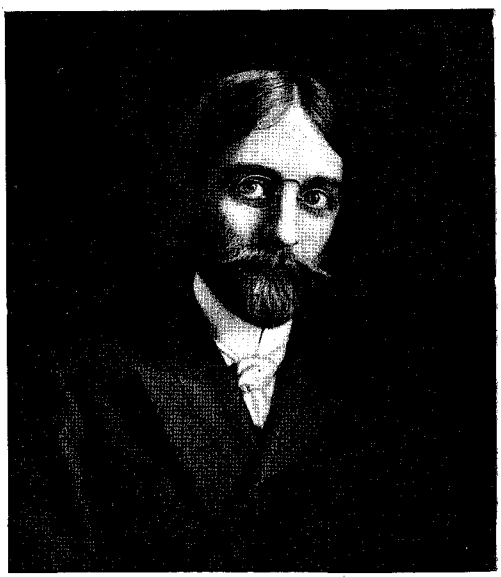
After Lady Godiva made her famous ride through Coventry, the people who saved most on the taxes were the first ones to cut her dead.

When some women get to heaven the first thing they will ask will be how the rest of the angels have agreed to treat Mary Magdalene.

The apple-tree was an afterthought of the devil's. His first idea was a church choir.

Sympathy is the fender on life's trolley-car. It's all right as far as it goes, but it isn't meant to take free rides on.

Happiness in married life is like a piece of soap in a bath-tub. You always know it was there when you got in.



POST WHEELER.

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The "Reflections of a Bachelor" are written by Mr. Post Wheeler, one of the ablest and most versatile of the younger New York newspaper men. Mr. Wheeler was born in Oswego, New York, August 6, 1869. He received his early schooling in the public schools of Philadelphia and then at the William Penn Charter School, the Quaker institution founded by Penn in 1689. From Penn Charter he was graduated in '87, being the valedictorian of his class. During his four years at Princeton he showed literary promise of a high order. In his senior year he was one of the editors of the *Nassau Literary Magazine.* Other contributors to this periodical at the same time were James Barnes, the author of some admirable juvenile books, and Jesse Lynch Williams, who has written some very clever stories of undergraduate and newspaper life. At Princeton Mr. Wheeler was director of the Triangle Club, the college dramatic organisation, and wrote several of the extravaganzas that were played by that society. Being graduated in 1891, he took the University Fellowship in England, which he held for two years. He then lived for a time in London and Paris, doing newspaper work for the *Westminster Gazette,* the New York *Press,* the *Commercial Advertiser,* the Boston *Globe,* the Boston *Transcript,* the Washington *Star,* the Providence *Journal,* the Chicago *Inter-Ocean,* the Philadelphia *Times,* the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the New York *Independent.* Returning from Europe, he assumed a staff position on the Newark *Advertiser,* and was later called to the New York *Press.* About two years ago he gave up newspaper work for a time and journeyed to Alaska, making his home for a time in a remote Indian village on the spur of the Rocky Mountains. He was received in a friendly manner, and became eventually an under-chief, speaking the Tukudh language and adhering to the customs of the people.

Pictoris Carmina.

It is so seldom nowadays that one finds a volume of verse which is really worth while that we take especial pleasure in calling attention to *Pictoris Carmina,* a collection of poems by Frederic Crowninshield. Mr. Crowninshield was at one time the president of the Architectural League of New York, and is now president of the Fine Arts Federation and also vice-president of the Mural Painters. Born in Boston in 1846, he was graduated from Harvard in the class of '66. After his graduation he married and went abroad, where he lived for fourteen years in Sienna, Paris, Rome and Florence, studying art in various *ateliers.* His studio is now in New York, where most of his painting is done. A work by him on Mural Painting is the recognised authority on the subject in America.

FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD.

Mr. Crowninshield's idea in writing and illustrating *Pictoris Carmina* was apparently that a poet could put in words certain phases of emotion felt only by an artist, and that an artist could illustrate with his brush certain phases of thought felt only by a poet. To his work he has brought a ripe scholarship, a singular felicity of expression, a very admirable appreciation of the *mot juste* and, above all, a certain indefinable charm. We append a poem by Mr. Crowninshield in a lighter vein:

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BOCCACCIO'S "DECAMERON."

TO GALENUS.

On a morn of resplendent weather,
On an April's ineffable day,
That has severed its wintry tether,
And bespeaks the white garlands of May,

Galenus and I outpaddled
In the quaintest kind of a boat,
Not a care, not a thought that ensaddled
Truant hearts on the streamlet afloat.

When the righteous were at their devotion,
And the plausible Pharisee, too,
To us came the impious notion
That He who created the view

Of mountain reflected in brooklet
And turf turning green on the plain,
Could be worshipped in open-air booklet
Devoutly read by us twain.

The willow shoots gay were imbrued in
Their amber juices of spring,
Which a bent for damp places now strewed in
Our bent for the channels that bring

To openings rippled by breezes,
To pools that are dimpled by trout,
To banks that the sand-piper teases,
As our oars dipped in and dripped out.

The air was transcendently quiet,
Nay, even the birdlings were mute,
Glad respite from turmoil and riot,
The noise of that urbanised brute

Called civilised man in the city,
Where cacophonies dear to his heart,
Serve the purpose—the greater the pity—
To attest the bulk of his mart.

We were dreaming rather than speaking,
Cheerful rather than gay,
Each of us absently seeking,
Perchance in identical way,

Vague phantoms and hallucinations,
That come in the bud of the year
To confound the vaticinations
Of him who laughs at the fear

Of Love the ever-persistent,
Of Love that broods in the spring,
Of Love that flouts the resistant;
Of all things *the* only thing.

Galenus, if you were but Phyllis,
Were your redolent hair blossom-bound,
Did your raiments, white as the lilies,
Betray the symmetries sound

Of your limbs, of your figure consummate,
Should I taciturn sit face to face,

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Overwhelmed by your graces, my sweet mate,
In such a provocative place?

Or should I yield to temptation,
When to yield to my soul would bring balm,
And declare my quintessent sensation?
Would the face of the brooklet be calm?

And you, my sober Galenus,
Were you dreaming the very same dream?
That I were your Phyllis? . . . Between us
We quietly worked up the stream.

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Apropos of the papers published in the July and August BOOKMAN, we reproduce what, in our opinion, is one of the most striking of all the year's literary pictures.

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The De Courtot Memoirs.

An exceedingly entertaining and valuable book dealing with the last years prior to '89 and the Napoleonic period, is the *Memoirs of Baroness Cécile de Courtot.* The volume is compiled from the letters of the Baroness de Courtot, at that time lady in waiting to the Princesse, de Lamballe, to Frau Von Alvensleben, by the latter's great-grandson, Moritz Von Kaisenberg. The letters had lain untouched for years until the oaken chest containing them came into the possession of the compiler. The diary, as well as the letters, was written in French. The Baroness de Courtot had been an eye-witness of the French Revolution, one of the victims of the Reign of Terror, and her position and rank had brought her into contact with the Emperor, who, in these pages, appears in a very human and amiable light.

BARONESS CÉCILE DE COURTOT.

FRAU VON ALVENSLEBEN.

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Mrs. Barr's Latest Book.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has written another story of old New York, a sequel to *The Bow of Orange Ribbon,* and dealing to a certain extent with the same characters, entitled *The Maid of Maiden Lane.* The alliteration is a rather happy one. The story teems with allusions to the quaint streets and customs of the city in the closing decade of the eighteenth century. There is a rather pretty love story

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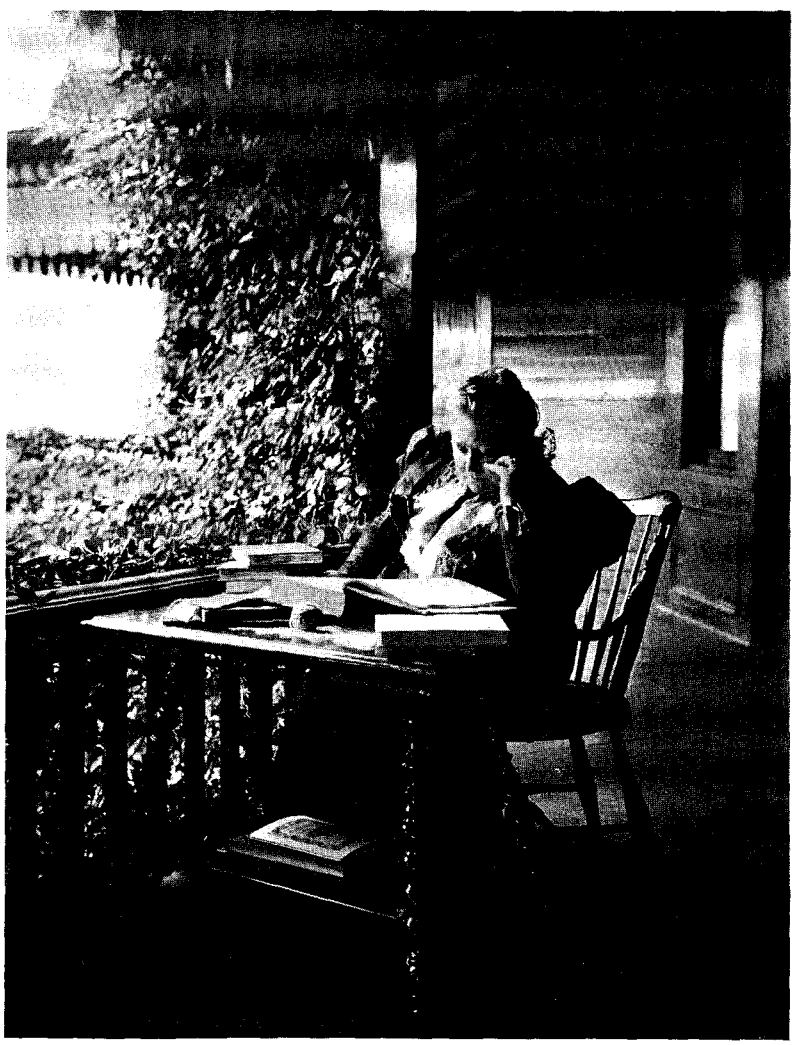
and the usual dialogue and complications, which are to be expected in a romance from Mrs. Barr.

The Reminiscent New Yorker, Londoner and Parisian.

In looking over some of the volumes of reminiscences which have appeared during the past few years we are very strongly impressed by the peculiar little details of subject and treatment which distinguish the conventional recollections of the New Yorker from the conventional recollections of the Londoner or of the Parisian. When a man sits down to write his impressions of the older New York, he tries, first of all, to reconstruct its quaintness and its comparative provincialism. He tells of old houses with Dutch gables at the lower end of the island of Manhattan; of strange street calls; of the markets that were; of the road houses that offered hospitality to the bucks of bygone days and that years ago passed away. He grows eloquent in describing the costumes of the beaux and the belles of the later Knickerbocker period, and in telling stories of the men who drove fast horses or affected eccentric attire. It all makes



MRS. BARR (FROM HER LATEST PICTURE).

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very pleasant reading for one who knows and loves New York; but somehow from time to time one is tempted to the criticism that it is not in any sense history. There is, as a rule, too much architecture and too little personal anecdote. Then, also, these reminiscences lack utterly that little touch of *chronique scandaleuse* which gives so much charm to a great deal of the printed reminiscence of London and of Paris.

Another disappointing feature of many of the books which have been written on the subject of New York is the utter lack of anecdote dealing with the city's artists and men of letters. From time to time we read something of N. P. Willis, of Edgar Allan Poe and William Cullen Bryant, but it is all so fragmentary and unsatisfactory. On the other hand, the books which have dealt in the same way with London and with Paris have been, to a remarkable degree, made up of just that matter which the writing of the veteran New Yorker lacks. The charm of the London or the Paris of the present century centres to a considerable degree in the taverns and the restaurants where foregathered the wits of the pen or the pencil; the gossip and the *blagueur*.

Some More Thackerayana.

That very interesting volume, *The Personal Recollections of H. Sutherland Edwards,* to which we made a brief reference a month or so ago, goes over a good deal of the ground covered by the *Memoirs of Jules and Edmond de Goncourt* and *An Englishman in Paris.* We are ready to confess that our knowledge of Mr. Sutherland Edwards is rather vague, but it is enough to say that he spent a great many years in Paris at a time when each week was bringing about some event of historic or literary importance, and that he seems to have a rather good intimate acquaintance with most of the interesting people of the London of the middle of the century. The book is full of literary anecdote, a great deal of which is likely to prove of permanent value. For instance, we learn that the famous *Times* review of Thackeray's *The Kickleburys on the Rhine,* which has been almost universally ascribed either to John Delane or to Samuel Phillips, was in reality written by Charles Kenney. The author of *Vanity Fair* is a familiar figure all through the book. We are told that he did not like Flaubert's *Madame Bovary;* that he thought the book bad—"a heartless, cold-blooded study of the downfall and degradation of a woman." This is exceedingly interesting, although it is just about what we should have expected on this subject from Thackeray, who rather scoffed at Monsieur de Balzac, and preferred above all others in the French literature of his time the romances of Charles Bernard de Grail.

Another amusing bit of Thackerayana is to be found in the chapter which tells of the great writer's failure as a playwright. He was a competitor for the prize of five hundred pounds offered by the manager of the Haymarket Theatre for the best comedy, and it is quite unnecessary to say that he did not get it. Indeed, we know of nothing coming from a man so great more pathetic than the *Wolves and the Lamb,* his dramatisation of *Lovel, the Widower,* which in itself was a rather pitiable story, and the following anecdote shows how completely unfitted he was for work for the stage:

> Many years afterward Thackeray wrote another comedy, or, perhaps, it was only the old competition comedy brought up to date. It was entertained for a time at the Olympic, and it need scarcely be added was not brought out. A friend of mine was complaining to Thackeray that he had written a piece in which there were only four characters, and yet could not get it produced.
>
> "Why, there were seventeen in mine," replied Thackeray, "and they wouldn't have it."

There was also, the author tells us, a hansom cab.

Greeley and Gavarni.

Another figure whom we see in a curious light in these pages is Horace Greeley. Mr. Edwards found him a pleasant, genial man, notwithstanding his spiritualism, his old hat and his habit of pronouncing French as though it were English. Of the great caricaturist Gavarni, much is said, and yet, by itself, too little. Mr. Edwards has merely given us a few

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sidelights on the Gavarni of the *Journal of the Goncourts.* Gavarni's literary likes and dislikes are of particular interest. Like almost all of his contemporaries, he ridiculed bitterly the work and influence of Paul de Kock. Balzac he placed far above all other novelists, and it must be remembered that this was at a time when except, perhaps, by Gavarni, Théophile Gautier, Stendhal and Heinrich Heine, Balzac's position at the head of novel literature was far from being recognised. "Novelists of the second rank: No. 1, M. de Balzac" was the heading under which the great Sainte-Beuve's appreciation of Balzac appeared.

A School for Translators.

We do not expect to see the making of the newspaper revolutionised by the schools of journalism; we do not believe that the art of literary composition, taught in twenty-five lessons, is going to be responsible for very many of the great masterpieces of the future; but what we might have a good deal of faith in, and would like to see established, would be a school for translators, with a very rigid and painful system of discipline, and a large force of savage and able-bodied proctors, to see that the system was enforced. As matters stand to-day, the average translation would be a farce if it were not something of a crime. There seems to be a general impression that anybody with a pad and a dictionary or two is quite equal to the task of serving up a great French or German masterpiece for English and American readers. We know of cases where it has been necessary for business reasons to turn off a translation in twenty-four or forty-eight hours. Twenty or thirty clerks are called in, to each is allotted a chapter, and in due time the butchery is consummated.

Some Typical Translators.

Now, the result of such a method must be apparent to every one, but it is by no means the most exasperating phase of the matter. More irritating by far is the incompetent translator who, not being hurried in his work, kills time by taking all sorts of liberties with the original text. The worst type of all is the superior translator, who deems it his duty to "touch up"; who does not approve of the author's ideas, perhaps, or of his morals, and who, when obliged to render an opinion or paragraph displeasing to himself, loftily waives responsibility by appending a footnote. Of the slovenly translator we have very little to say, because of every ten translators nine and two-thirds are slovenly; but side by side with the translator who patronises his subject is the translator who is "kind" to his readers; who calls the Rue de la Paix "Peace Street"; who insists on giving French or German money in its English or American equivalent; who translates "diable!" as "the deuce," and "ma foi" as "by my faith."

The Works of Gaboriau.

We are stirred to these feelings every little while. Just now our exasperation is due to the fact that we have been reading a new edition of the best-known works of Émile Gaboriau. It is not so much that this translation is particularly bad, but because, from our appreciation of the high standing of the publishing house whose imprint it bears, we sat down to read it with the hope that it would prove passably good, and we found it—well—just like most translations. Without going into details, and to give an example from a glance along the titles of the books, why is *L'Affaire Lerouge* called *The Widow Lerouge,* instead of *The Lerouge Case?* The distinction may be deemed hypercritical, but the fact remains that the book is the story of the Lerouge Case and not of the Widow Lerouge.

Gaboriau as a Craftsman.

Gaboriau is one of those writers who, while appealing strongly to thousands upon thousands of readers, are by the critics absolutely ignored as literary forces. He is, as a rule, passed by as a mere spinner of detective stories, a light and rather frivolous entertainer. Now, in his case, this seems to be particularly unjust. He made no pretension to literary style or effect. His love passages, as love passages pure and simple, are of the most conventional

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and threadbare. It is quite true that he was only making stories; but he wrote of a certain side of life as he knew it, and for his background he drew upon the store of experience acquired by years of watching the ebb and flow of Paris. It is said that the plots of his books were taken almost bodily from the secret archives of the Rue Jerusalem, and one may readily believe it. There is a little touch of the *Comédie Humaine* to be found in his works. He knew his Balzac and his Molière, and he made use of this knowledge. That dark under side of the criminal life of Paris with which Gaboriau deals furnished Balzac with some of his most powerful themes.

Lecocq and Sherlock Holmes.

Justly or unjustly, Émile Gaboriau is regarded, first of all, as the creator of one powerful character. And yet we do not think that he himself ever wished to give such pre-eminence to Monsieur Lecocq, or that he even realised the dramatic qualities of the great detective. Had he aimed to show Lecocq infallible, omniscient, would there have been a Père Tabaret? The real Lecocq is a factor in only three books—*The Mystery of Orcival, Monsieur Lecocq* and *File No. 113*. In *Other People's Money* and *The Lerouge Case* he is a mere subordinate. Sherlock Holmes fleered at him as a bungler, a mere practical investigator, whose only merit was his patience and his capacity for hard work. True, he was not a builder of fancy hypotheses; he did not show so well in the lime-light. But we defy any reader to take up Lecocq's arguments and evidence and be unconvinced. And his evolving a complete theory from the chance words, "It is the Prussians who are coming," let drop by the pretended May, in the first chapter of *Monsieur Lecocq*, shows an imagination of a very high order.

The Making of the Detective Story.

There are certain conventionalities, we take it, that the writer of detective stories can, under no circumstances, afford to ignore. We remember reading some years ago a short tale that was a horrible example of the result of disdaining the very first law to be observed in the construction of the story of detection, which is that the real culprit, though unsuspected, must be before the reader almost from the beginning. In this story the author, after eliminating everybody within reach, fastens the crime upon a person of whom the reader has never before heard. Of course, this arbitrary rule has certain inconveniences. For instance, in *The Lerouge Case*, ridiculous as it appeared on the surface, it was inevitable that Noel Gerdy was the assassin, simply because there was no other character of sufficient importance who was not at first an object of suspicion. In *File No. 113*—one of the finest and most suggestive of all titles, summing up as it does all the mystery of the Parisian secret service—it was certain that Prosper was innocent, just because everything seemed to point so conclusively to his guilt.

A Chinese Source Found for Poe's "Raven."

It seems, says the London *Outlook*, that Poe's "Raven," like gunpowder and spectacles, was invented in China "thousands of years ago." At any rate, a Chinese poem, written *circa* 100 B.C., bears a more or less striking resemblance to the "never more" effusion. We append a translation of the Chinese:

One day, when the sun was declining, a funiao flew into my room, and, perching in the corner where I was wont to sit, appeared to be quite at home.

This strange, uncanny thing coming to associate with me, I wondered what might be the reason.

Opening a book to seek a solution of the mystery, the oracle responded: "When a wild bird enters a dwelling, it portends the human occupant must go forth."

I ventured then to interrogate the bird itself:

"If I am to go forth, pray tell me whither. If to better fortune, announce it to me; if to deeper calamity, make known the worst and shorten my suspense."

The bird raised its head and flapped its wings; its mouth could not articulate a word, but it heaved a sigh, and I ventured to interpret its meaning:

"All things," it seemed to say, "are revolving in a whirlpool of change. They go and return, but their transformations no words

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can express. Good often springs from ill, and evil lurks in the midst of good. Joy and sorrow meet at the same gate: woe and weal together dwell."

The author was one Kia Yi, and the translator is Dr. Martin, a well-known American resident at Pekin.

Tolstoy.

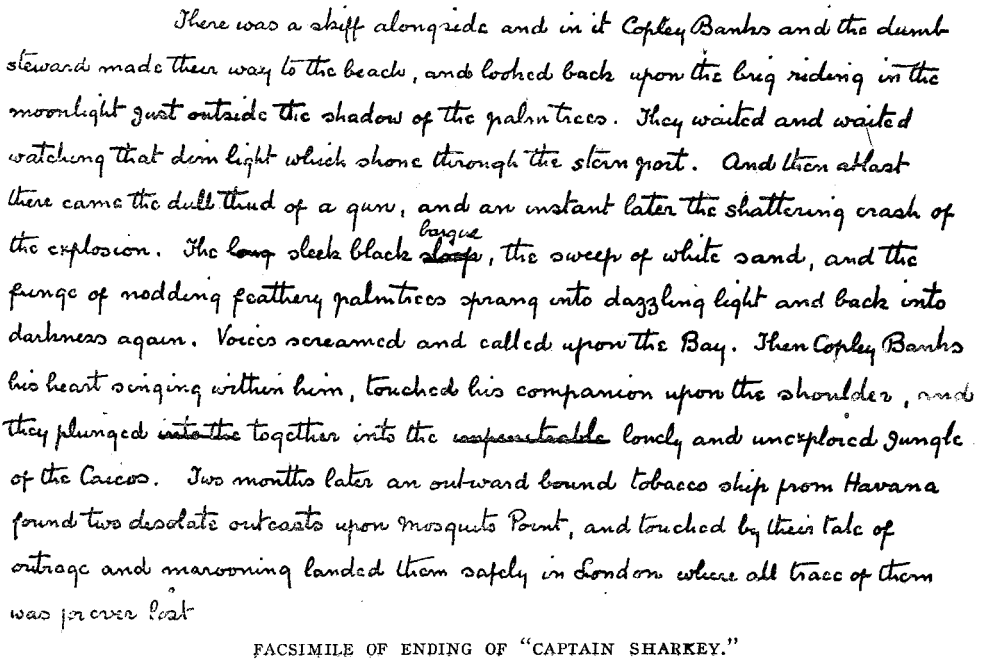
According to the Russian newspapers, Count Tolstoy is seriously thinking of starting shortly upon a prolonged journey through Germany, France, and England. Whether this trip is to be taken for the purposes of gathering literary material or whether it is merely a pleasure trip has not been suggested. Some of the English newspapers have been talking of Tolstoy's new novel which Tolstoy is said to have just completed. It is supposed originally to have been written as a pamphlet, and since expanded into a large book which deals with the conditions of town life and their effects upon the working classes. The title is given as *The New Slavery*.

The accompanying manuscript is taken from the story of the pirate Sharkey which was included in Dr. Doyle's *The Green Flag and Other Stories* published last spring. This bit of manuscript is of peculiar interest because it shows that the story originally ended in a slightly different manner from what we find in the book.

"The Master Christian."

The announcement that the advance sale of *The Master Christian* in England and this country has exceeded more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies arouses renewed interest in a writer who is always more or less in the public mind. Whatever her books may be, they are read, and there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country and in England who await with a great deal of eagerness every new novel that comes from her pen.

So much has been written about Miss Corelli that it would be quite superfluous to recount here the particulars of her career and her literary work. The story of her first book, *The Romance of Two Worlds*, which was published in 1885, will, however, we think, bear repeating. It had been intended that she should follow a musical career, and to


There was a skiff alongside and in it Copley Banks and the dumb steward made their way to the beach, and looked back upon the brig riding in the moonlight just outside the shadow of the palm trees. They waited and waited watching that dim light which shone through the stern port. And then at last there came the dull thud of a gun, and an instant later the shattering crash of the explosion. The long sleek black rogue, the sweep of white sand, and the fringe of nodding feathery palm trees sprang into dazzling light and back into darkness again. Voices screamed and called upon the Bay. Then Copley Banks his heart singing within him, touched his companion upon the shoulder, and they plunged into the together into the unspeakable lonely and unexplored jungle of the Caicos. Two months later an outward bound tobacco ship from Havana found two desolate outcasts upon Mosquito Point, and touched by their tale of outrage and marooning landed them safely in London where all trace of them was forever lost

FACSIMILE OF ENDING OF "CAPTAIN SHARKEY."

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complete her studies she was sent when a young girl to a French convent. She became in a short time a very brilliant pianist, but overstudy and anxiety began to tell upon her strength, and she was ordered home for a rest. During this interval she beguiled the time with the writing of a romance, in which were embodied some remarkable psychological experiences through which she herself had passed and to which she attributed her return to health and buoyancy of spirit. The story finished, she finally determined to try its fate with a London publisher, and the manuscript was sent to the publishing firm of Messrs. Bentley and Son. Among the readers for this house was Mr. Hall Caine, who was exceedingly severe in his rejection of the book. The unusual ferocity of the criticisms, however, aroused the curiosity of Mr. George Bentley, who sent for the manuscript, of which the original title was *Uplifted,* read it and accepted it immediately.

A copyright performance of a play entitled *The Master Christian,* founded on Miss Marie Corelli's novel, was recently given in Leeds, England. The play is in four short acts and eleven scenes, and the characters number thirteen. The first act is set in Paris and the remaining three acts in Rome. The list of characters is as follows:

Cardinal Felix Bonpré	A Priest of the Church of Rome.
Abbé Vergniaud	A Priest of the Church of Rome.
Cyrillon Vergniaud, otherwise "Gys Graudit"	A Socialist.
Aubrey Leigh	An English "Christian Socialist" writer.
Monsignor Gherardi	A Priest attached to the Papal Court.
Prince Sovrani	An Italian, Angela Sovrani's father.
Florian Varillo	An Artist, betrothed to Angela Sovrani.
Marquis Fontenelle	A Frenchman.
Victor Miraudin	A French Actor.
Ruspardi	An Italian Captain.
Angela Sovrani	A famous Artist.
Comtesse Hermenstein	Angela's friend.
Jeanne Richaud	A Soubrette, Miraudin's mistress.

De Finibus.

The manuscript of a novel which not very long ago created a considerable stir and enjoyed all the success that it deserved, and possibly just a little bit more, was for a long time withheld from the publishers simply because the author could not invent a satisfactory ending. He ransacked his brain, he mentally went over all the stock climaxes of fiction, he juggled his characters with industry and energy, but somehow, try as he would, he could not make the matter come out right. At last, thoroughly baffled, and in utter disgust, he lopped away the six or eight closing chapters and sent off the manuscript practically unfinished, writing "Finis" at a point where the story itself was practically in abeyance. It was thus that the book was published, and to his amazement the professional critics, one and all, laid especial stress upon the climax *as an admirable bit of artistic work.*

The Question of Climax.

Now, all this leads us to a consideration of the very interesting subject of climax in fiction. We are convinced that the inability of the writer to whom we referred above to bring his story to a close in a manner pleasing to himself was in the end a very lucky misfortune; and that had he carried the book on in what seemed to him a logical way, he would probably have spoiled the story in its entirety. The trick that the usual novel writer finds most difficult to learn is that of leaving something for the imagination of the reader. He apparently feels that his duty is to give a definite end to the career of even the most unentertaining and unimportant of his creatures. It is often objected that the conventional novelist usually finishes his book with the marriage of his hero and his heroine; whereas in real life that would be only a rather interesting episode in their careers. Then, again, in life there is, of course, no such thing as finality. People do not meet at a certain spot to group themselves for the end of the fifth act, so to speak.

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Fielding and Dickens.

This question of climax naturally provokes one to the discussion of some of the great works of fiction. To begin with Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones,* we should say that of all the books with the somewhat conventional ending this is one of the most artistic and convincing. *Tom Jones* has one of the most perfect plots in all fiction. The exposure of Blifil, the reconciliation of Tom Jones with Squire Allworthy and with Sophia and Squire Weston is absolutely inevitable. Blifil left in possession of Allworthy's fortune and esteem, and the accepted suitor of Sophia; Weston implacable toward the foundling—in short, an unhappy ending—would ring absolutely false. And yet *Tom Jones* established a precept which has been not always fortunate. Dickens followed Fielding's method with too much fidelity: Thackeray, carried away by Fielding's wit and humour, was also in a measure under his influence. Great man as Dickens was, immense as his influence has been and shall be, his endings were not always of the happiest. They do not seem to come about logically; they are the result of complications and catastrophes obviously lugged in by the scruff of the neck. Very often in laying one of Dickens's books aside we are practically at a loss as to how matters turned out. For instance, take *Little Dorrit,* one of the most charming and thoroughly inartistic of all his books. What ultimately happened to that absurd bore Arthur Clennam? And what was Dickens trying to tell us happened to the puffing Pancks, and to Mrs. Murdle and to all the rest, and, above all, to Little Dorrit, daughter of the Marshalsea? In short, what was it all about, and why? *Oliver Twist* is not quite so bad, but in *Nicholas Nickleby* we have practically the flattest of all flat endings.

Thackeray.

Vanity Fair ends in a manner that is at once admirable and unsatisfactory. Admirable because of that touch which shows Rebecca penitent and devout, a singer in the choir and a writer of hymns; unsatisfactory because we are never quite willing to concede Amelia to be the adequate reward of Dobbin's years of patient pain and devotion. But somehow one is never tempted to the criticism "that it is not life." Nor does *Pendennis* end in a satisfactory manner, and one mentally carries on the original story through the pages of *The Newcomes* and *The Adventures of Philip.* In concluding *The Newcomes* Thackeray makes use of a very pleasing and convenient conceit, telling of what ultimately became of Ethel and of Clive, of Mrs. Mackenzie and of Sir Barnes and of the Marquis of Farintosh, but ascribing it all to Fableland. *Philip* and *The Virginians* are, of course, never to be taken seriously as complete and individual works, but only as very delightful bits of Thackerayana; yet in *Esmond* we have undoubtedly one of the greatest climaxes in English fiction. The chapters which treat of the flight of Beatrix and the Pretender to Castlewood and the subsequent pursuit shall stand out to the end of time. Only, as in *Vanity Fair,* we are not ready cheerfully to accept the fate which gives *Henry Esmond* his sweetheart's mother as wife.

Balzac.

To take up Honoré de Balzac when dealing with the question of climax is very obviously a pure contradiction. Every one of his books is so intentionally a chapter in the whole great scheme of the *Comédie Humaine* that finality is utterly out of the question. And yet taken simply as chapters they afford some very remarkable examples of artistic climax. For instance, the closing words of *La Cousine Bette:* "Parents may regulate to a certain extent the unfortunate marriages of their children; but children are utterly powerless in the matter of the marriages of their parents." These words sum up the whole meaning and scope of the book. In them we see all the patient suffering of Adeline, the machinations of Bette, the diabolical sensuality of Madame Marneffe, the blasphemous coarseness of Crevel, the ignoble grandeur of Hulot. Then there is *Père Goriot.* How admirably the great, sad sermon is summed up in the defiance which Eugene de Rastignac from the heights of the

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cemetery of Père La Chaise hurls at the great city stretching out to the west: *"à nous deux maintenant"!*

But in our opinion the supreme master of the art of climax was Alphonse Daudet, who, while undoubtedly a great novelist and a great satirist, will ultimately, perhaps, receive a place only in the second rank of the writers of the nineteenth century. In summing up, in the very last paragraph, the very last sentence, the very last line, all the significance of his book, Daudet is absolutely without a rival. There is hardly one of his greater works which the reader does not leave with amaze and delight. Take *Tartarin de Tarascon.* The Lion of Tarascon humiliated, overwhelmed with discomfiture and disgrace, returns to his native town, hoping to steal to his home undiscovered in his silence and his shame. Then as the train speeds on, there looms into sight the pathetic figure of the deserted camel, the witness of his Algerian misfortunes. Tarascon is reached. Tartarin stumbles down the station steps, when, to his amazement, there goes up the cry, "Long life to Tartarin, the Lion Slayer!"

Alphonse Daudet.

Tartarin felt that death had come; he believed it a hoax. But, no, all Tarascon was there, waving its hats, all of the same way of thinking. Behold the brave Commandant Bravida, Costecalde the Armourer, the Chief Judge, the chemist and the whole noble army of cap-poppers, who pressed around their leader, and carried him in triumph out through the passages.

Singular effects of the mirage!—the hide of the blind lion sent to Bravida was the cause of all this riot. With that humble fur exhibited in the club-room, the Tarasconians, and, at the back of them, the whole south of France. had grown excited. The *Sémaphore* had spoken of it. It was not merely a solitary lion which Tartarin had slain, but ten, nay, twenty —pooh! a herd of lions had been made marmalade of. Hence, on disembarking at Marseilles, Tartarin was already celebrated without being aware of it, and an enthusiastic telegram had gone on before him by two hours to his native place.

But what capped the climax of the popular gladness was to see a fancifully shaped animal, covered with foam and dust, appear behind the hero, and stumble down the station stairs.

Tarascon for an instant believed that its dragon was come again.

Tartarin set his fellow-citizens at ease.

"This is my camel," he said.

Already feeling the influence of the splendid sun of Tarascon, he added, as he fondled the camel's hump:

"It is a noble beast! He saw me kill all my lions!"

Whereupon he familiarly took the arm of the commandant, who was red with pleasure; and, followed by his camel, surrounded by the cap hunters, acclaimed by all the population, he placidly proceeded toward the Baobab Villa; and, on the march, thus commenced the account of his mighty hunting:

"Once upon an evening, you are to imagine that, out in the depths of the Sahara—"

In this way the book ends.

Hardly less admirable are the closing words of *Les Rois en Exil,* in which the queen mother and the blind boy, a king without a throne, look through their carriage window on the ruins of the Tuileries, which, like some ancient monument of Egypt or Assyria, seem simply a witness of an extinct civilisation and people, some grand thing of the past now dead. Among all his books, Alphonse Daudet is said to have preferred *Numa Roumestan,* and certainly no reader of that story can ever forget the manner in which it is brought to a close—Numa, the fluent demagogue, the real *blagueur* of the South, a Tartarin of the Quai d'Orsay, haranguing a crowd from his balcony, while in the room within his wife, who has suffered so much and borne so patiently, is murmuring the old Provençal proverb, "Joy of the street, sorrow of the home."

The Ethics of International Sport.

The visit of the various American athletic teams to Europe during the past summer was attended by results upon which all Americans may look with pardonable pride. In the games at Paris, despite the disadvantages of a changed climate and the eccentricities of French handicapping, the work of the runners, jumpers, hurdlers and weight-throwers from

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the American universities was of such a nature as decisively to settle the question of national athletic supremacy. Indeed, the very handicapping, with which so many of the Americans found fault, was the most sweeping of tributes, expressing as it did the French conviction that only by the most extreme measures could the European athletes have an even chance when pitted against "those extraordinary Yankees." But while the Paris games were, of course, essentially more dramatic, they were, on the whole, less satisfactory than the success of the Americans at the English championships. At rowing, England can probably teach us something, although the defeats of Cornell and of Yale at Henley were by no means to be taken as decisive tests of relative English and American prowess at the oars; and one may venture the opinion that the eight which represented the University of Pennsylvania at Poughkeepsie last June would have won from the best in England. At cricket, baseball and football, comparison is manifestly impossible. But the work of the American athletes in London this year should decisively settle what, despite the trip of the Manhattan Athletic Club team in 1891 and the games in New York between the London Athletic Club and the New York Athletic Club, has been, in English minds, an open question. Still more pleasing and significant was the very generous spirit of the English press and public, for it has been very pertinently remarked that British fair play has been a commodity carefully kept for the benefit of Britons and not lavishly to be wasted on foreigners.

❦

There is a story which Englishmen seem never to grow weary of repeating as an example of fine old English repartee. Once, many years ago, the Derby was won by a French horse, and as the winner crossed the finish line an enthusiastic French sportsman was heard to remark: "Waterloo is avenged!" A great English duke who was standing by turned and said: "Yes; you ran well on both occasions." The nobleman's remark was natural enough. It was the peevish outburst of a bad loser and a worse host. The surprising and significant part of the matter is that Englishmen have persisted in holding up his words as something for Britons to chuckle over and to tell their sons. To this day the story crops exultantly up in English newspapers from month to month, under some such caption as, "An English Nobleman's Witty Reply" or "Crushing Rejoinder of His Grace the Duke of ——." Suggest to an Englishman that His Grace's remark was creditable to him neither as a sportsman nor as a gentleman and he will stare. Unfortunately, the spirit which animated His Grace has been rather too characteristic of Englishmen, regardless of social rank, whenever British athletic prestige was threatened, and the roughs who, early in the century, resorted to all the disreputable tricks known to the prize-ring to save the English champion Pierce from a thrashing at the hands of Molyneux simply established a precedent which has been too often very admirably followed. Lord Dunraven's amazing charge of unfairness against the New York Yacht Club was in itself merely an episode. The real significance of the affair lies in the fact that to this day he has received no official censure from English yachtsmen. That the Cornell crew on its trip to England five years ago was badly advised, that its members and followers were guilty of several very unfortunate *gaucheries,* cannot be denied. But this at most falls very far short of explaining the hoots of British mirth and derision that greeted the American boat as it neared the finish line, hopelessly beaten. Nor was this attitude made any more pleasant to Americans by the fact that another foreign competitor in the same regatta—a crew from a Paris boat club—was greeted with the heartiest applause when it defeated an English rival in one of the semi-finals. But this spirit, as has been said, seems rapidly to be passing away. Last year, when the American runner Orton was beaten in the English national steeplechase, which he had won the year before, because the committee in charge had handicapped him by placing on the course an obstacle with which he was known to be unfamiliar, a very manly, hearty and almost universal protest went up from the better class of English sportsmen. Sir Thomas Lipton and the *Shamrock* are still very recent

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and pleasant memories to all Americans, and these and other indications seem to assure us that the fair play which that very excellent Englishman, Colonel Thomas Newcome, prized so will soon be always at the disposal of any and all who visit the tight little island. The question is one which is important to more than the mere sportsman. The German heavyweight bruiser who thrashes an English champion, or the American sprinter who shows his heels to a field of English rivals, will bring home to the average Briton respect for his neighbors as it cannot be brought home by an immense national appropriation for the standing army of the Kaiser or by a message like that of ex-President Cleveland. If an ardent sportsman tells you that when the civilized nations of the world meet fraternally in the struggle for athletic supremacy the dangers of international complications will be materially lessened, try to take him seriously. His argument may be very sane. For our part, we look forward to a time when the Lion and the Bear shall forget for the time intrigue and the Indian frontier, to discuss the great annual Anglo-Russian cricket game, and when France shall have a chance to avenge Sedan by soundly trouncing Germany on the football field.

We hear comparatively little nowadays of the personal side of the author of *Westward Ho* and *Hypatia,* and yet his books seem still to be in demand and his popularity secure. The news comes from England that a movement is on foot to acquire the rectory at Eversley, where Kingsley lived and worked. Many pilgrimages are made every year to the historic spot. A collection of Kingsley relics to be ultimately deposited in the house is also in contemplation.

Mr. H. K. Viele.

A forthcoming book, in which its publishers, Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company, profess considerable faith, is *The Inn of the Silver Moon.* Its author, Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Viele, has had an exceedingly interesting and eventful career. He was educated as a civil engineer, and the pursuit of his profession has taken him to many odd corners of this continent. His earliest recollections were connected with the Civil War, and he cherishes

THE RECTORY AT EVERSLEY.

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very pleasant memories of chance meetings with Admiral Farragut and President Lincoln. When little more than a boy, Mr. Viele spent two years in the Colorado Mountains mining and prospecting. It was there that he did his first literary work in writing descriptive stories for the local dailies. As an engineer he has risen to great prominence, his latest and most important work having been the extension of the city of Washington, a task which occupied six years and involved many million dollars. When this work was finished Mr. Viele retired from business, and has since been spending his time in travel and writing and painting. His brother, Francis Vielé-Griffin, lives in France, and is probably the only Anglo-Saxon who has ever received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour as a writer of French verse. He is, in a way, a leader among the younger French writers, and his château on the Loire is a rendezvous for the Symbolists and those who rally around the *Mercure de France*. Mr. Viele's grandmother was one of the "Knickerbockers of Scaghicoke," made famous in the preface to Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York*.

Nell Gwynn on the Stage.

About the time of the appearance of our September number, in which we published a photograph of Mr. Paul Kester with some chronicle about him, the news came from London that his play, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, which Miss Julia Neilson produced at the Haymarket Theatre, had

HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELE.

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scored a very remarkable success. Another play on the same subject, *English Nell,* adapted by Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Edward Rose from the former's *Simon Dale,* is enjoying a like fortunate career at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and it is now practically assured that Nell Gwynn is to be the dramatic heroine of the autumn. All this, of course, recalls the strange career of Nell herself. Born without any dowry except her beauty and her native wit, she came to sit at the left hand of King Charles II., and in her peculiar rôle has left a fame second only to that of the Maintenon, the Dubarry, the Vallière and the Pompadour.

NELL GWYNN.

The story is often told how, determined to find a career on the stage, despite the discouragement of managers, Nell bought a basket and some oranges and went to Drury Lane to offer her wares now to the audience and now to the actors who were playing there. Soon "the handsome wench" became the talk of the London of the day, and within a very few months she had made her first appearance on the stage in Dryden's *Indian Emperor,* playing her part in a manner which won the approval of Pepys. Again the diarist tells of a meeting with her at the theatre a year later when she was acting the part of Celia in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humourist Lieutenant.* Writing of *Secret Love, or The Maiden Queen,* which is better known as *The King's Comedy* on account of its having been supposed to have been suggested by Charles II. himself,—"There," says Pepys, "is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I can never hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great a performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before, as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then, most and best of all, when she comes like a young gallant and hath the motions and carriage of a spark, the most I ever saw a man had. It makes me, I confess, admire her."

HERE AND THERE

I.

Political Cartoons.

The Presidential contest up to the present time has been rather tame. This is inevitable in a campaign where both the candidates and most of the issues are the same as those upon which the two great parties appealed to the country four years ago. This tameness is reflected in most of the political cartoons that have so far appeared. As the campaign is a fairly good-natured one, so have the cartoons, in the main, been equally good-natured, avoiding the intensely personal method of attack that was noticeable in many former Presidential years, and particularly throughout the political career of Mr. Cleveland.

Political cartoons and caricatures fall under three general divisions. Those which belong to the first division, and which represent about seven-tenths of the whole number, are not drawn with any

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notion of influencing the opinions of those who see them, but they are more or less in the nature of good-humoured pictorial chaff, hitting off in an amusing way the issues, or perhaps more often the utterances and the opinions, of the different candidates. These cartoons are like the jokes of the campaign which are bandied back and forth between Democrats and Republicans, and by which both Democrats and Republicans are equally amused, because men of all parties have the native American fondness for a neat story or a clever turn of wit. A good illustration of this sort of cartoon is to be found in the series of drawings contributed to the New York *Journal* by Mr. Opper, under the general heading of "Willie and His Papa." In these a great deal of fun is poked at the two Republican candidates, who, as Willie and Teddie, represent the two young boys in a household, of which the father is a portly person, symbolising the Trusts, while the nurse who figures in all these pictures bears the well-known countenance of Mr. Hanna, whose name lends itself readily to such a treatment. These pictures are nearly always extremely funny and at the same time not ill-natured, and they rather appeal to persons of domestic experience, who know that in most families there are to be found these two types of boy—the well-behaved and very proper boy, and, again, the rampant, obstreperous boy, who not infrequently gets the other boy into serious trouble.

Then there is the second kind of political cartoon, which is drawn with a serious purpose of convincing and persuading. The history of our politics on its literary and pictorial side can show no better example of this sort of cartoon than is to be found in the drawings made by Thomas Nast at the time of the Tweed régime and during the administration of President Grant. Every one remembers the admission of Tweed himself that it was these cartoons which, more than any other single cause, led to the overthrow of himself and of the famous Ring which he controlled. "People read the newspapers," he said, "and they only half believe them; but when they look at all these pictures day after day and week after week, they get to think that everything in them really happened just as though they had seen it for themselves." There was nothing savage in Nast's cartoons, yet they were immensely forcible, and they brought out very vividly the rapacity and the insolence of the Ring. Nast's other political drawings will probably not be so well remembered; but no one who saw it at the time can ever forget his delicious characterisation of Mr. Carl Schurz over the legend "The Heart Bowed Down." There was something in that cartoon which seemed to sum up to the eye all of Mr. Schurz's political characteristics—his sentimentalism, his impracticability and his perpetual isolation.

Finally, there is the political cartoon which is not intended to amuse nor merely to convince, but to hurt and blacken and degrade its subject, to make him odious in the eyes of his supporters, to drag him down and stab him with the draughtsman's stylus. There have been not a few attempts of this sort made; but. perhaps we may say fortunately, they have not very often been successful. Harking back to a period not too far distant, we may recall the virulent and hideous drawings with which hundreds of caricaturists used to assail the late General B. F. Butler. Now, probably there never lived a more thick-skinned politician than General Butler. Both his temperament and his training and his long experience in political warfare made him almost impervious to any possible form of censure or abuse. As a lawyer, he belonged to the type immortalised by Trollope in Mr. Chaffanbrass. As a man, he was utterly cynical and, most persons would have said, shameless. As a politician and also as a soldier, he had been accused of almost every crime of turpitude, from ordinary chicanery up to personal dishonesty and brutality. For a whole generation, millions of his countrymen never spoke of him by any other name than "Beast Butler." In the South his memory was universally held in execration, because of his famous "Woman Order," issued in New Orleans while he was military commandant of that city. In his own State he stood, to the minds of a majority of the people, for an embodiment of everything that is low, unscrupulous and hateful in political management.

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Yet, nothing in all this ever caused him to lose a moment's sleep; in fact, it rather pleased him. He was, at any rate, a good fighter, and a good fighter always feels a certain joy in the knowledge that his enemies entertain for him an utter loathing, for he regards this as a tribute to his prowess. The more they loathe him the more he is convinced that he has hit them hard. And so it was with General Butler, who went on his way amid a tempest of abuse, invective and serious accusation with the utmost serenity of spirit, until one day some caricaturist hit upon a mode of representing him which had not previously been tried. One of the popular charges made against him during his stay in New Orleans was that he had confiscated for his own personal use the silver plate of certain wealthy families of that city, and this charge was ultimately crystallised into a popular gibe that he had "stolen spoons." General Butler, also, as every one remembers, had most peculiar eyes, set somewhat obliquely in his head and showing a certain distortion, which gave him a somewhat singular appearance. One day, as we have said, a caricaturist turned out a particularly hideous drawing of the general, in which his eyes were represented as horribly contorted, and drawn in such a way as to give them the appearance of two spoons. It was a frightful caricature, and it appears to have struck a note of sensitiveness in this coarse-grained, brawling, brazen nature such as nothing had ever struck before, and one whose existence even had not been suspected. The draughtsman's sharp pencil had searched out his weak point and pierced it with an unerring instinct. Butler writhed under the torture, and he continued to writhe under it for very many years; since as soon as the word went abroad that he possessed one vulnerable spot, immediately the country teemed with caricatures suggested by that which we have just described, each vying with the other to outdo it in offensiveness. The subject of it never became accustomed to it; he never ceased to feel it; he never ceased to suffer from it.

The most terrible, however, of all political cartoons belonging to this class was in the series drawn by the late Bernard Gillam for *Puck* during the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884. Every one must remember this, for it is now historic; and we believe that it did far more to turn the scale against Mr. Blaine than did even his famous millionaires' dinner or the alliterative indiscretion of Dr. Burchard. The cartoon of which we speak is, of course, the famous cartoon of "The Tattooed Man," in which Mr. Blaine appeared as a figure in a political show with his skin tattooed all over with marks indicative of the alleged scandals of his legislative career. It was wonderfully drawn—drawn in a way to make one shudder, and in shuddering to feel a certain irresistible thrill of loathing. The cartoon was repeated in different forms again and again throughout that memorable year; and from the moment of its first appearance it created a profound sensation. Somehow you could not look at it without feeling, in spite of yourself, that Mr. Blaine had in reality been smirched and tainted by dishonour. The effect upon Mr. Blaine himself was very marked. He had cared little for any other form of partisan abuse; but the awfulness of this thing smote his imaginative mind at once, and roused in him a feeling of intense resentment. With characteristic impulsiveness he resolved at once to prosecute the publishers of *Puck*, and it was only by the very strongest possible pressure that his friends at last succeeded in dissuading him from making so serious a personal and political blunder. One of the most curious features of this episode is found in the fact that Mr. Gillam himself was an ardent Republican, and that on the election-day of that year he cast his own ballot for Mr. Blaine, whom in his professional capacity he had done so much to injure and discredit.

The present campaign has been unlike those of preceding years in that the best cartoons, from every point of view save an artistic one, are to be found, not in the weekly periodicals, such as *Harper's, Frank Leslie's, Judge, Puck* and others, but in the daily newspapers. They are almost always roughly executed—hasty drawings, scratched off on the spur of the moment, with no attempt at finish and no regard for real technique. Yet their makers are often extremely clever men, and they have the advantage in the daily newspapers of transfixing a topic

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at the very moment when it is freshest in the public mind. Among the ablest of these rough-and-ready producers of political *graffiti* is Mr. Homer Davenport, of the New York *Journal,* who has drawn at least one figure which seems to us in its rude vigour of conception and its effectiveness of execution almost worthy to be ranked with Mr. Gillam's Tattooed Man. If it is not actually so effective, this is only because it is less concrete in not being personal but rather a personification. It is a figure which represents the Trusts, and it is a huge, overgrown monstrosity of a man with enormous bulging muscles, vast shoulders, a great bull neck and a sort of Assyrian beard, but with a head so small as to be little more than a mere knob upon the shoulders that support it. This figure is brute force most strikingly personified. It represents violence, lawlessness and oppression, unrelieved by intellect or mercy or kindliness of any sort whatever. There is something so outrageous about the conception which Mr. Davenport has thus worked out as to make it fully as hideous as the artist had intended it to be. It is a whole political plea in itself, appealing through the shudder which it excites to every one who sees it, by rousing in him an intense antagonism; for it is the apotheosis of the Repulsive. What interests us greatly is the undoubted fact that when it is drawn by any other pen than Mr. Davenport's it becomes purely commonplace and has no power to affect one in the least. His fellow-cartoonists may copy it with the utmost nicety of imitation; yet somehow when they do it, the power of the thing has utterly departed. There can be no better example in a small way of how in some subtle fashion an artist's individuality permeates his creations and of how mere draughtsmanship, however able it may be, can copy only the externals; for the soul of no man's work can be taken from him by another.

II.

The Death of Lieut. Cordua.

We have received the following brief letter from a correspondent, who does not give his name:

"I read your various observations on the Boer War; and without making any comments of my own, I should be glad to have you express an opinion on the shooting of Lieutenant Cordua by order of Lord Roberts, after the lieutenant had been induced by a British spy to break his parole."

Lieutenant Cordua was an officer and an educated man, who understood the established rules of war. He had given his parole not to engage in any hostile acts against the British, and in consideration of this parole he was released from imprisonment. This being the case, it is quite immaterial who induced him to violate his pledge as an officer and a gentleman and to engage in a plot involving murder. He did so violate his pledge; he was discovered; and he was then very promptly and very properly shot.

H. T. P.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

The opening of the theatres after a long vacation comes to the professional theatre-goer with mixed feelings of weariness and pleasure. There will be much that is conventional, much that is feeble, and a good deal that is coarse before the season is over, but happily there promises to be enough containing vitality to keep one moderately content to study this popular form of art. The most conspicuous feature of the season is almost sure to be the large number of plays made out of novels, but it is far from the most important feature. We have already had two of them—*Prince Otto* and *Richard Carvel*—and the others will follow in rapid succession. Among the productions of the classics in English, Mr. Mansfield's *Henry V.* promises to stand high, and Mr. Sothern, before this article appears, will have put on an elaborate production of *Hamlet.* Sarah Bernhardt and Maude Adams, appearing in the same part in Rostand's *L'Aiglon,* will suggest undoubtedly to an enormous amount of comparison. *The Gay*

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Lord Quex is sure to furnish an intellectual interest as well as a popular one. In some respects more worthy of discussion than any of these, will be the few genuinely native plays, one of which, *Arizona,* has already been given, and disappointed reasonable expectations.

Among the things offered by the first two weeks of the season, those which pleased me most were not in our own language. The Irving Place Theatre, which, as usual, will probably have more high-class dramas than all the English theatres together, is not open; but two visits to the People's Theatre to see plays in Yiddish have given me more to think about and less to regret than any other trips of the new season. Of course, there is no use in talking about these plays at great length, because the number of BOOKMAN readers who will ever find their way to the Bowery playhouses is small. It would be better for them if it were otherwise. In *Rosie,* a version of Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe,* Mr. Adler as the old musician again proves his right to stand very near the top of all the actors living in America, and Mr. Gold as a conventional Jew villain made a superb picture, worthy of actors' study. The end of this play offered an interesting escape from the problem of the unhappy ending. It followed Schiller rather closely. When it was first put on, some ten years ago, it ended tragically; the audience objected, and after a little the poisoned lovers were allowed to recover, as they do in some versions of *Romeo and Juliet.* The latest device, however, is to have the play proper, in four acts, end in tragedy, and then add a fifth act, for those who wish it, in pure farce, where the lovers are married and join in the general festivities. This has an obvious resemblance to the Greek method of following the tragedy with a farce; for even the Greeks were human.

In spite of the fact that readers may already wonder why I am not yet talking about *Richard Carvel* and *A Royal Family,* I cannot resist the temptation of telling the plot of *Nature, Man and*

SCENE FROM "QUO VASS ISS" AT WEBER AND FIELDS.

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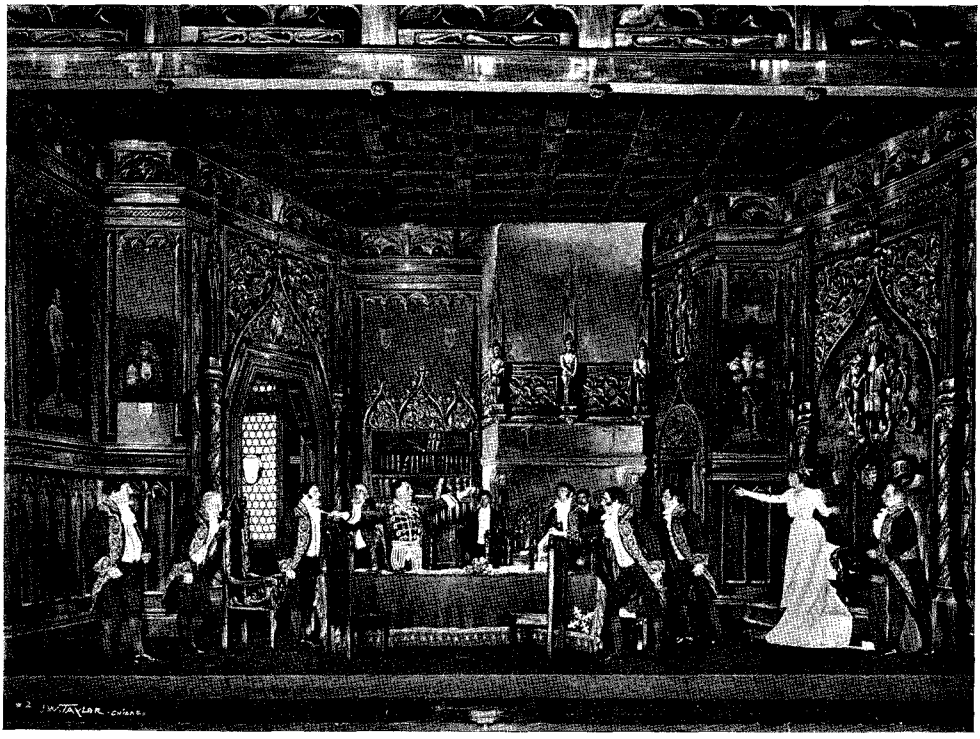
the Beast, or *East Broadway,* also produced at the People's Theatre. Misha Soloveitchik, a lawyer, admirably played by Thomashevsky, has been a Nihilist, and has become engaged to a woman who centres in Nihilism all of her ideals. They are married after coming to America. The free opportunities of that country make the practical Soloveitchik drop his theories and turn in to make money for himself, while the woman remains as idealistic as ever. The mundane side of the man's nature is shown by the fact that he bargained with the woman's father for $5000 dowry, which has never been paid. He always admitted to the father that he was not addicted to romantic love, and felt only friendship for his daughter. When the woman learns this, she wildly breaks away from her husband and attempts to go off and support herself in the world; she becomes ill from exposure and dies; and it is the father who ill-treats her when she demands liberty for herself, and it is the earthly but honest husband who defends her.

Almost the first play of the year was a dramatisation of *Prince Otto,* made by the star, Otis Skinner. Stevenson from the very beginning believed that there was a drama in this story, and he and Henley intended to make it together. He also pointed out, with entire justice, that it aimed much higher than most of his works. The theme is as permanent and elevated as it is dramatic and charming, and the characters have a refinement in contrast which Stevenson also pointed out. He commented on the charm of the hero and on the dramatic possibilities that Musset would find in him, as well as on the general movement that Dumas might give to the more crowded scenes. There is no doubt that *Prince Otto* contains one of the most delicate and successful character comedies of the language, and this comedy could be extracted without any abnormal exercise of theatrical skill. The ending presents the greatest difficulty. Stevenson felt that the *dénouement* of the novel would not do for the climax of the play. Probably it would not need to be much changed. In Otis Skinner's version the very stupidest possible substitute was discovered.



"PRINCE OTTO." ACT III.

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The whole story means that two contrasted characters became happy by escaping from the intrigue at Court. Mr. Skinner ends the play by sending them back to the throne. Following the same instinct, he takes away all the subtle balance of charm and weakness in Otto and makes him a wooden stage hero. The yielding to temptation in the case of the papers of Sir John is left out, and its place supplied by a reading made at the express request of the owner of those documents. Otto defies the mob in the very spirit of a D'Artagnan; and so it goes all through the play, butchering Stevenson to create glory for Skinner. The opportunity remains.

Much better preserved in its delicacy than *Prince Otto* was the texture of a tale that appeared on the boards of the Madison Square Theatre a little later. *Ib and the Little Christina,* founded by Basil Hood on Andersen's story, is one of the sweetest little dramas imaginable, and it is admirably acted. The right people will not see it, because it is given as a curtain-raiser to one of the dullest and coarsest French farces of a period which abounds in those stupid productions.

A Royal Family at the Lyceum and *Richard Carvel* at the Empire are among those plays to which everybody can go without fear of contagion. They will catch there neither any moral disease nor any idea, moral or otherwise. The art of *A Royal Family* is slight, but it is better than that of *Miss Hobbs* or *His Excellency the Governor,* the two pieces of last year with which it would most naturally come into comparison. I enjoyed infinitely more the hodge-podge of genuine native humour dished up at Weber and Fields. There seems to be a general idea that such plays as *A Royal Family* and *Richard Carvel* appeal to a more refined taste than such an accumulation as *Fiddle de Dee.* This idea must surely be mistaken, for a refined taste is a real taste; and while the jokes at the little Broadway music hall never have any resemblance to a gem, many of them are filled with vitality, and reflect the fundamental nature of the American man. Possibly, also, the plays at the Lyceum and Empire reflect something fundamental; but if so, the qualities satisfied are not those which are invigorating to think about. The crude is not necessarily unhealthy, nor is the innocuous always the refined. Some of the most salubrious foods are coarse, and the analogy can be pushed some distance in art. *A Royal Family* corresponds to the "pretty-pretty" school in painting, Weber and Fields to the rough but sound cartoons and jokes of *Puck* and *Judge.* Of course, their horse play is boresome at times, and one should go there only when he is in a certain temper, wherein a primitive popular expression like this differs from works of art which are at once human and polished, and so can be read in varying moods. The subtle and cultivated author of *Poetry, Comedy and Duty* related, this past summer, that, being convalescent from a long fever, he could read the tragedies of Shakespeare; but the comedies, requiring more agility and being less universal, were beyond him. A comedy *genre* like that furnished by the Weber and Fields traditions is still further limited, of course, by its very local setting and its unvaried quality. Nevertheless, it is to *Richard Carvel* as life is to death. Yet both *A Royal Family* and *Richard Carvel* will surely prosper.

In the case of *Carvel* the interest lent by the wide circulation of the novel is increased by the novelty of seeing one of our best actors of comedy and society drama fixing himself up as a wooden hero, tossing about common humanity and thwarting villains. John Drew plays the part with infinitely more art than is usually wasted on such material. His first entrance alone, superbly graceful, is worth more than the play entire. His skill throughout enables him to carry off the rhodomontade as if he had no conception of how absurd it is. His striking intellectual face, with mobile clearness picturing every hint of thought or feeling that the dummy situations offered, made me wonder how much he valued such success. The dramatisation is a good one for such a novel. As the book has considerable ability and no originality or inspiration, so the play has been written or stagemanaged into effectiveness without merit. To Miss Ida Conquest I owe a debt of gratitude for doing as little as possible of the bewitching business with Dorothy Manners. Nothing in the wide category of literary crime is more heinous

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than the way stereotyped novels repeat *ad nauseam et ad infinitum* (if that is good Latin) this terrible type—the capricious, wilful, "high-spirited" (especially that), witty but kind-hearted "treasure" and "witch" of a girl—whose acts and words as reported wholly fail to support this tremendous list of adjective charms. Through truth and sweetness and sincerity, Miss Conquest has, within about a year, become one of our prominent young leading women.

However, *Arizona* waits. It is a pity to have to quarrel with that also, but, in very truth, it is essentially of the same brand. Just as Mr. Churchill, seeing the popularity of American Revolution novels, laboriously and somewhat ably hewed one out, so Mr. Augustus Thomas, wishing to enter again the field of *Alabama* and *In Mizzouri,* took a number of property situations out of the theatrical storeroom, sprinkled over them some local colour which they did not assimilate, and served up the mixture, "slab and good," according to the verdict of the West; but its fate in New York is more in doubt. Some of the slang is stenographic and pleasing, and a few of the characters are not without intestines and other helpful organs, but the technical structure of the play is feeble. The cast is so large that the author, wholly unable to bring in his persons as the development of the story invites them, spends one tiresome act merely trotting them on, and when he does finally start, there is no one large and strong line of progress, but a number of confused, tangled and feeble threads. Some details might be praised for stage-craft, but the whole is among the galvanised-corpse plays. We shall see pretty soon whether Mr. Herne has given us a living American drama in *Sag Harbour.* Meantime, we must watch the workshop turn out its allotted stint, and when we absolutely need relief we can go from Broadway to the Bowery, or, if in the proper mood, expend $2 for a seat at Weber and Field's.

Norman Hapgood.

PLAGIARISM, REAL AND APPARENT

PART II.

Certain thoughts are, as Landor and Tennyson point out, the common property of mankind; others seem rather to have become so from suggestion. It would be a delicate and unsatisfactory task to classify them. Still I think that Wordsworth's "The good die first," and Byron's "Heaven gives its favourites early death," although traceable through Drummond of Hawthornden's "Who yet was good that ever died old?" back to the "Quem di diligunt adolescens moritur" of Plautus, belongs rather to the second than the first class. Another of these ideas is Dante's "Nessum maggior dolore," etc. This was appreciated even by his contemporaries. In the translation of the *Romaunt of the Rose,* attributed to Chaucer, it appears as

> My torment groweth more and more
> Anoyith now the bitternesse
> That I tofore have felt sweetnesse.

Chaucer again, in *Troylus and Crysseyde,* has

> For of fortune's sharpe adversite,
> The worst kind of infortune is this,
> A man to have been in prosperite,
> And it remember, whan it passed is.

Drummond follows with what is perhaps the most clear cut and epigrammatic of all its renderings:

> Alas! what servest t' have been happy so,
> Since passed pleasure doubles but new woe.

Then comes the version which has shaped the thought for us, Tennyson's

> This is truth the poet sings
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
> Is remembering happier things.

From which last it may also be seen, that if the necessities of verse are sometimes against literary acknowledgment,

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so also they are sometimes helpful to them.

Shelley's "Death and his brother Sleep" has also been anticipated both by Drummond with

Care—charming Sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to Death,

and by the old religious poet, John Norris, with

Welcome i' the name of God,
Let Death succeed his elder brother Sleep.

Another thought, common property of poets, is Alexander Montgomery's

Hir armes are long, hir shulders braid,
Hir middell gent and small,
The Mold is lost whairin was maid
This A per se of all.

Drummond has

And that thy like with no age should men behold.
When thou wast made they after brake the mould.

Ariosto (in translation),

When Nature stamped him, she the die destroyed;

and Bryon,

Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.

I seem also to remember some such thought in Burns, but, if so, have been unable to place it.

It is remarkable that a writer, seemingly so little subjective as Chaucer, has forestalled the reflections, which are now proverbial, of several poets of the first rank. His

For every wight some godely aventure
Some time is shape if he it can receive;
But if that he n'ill take of it no cure
When that it cometh, but wilfully it weive,
Lo, neither case ne Fortune him deceive,
But right his owne slouth and wretchidness, etc.,

is very close indeed to Shakespeare's

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

In his *Visage sanz Peinture* he advances Milton's

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

with

No man is wrecchyd but himself it were, etc.

Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt contains two lines of most rare and felicitous imagery, praised by Steele and Leigh Hunt, and which indeed to quote merely is to justify an essay. They are a most perfect example of the best use of that much misused figure, the simile—namely, to convey by indirection an impression too subtle for the vehicle of description. The lines are these:

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

Is there elsewhere afforded, whether in two lines or twenty, an impression so meet, beautiful, and adequate of the indescribable charm, and of the charm of its indescribability of a lovely face, the expression of a sweet spirit? The simile is at once perfect, unforced and yet unobvious; perfectly simple, it has that lack of direct analogy between the objects compared necessary to the satisfaction of a feeling, perhaps in its analysis the sense of surprise.

Supposing now that Suckling took the idea of this unique felicity from Chaucer's line,

In which the goddes mylk-white path doth shyne.

This may serve as a case *par excellence* to vindicate the right to take, as Molière said, one's own wherever one finds it. Chaucer's line conveys absolutely a ludicrous and unpleasant concept to our minds. To describe a nose as resembling the milky way is a most inappropriate and absurd method of conveying an idea of its whiteness.

Suckling's lines, while using the same image, use it not as descriptive of the whiteness of features, not as having any concrete resemblances, but only that, like it, "the face is made up of gentle beauties too subtle for description." It is an image which at once most beautifully conveys this idea and enhances it by a standard of comparison, making us, by its elevation, purity and calmness, insensibly understand the perfection of the thing compared, in a way not to be conveyed by any

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possible direct description. Such a diverse application of a borrowed image would be almost equivalent to originating it.

Chaucer also preceded Pope in that announcement of the inferior importance of clothes to ethics, so familiar to—our sense of hearing.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The rest is naught but leather and prunello.

In the *Romaunt of the Rose* is,

Gode hast ymakith twelve gode thought
The clothing yeveth ne reveth naught.

Referring to Pope, the resemblance between his Horatian borrowing, "The world forgetting, by the world forgot," and Lyttleton's line in the "Epistle to Poyntz," "The world forgetting, by the world admired," may be noted.

The following parallelisms of celebrated phrases would seem to be merely interesting coincidences in the expression of ideas common to all men. Erasmus in his "Praise of Folly" said, long before Bentham formulated the idea to a society better constituted to receive it as a working motive, "For who does not know that the greatest good is that which is the most widely spread?" Jefferson was unjustly accused by Adams, Richard Henry Lee and others of having largely plagiarised the Declaration of Independence, from a tract by James Otis, from Locke's Essay on Government, etc. But it is a fact that besides the ideas, which he of course did not pretend were peculiar to himself (the instrument would have been valueless, had they not been common to his time and country), some of its famous phrases were nearly anticipated. Ulpian said that "All men are born free and equal," and Marana, the author of the *Turkish Spy,* said that "All men have an equal right to all things."

Landor anticipated Lincoln's "Government of the people," etc., by "Laws made by the people and for the people."

Thackeray says: "I read it in an old, old book, in a mouldy old circulating library. 'Twas written in the French tongue by the noble Alexandre Dumas; but 'tis probable that he stole it from some other, and that the other had filched it from a former tale-teller," etc.

Thackeray is here poking a little harmless fun at Dumas; but one of his own most famous scenes *is* curiously like one of Dumas's.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum," and fell back.

There is no need to quote more.

"Après une heure de cette extase," says Dumas, *"Athos éleva doucement ses mains blanches comme la cire; le sourire ne quitta point ses levres, et il murmura si bas, si bas, qu' a peine on l'entendit ces deux mots adressés a Dieu ou a Raoul-Me voici. Et ses mains retombèrent lentement comme si lui-meme les eut reposé sur le lit."*

How much alike it is! Could there well be a greater difference?

What a sermon might be preached to the writer learning his trade on the difference in those few words, between the master of pathos and the clever story-teller!

There is the like curious similarity without the difference in the death scenes of the two elder and more famous heroes. "Yet he [Harith]"—I quote from Mr. Hamilton's translation of the Arabian romance of Antar—"did not so much grieve for himself as he grieved for his sword, and that the foe should possess it when he was no more, so he went up to an immense rock that grew (sic) hard by, and heaving up his arm with Zoolhyyat he smote the rock, wishing to shiver the weapon by the blow, but it split the rock in two." With a little amplification of detail the chronicler of Roland's fall at Roncesvalles might have made use of this description.

There is more than a little resemblance also between the "overture" to *The Newcomes* and the "apologue" to *Roderick Random.*

It may seem unnecessary to take note of the resemblances of names, yet the following anecdote may set the matter in another light. It is told of Zola: "To Flaubert he once made a sacrifice which, insignificant as it may appear to the reader, was to him of great magnitude. The author of *Salammbô* was busy on his last work, and had not revealed the characters

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to his friends. Zola was writing a novel at the same time, and happened to tell Flaubert of a part allotted to a man for whom he had just found the very appropriate name of Bouvard. Flaubert turned pale. A common friend came to Zola, informing him that Flaubert was in despair; that Bouvard was precisely the name he had fixed upon for one of the characters in his own story, that it had cost him six years of labour and research to find it, and that he could never hope to replace it. It was all over with him if he could no longer couple the name with that of Pécuchet, for together they were the keystone of his work," etc., etc.

Let it stand to the credit side of M. Zola's account some day that poor Flaubert got his name.

In fact, there is no better touchstone of the merits of a novel, in so far at least as vitality of its characters, than in the closeness of appropriation of their names by them.

Two of Thackeray's names, and those among the most subtly specialised, idiosyncratic, and appointed to their own puppet and no man else, appeared in fiction of about Thackeray's time, though slightly before him. Costigan—and a military officer—is to be found (I mean, of course, the name) in *The Ladder of Gold,* which ran as a serial in *Bentley's,* while a Warrington (George, too, if I remember aright) figures in Mrs. Lennox's *Female Quixote.*

The classics have been, of course, a mine so commonly drawn from that it is useless to call the practice plagiarism. In the same way the drama has drawn so liberally from literature and itself as almost or quite to have established a prescriptive right so to do. But without discussing such points as how much of the perfume of Waller's rose is extracted from Plato; how much of *The School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* would remain after the contributions of Molière, Dibdin, *et al.,* were subtracted; how much Molière himself drew from Rabelais, Cyrano of the Nose, etc., etc., a list of undoubted plagiarists as long and heterogeneous as the bead roll of celebrities on the façade of the ———— Building—where Zoroaster, Moses and Milton foregather with Gifted Hopkins—might be compiled for the encouragement of overscrupulous genius, had we only the same amount of space on which to inscribe it. Lacking this, we must find our comfort in knowing that even without such encouragement the science is unlikely to die out. Within the past few days only, I notice in a recent number of one of the leading English periodicals an entire (short) story translated from Balzac, and given as an original effusion, and in our own free and enlightened country the omens are naturally yet more auspicious. I might mention some most gratifying instances—but that is another story.

"And the man who plants cabbages imitates, too." This is undoubtedly true. Yet, if it may be permitted to a humble "literary detective"—as Mr. Lang has scornfully dubbed the seeker after parallelisms—to point out what seems a *petitio principii,* or, at any rate, a failure to perceive the point, in this line of Mr. Dobson, and one common to the other eminent moralists quoted, the question is not so much one of imitation as of acknowledgment.

> Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
> Commit—flirtation with the Muse of Moore,

is too stringent a commandment, possibly. One may even acknowledge an obligation with too great vehemence.

> The four first (*sic*) rhymes are Southey's,
> every line;
> For God's sake, reader! take them not for
> mine.

is an instance of unnecessary scrupulosity.

But there is a happy medium. The "inferior in genius" may with some show of reason petition—"Good sir, borrow an't please you as much as it please you, but do please let people know that that jewel which flames in your forehead was, albeit rough and ill cut when you conquered it, taken from your slave's mine (the only one, alas! he found therein) by his own proper hands and labour."

It is thus in the hope of serving both the superior and inferior genius that this paper is compiled. For, on the one hand, the good examples presented may embolden gentlemen like the former to take what they wish; on the other, knowing that the exercise of this right is a token of genius, their modesty will be less likely to hide the appropriation under a bushel.

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Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a lady than whom, surely, none better equipped ever presided in the Courts of Love, was of opinion that young ladies might escape much laceration dire if they were sufficiently read in the poets and romancers to detect the plagiarisms in the verses, frequently—at least in her times—offered as spontaneous effusions. She thought that Sedley's art, as it were, would less prevail under Mr. Jones's name, if recognised as the production of the former author. Ah, me! I can't but wonder if poor Sophie Monnier, for instance, would have been a bit the wiser, though she had been able to identify and assign to its owner, every cribbed sentence in the flaming epistles directed to her silly little heart by the Count Mirabeau, that gay Mirabel, who could not help plagiarising even his transports.

But the writer will be amply rewarded for his pains if but one young lady (the right one, *bien entendu*) will appoint him Reader in Ordinary and Inspector in Chief of her Correspondence.

Bunford Samuel.

QUATRAIN

We rail at Time and Chance, and break our hearts
To make the glory of to-day endure.
Is the sun dead because the day departs?
And are the suns of Life and Love less sure?

Richard Hovey.

THE BLUMINE OF "SARTOR RESARTUS"

In a notice of Mr. George Walker's *Aberdeen Awa* in a former number of THE BOOKMAN, mention is made of Froude's statement that the Blumine of *Sartor Resartus* was Margaret Gordon. Since the publication of Froude's *Life* there have been two contributions to the literature of the subject, from which it appears that Blumine was not Miss Gordon, but was Miss Kitty Kirkpatrick, spoken of in the *Reminiscences,* who later became Mrs. Phillips and who died in 1890. One of these was an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Carlyle and the Rose Goddess," by George Strachey, British Minister Resident at Dresden. Mr. Strachey was a cousin of Miss Kirkpatrick, and he gives the testimony of his family about the matter, with which he has been familiar from childhood. Since Mr. Strachey's paper an article has appeared in the *Westminster Review* (to which allusion will be made further on) by Miss Mercer, a connection of Miss Kirkpatrick, which gives the public what Miss Kirkpatrick has thought proper to say herself.

It will be remembered that *Sartor Resartus* contains, quite unconnected with the general subject of the book, a short love story. We must, of course, see Teufelsdröck in love; accordingly the hero forms a friendship by means of which he is ultimately introduced to the heroine. The friend is Herr Soughgut, a young man of good family, related to the Count of Zahdarm, whose castle stands amid a bower of roses. The Countess invites Teufelsdröck to an "æsthetic tea;" there he meets Blumine, "The Rose Goddess," who was "young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's cousin;" there is also present Philistine, a great dialectician. Teufelsdröck falls in love with Blumine. There is a final scene in which Blumine tells him they are to meet no more, and Teufelsdröck is "made immortal by a kiss." Blumine, as represented in *Sartor Resartus,* appears as follows: "Peculiar amongst other dames and damsels glanced Blumine; far and wide was the fair one heard of for her gifts, her graces, her caprices. A blooming, warm earth-angel, much more en-

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chanting than your mere white angels of women," etc.

Miss Kirkpatrick was "some one's cousin," this some one being Mrs. Strachey, the mother of the author of the *Nineteenth Century* article and one of Carlyle's dearest friends. Mr. and Mrs. Strachey lived in a pretty suburban villa at Shooter's Hill. They were cousins of the Bullers, to whose two boys (Charles Buller was the elder of these boys) Carlyle was tutor. When *Sartor Resartus* came out, Mrs. Strachey said to her son: "The story of the book is as plain as a pikestaff. Teufelsdröck is Thomas himself, the Zahdarms are your uncle and aunt Buller, Soughgut is young Charles Buller, Philistine is Irving, the Duenna Cousin is myself. The Rose Garden is our garden with roses at Shooter's Hill, and the Rose Goddess is Kitty." Why Charles Buller should have been called Soughgut I do not know, unless the explanation be that he was a very big fellow (he was six feet three and a yard in breadth, with a presumably healthy internal machinery, a gift which had been denied to Carlyle). Charles Buller, I may say in passing, acquired before he died great distinction in Parliament and some reputation as a writer. He was a great pet of Carlyle's Lady Ashburton. Lord Houghton relates that once, when she was lecturing him upon his ultra-liberal opinions, he said, "You like Charles very well, and yet he is redder than I am." "More read, you mean," she said. Charles Buller died early; it was to him that Thackeray's lines relate,

> Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
> Be weeping at her darling's grave?

It was in this way that Carlyle formed the acquaintance of the Stracheys and of Miss Kirkpatrick: Robertson, the Scotch miniature painter, had brought Irving, the celebrated preacher, to the house of Mrs. Strachey, and he had become a frequent visitor. At Mrs. Strachey's Irving was in the habit of meeting the sister of that lady, Mrs. Buller, a beautiful woman, who has been known in Calcutta as "Titania" and also as "The Queen of the Ganges," a person whom Carlyle describes in his *Reminiscences* as "a very beautiful, still very witty, graceful, airy and ingeniously intelligent woman of the gossamer kind." On the occasion of one of these visits, when Mrs. Buller was present, the preacher was protesting against the admiration of which he was the object; he pointed to a child on the hearth rug, and said: "I know a young man in Scotland who is as superior to me as I am to that child. His mind is like a kaleidoscope." This encomium so impressed the minds of the Bullers that they decided forthwith to send their two boys, Charles Buller and his brother, to the University of Edinburgh, where they would be under the care of this wonderful genius as a tutor. The tutor was Carlyle. Later Carlyle came to London and lived at the house of the Bullers, where he continued his tutorial employment to the great satisfaction both of the parents and the boys. Carlyle seems indeed to have been treated by the family rather as a friend than as a tutor. The Bullers' cousins, the Stracheys of Shooter's Hill, were, as has been said, friends of Irving, Mrs. Strachey sympathising with the preacher's message of salvation, though she never went to the length of the subsequent Pentecostal exhibitions in the Caledonian chapel. Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Strachey's cousin, lived with her. She was half an East Indian; her father was Colonel Achilles Kirkpatrick, who had been British representative at the Court of the Nizam of Hyderabad. Colonel Kirkpatrick, in conjunction with the Nizam's minister, Meer Alum, contrived to secure the alliance of the Nizam with the British power. Meer Alum had a niece, the Begum Nissah, and this niece he married to Colonel Kirkpatrick, who is remembered to this day in Hyderabad by the appellation the "Glory of Battle." One of the children of this marriage was Miss Kirkpatrick. This young lady was an heiress; at any rate, she was rich enough to spend £500 on Edward Irving's comfort. She bought upholstery to that amount with which to make splendid Irving's half-furnished house in Islington. This furniture Mrs. Strachey and her cousin introduced into the house during one of the periods of absence of the Irving family. Of course, their benefactor was soon known to the Irvings, and she was much at their house. Carlyle thus describes in the *Reminiscences* his first sight of Kitty Kirkpat-

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rick, which was at Irving's: "After an early dinner at Irving's house, there drove up in a brave carriage a strangely complexioned young lady with soft brown eyes and floods of bronze-red hair, really a pretty-looking, smiling and amiable, though most foreign bit of magnificence and kindly splendour, whom they welcomed by the name of 'Dear Kitty'—Kitty Kirkpatrick, Charles Buller's cousin, or half cousin, Mrs. Strachey's full cousin, with whom she lived."

As a result of this meeting, Carlyle was asked to visit the house at Shooter's Hill, whither he went the first time in the company of Irving. He says: "I remember on our approach to the house the effulgent vision of 'Dear Kitty' busied among the roses and almost buried under them, who on sight of us glided hastily in." He sums up the young lady as follows: "Amiable, affectionate, graceful, might be called attractive (not slim enough for the title 'pretty,' not tall enough for 'beautiful'); had something low voiced, languidly harmonious; placid, sensuous, loved perfumes, etc., a half-Begum in short; interesting specimen of the semi-Oriental English woman. Still lives near Exeter (the prize of some idle ex-captain of Sepoys), with many children, whom she watches over with a passionate instinct."

Mr. Strachey resents Carlyle's offhand description of Kitty's husband, saying that this gentleman was an officer of Lord Anglesea's crack regiment, the Seventh Hussars, a man of fine presence and very charming, "by whose side the half-Begum attained the happiness, and harmony of life which was not predestined to any sharer of the lot of Thomas Carlyle." He then goes on to say that there is one passage in the *Reminiscences* which called forth a strong denial from Blumine. This is as follows: "It strikes me now more than it did then that she [Mrs. Strachey] would have liked to see 'Dear Kitty' and myself together and continue near us, both of us, through life." Mr. Strachey asserts that the rigid matrimonial laws which prevailed in England seventy years ago would have made such a result impossible. I have heard the same opinion expressed by some old people who had known Carlyle in early days. I was living in England when the *Reminiscences* came out, and was one day about that time dining in the company of some ladies whose recollections went back to Carlyle's youth. (One of them was Mrs. Proctor, who had her own very sufficient reasons for being angry with Carlyle.) They remembered Carlyle as a raw young pedagogue, whose broad Scotch was very difficult for English ears. One of the ladies said: "You could not understand what he was saying." These ladies remembered Miss Kirkpatrick as a girl perfectly well, and protested that a marriage between her and Carlyle would have been, according to the ideas of the time and the relative position of the young people as it was then, out of the question. As to the kiss with which the hero was "made immortal," Mrs. Phillips had something to say on that subject to Mr. Strachey. She told him that the love chapters in *Sartor Resartus* were a mixture of poetry and fact, and that she had once taken Carlyle to task for this bit of poetic license, having said to him: "You know you never were made immortal in that manner," whereupon there was much laughter between them.

Since Mr. Strachey's *Nineteenth Century* article there has appeared in the *Westminster Review* a short contribution by Mrs. Mercer, a connection of Blumine (Mrs. Phillips), which gives what Blumine herself has had to say upon the subject. Says Mrs. Mercer:

"Since the year 1890, when the ever-fascinating heroine of Carlyle's romance in *Sartor Resartus* died, I have felt I have no right to withhold Blumine's own statement to me with reference to her acquaintance with Carlyle. To condense as much as possible the little I have to communicate, I may observe that I was connected with Mrs. Phillips (Blumine), my first cousin having married her niece, Christine Kirkpatrick, one of the three daughters of her only brother, Colonel William Kirkpatrick. This led to our first acquaintance, when circumstances took me as a girl to Torquay in the year 1847. Captain and Mrs. Phillips were then residing at a charming place, called the 'Warkeny.' The events connected with her acquaintance with Carlyle had taken place quite twenty years before this time, but despite our disparity in age, we were soon on the

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most intimate and affectionate footing, and I can confidently say that to no other person did she ever make any distinct reference to her feelings as regarded Carlyle, and only once to me; this is what might be expected from a faultless wife and devoted mother as she was. She was arranging books in the library one morning, when she turned to me and said:

"'Lizzie, have you ever read *Sartor Resartus,* by Carlyle?'

"No, I had not.

"'Well, get it and read the "Romance." I am the heroine, and every word of it is true. He was then tutor to my cousin Charles Buller, and had made no name for himself; so, of course, I was told that any such an idea could not be thought of for a moment. What could I do, with every one against it? Now, any one might be proud to be his wife, and he has married a woman quite beneath him.'"

Mrs. Phillips paid a visit to Carlyle in Cheyne Row in 1868, after his wife's death. Just after this visit he wrote her a letter, from which we cull such sentences as these: "Your little visit did me a great deal of good. So interesting, so strange to see her we used to call 'Kitty' emerging on me from the dusk of evening, like a dream become real! . . . My capabilities, you see, are very limited and are not likely to become less so; my right hand itself is unwilling now and then even to write; and in effect all round me is the sound as of evening bells, which are not sad only, or ought not to be, but beautiful also, and blessed and quiet." The letter is written with all that eloquence which was natural to Carlyle and with unwonted gentleness, and seems to Mr. Strachey, who knew Carlyle, to suggest the confession of Dido, *agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.*

E. S. Nadal.

AN AMERICAN IMPRESSION OF THE NEW GRUB STREET

Many literary Englishmen, like Mr. Thomas Hardy and the late Messrs. Blackmore and Grant Allen, prefer to live in the country all the year round. But a host of others cling to town, even when it is wintriest. Not a few dwell in the suburbs, and use the underground either daily or at most three times a week. Thus, it happens that the foreigner with a taste for letters can light upon much solid contentment in London during the gloomy and often inclement interval from November to May. I have heard it stated that there is no real literary society in this vast capital. Everything depends upon the point of view. Mine is in favour of declaring that a multitude of talented men and women here perpetually flock together. The number of people who "write" is enormous. Among these one finds every form of achievement, some of it rank failure, some of it only partial success, while perhaps a very meagre percentage of it secures triumph. You hear of "log rolling" as an assistance to certain authors, but I have failed to find any justification whatever for this bitter avowal. Criticism, indeed, among newspapers and reviews may be said to err on the side of too indiscriminate a praise. Not long ago I said to a London friend: "Really, if I credited all the laudations poured upon new works of fiction by such authorities as the *Daily News,* the *Telegraph* and other newspapers of high repute, I should believe myself the dweller in a country where 'genius' grew on every bush." This almost universal kindliness is a sort of reaction, one might state, from the cynical and cruel "slatings" which had prevailed here among critics during two generations past. The cut-and-thrust gentlemen of the old *Saturday Review* type have been gathered to their fathers. A new and exceedingly amiable race has succeeded them. It is the fashion now in London to write criticism with great charity and forbearance. You are seldom called upon to witness either the slaughter of your worst foe or the apotheosis of your best friend—an arrangement which may be said, after all, to possess its average of marked ethical advantage. An endless procession of fictional work confronts you, and yet hardly a tenth of it, I should hazard, ever drifts over seas. All does,

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however, that is conspicuously good, and every English writer looks upon American popularity as the final stamp and seal of success—monetary success, it should be added, and this alone. I once had occasion to write from Italy to a famous novelist. Not knowing his London address, I sent my letter to his American publisher. In his reply he jestingly asked me wherefore I had done this, though the quality of his question somehow betrayed a tang of chagrin. The Englishman wants his celebrity to smack of his own soil, and quite naturally. Nor is it less natural that he should chiefly regard the preferments and purchases of his transatlantic kinsmen in a commercial spirit? But there is, nevertheless, a reverse side of the medal. English writers are frequently quite unconscious of this, and look at you with surprise when you tell them that *their* reading public is clearly indifferent to American books. They have almost never, I find, given this part of the affair any real attention; they gnaw their beards, if endowed with such appendages, in polite surprise. It has never occurred to them that while they themselves have *entrepreneurs* negotiating romances, tales and essays for them on the other side of the ocean, Americans may feel exceptionally lucky when they succeed, through their publishers or through personal efforts, in getting a book supported by a London *imprimatur*. If you ask the publishers in Covent Garden or Paternoster Row what it all means, they simply shrug their shoulders and respond that they can do nothing with American books. They have placed them on the market, and only in rare cases have they been able to reap from them respectable profits. There is no prejudice against them; surely, at this time of Anglo-American amity, prejudice would be the last term to use. One severe and mysterious fact remains: the English-reading public will buy hardly anything emanant from the land of Uncle Sam. Blaming them is ridiculous; it is like blaming the weather for being inclement. If you seek after prejudice, you will find it nowhere. One of the most brilliant and powerful of American poets had a book brought out in London not long ago by a popular publisher, and its sales amounted to just twenty-six copies. Another, equally well known in the United States, met with even a worse fate. And yet Mr. Stephen Phillips's poetical drama of *Paolo and Francesca* has already reached a sale of eight thousand copies, half of these having been exploited in Yankeeland and half in the realm of John Bull. Apart from all question of merit or demerit in Mr. Phillips's play, this American vogue is somewhat curious; for the late George H. Boker wrote an effective piece on the same subject, and hardly more than eight years ago the late Lawrence Barrett (that conscientious and sometimes admirable actor) produced it in New York with much distinction and applause. Boker's version of the famous Dantean story is, I should venture to say, more dramatic than Mr. Phillips's, although Mr. George Alexander, that most finished and charming actor-manager, has agreed to bring it out before long at the St. James's Theatre.

On one point everybody here seems consentient: very much larger prices are paid for literary work in America than in England. Recently the editor of a well-known London journal, himself an honoured man of letters, told me that he considered the English rates of emolument "pitiable." Two guineas are constantly paid here for poems that would fetch in one of our leading publications at least three times that sum. Authors with notable names accept £5 for a piece of prose work which would easily command $50 on our side of the ocean. I often wonder why it is that so many English writers are able and willing to throw out fiction as they do year after year. Serialisation could alone reward them with any fair degree of adequacy, and serialisation is an attainment which only a small minority can secure. And yet the stream of books from their hopeful but often lightly valued pens never seems to diminish. There must be many of their works on which from six months to twelve are spent, and yet whose financial earnings cannot reach more than £15 or £20. Those who attain a large circulation, such as Mr. Anthony Hope, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Hall Caine and certain others, may command almost whatever prices they please. Nor do reputations wane in England as quickly and unaccountably as with us. A bookman said to me not long ago: "John

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Smith may make a hit with some particular novel and feel confident that his next will not fall flat, even though markedly inferior. His chances are left open, and only by a series of failures will he alienate from himself all the favouritism he has formerly won." I hardly know how to explain this difference between the appreciative spirits of the two nations. Perhaps we Americans are more prone than our British cousins to separate the work from the worker. Perhaps we attach less sentiment, even less gratitude, to the idea of his once having keenly pleased. Anyway, there is no doubt that a fame once won is here more lasting, more proof against variations of excellence on the part of its winner. Sometimes, though rarely, an American author succeeds with English readers for the first time after having relatively failed in the "States." This is not true of Mr. Bret Harte, whose earliest laurels were gleaned on his native soil; nevertheless, it is true of Mr. Harte that his work is bought and perused far less by his own countrymen than by the people among whom he has been living for almost a quarter of a century. But of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton it is indisputable that she now holds a leading place as a writer of American fiction, and that she has gained it solely in England.

All London social life is vast, like the metropolis itself. Possibly one could not affirm with safety that there is any single literary set. One could not so affirm, for that matter, with regard to any single fashionable set, except it be the exceedingly "smart" and rather limited assembly who are on intimate terms with the Heir Apparent and his beautiful wife. But there are many other fashionable sets, and there are many literary coteries, cliques and conventions, at which the most engaging women shine and the most agreeable men assist. I can recall no special *salon*. Numberless bright and fascinating women have their "days" all winter long, and when the season comes, these are frequently looked back upon with regret by their *habitués*. Bland weather and an immensely widened opportunity for making one's self gregarious may be one thing; but the crackling fire and the hot cup of tea and the gay comradery while fogs brood and rain drips are essentially another. Many lasting literary acquaintanceships and friendships result from those dull-skied weeks when "nobody" (as the phrase runs) "is in town," and yet when hosts of delightful people really are.

All in all, I should say, the masculine literary Londoners have the best time of it. They gather together in large numbers oftener than do their feminine peers. There are more of them, as a matter of course. The New Vagabonds are a dining club which meets once a month at the Holborn Restaurant, and combines a modest repast with an imposing interchange of jollity, talent and diversion. It includes among its members writers of all ranks and grades. I think there are not a few journalists, and I am confident there are dramatists, tellers of juvenile tales, composers of humorous verse, novelists in plenty and "serious" poets galore. Some histrionic or musical entertainment usually winds up these happy feasts. The Holborn Restaurant is full of magnificent dining apartments, led to by hallways and stairways of polished and multi-coloured African marbles. The guests are allowed to come in every-day garb, and, indeed, are expected to do so—all of them, that is, except a special committee of chairmen. Nevertheless, while there is informality among the New Vagabonds, there is by no means Bohemianism in any sense of unceremonious laxity. Twice or three times a year it is Ladies' Night with them, and then a banquet-hall in the still grander Hotel Cecil is chosen. Last year, when Mark Twain was in London, he figured as the guest of a New Vagabonds' Ladies' Night. The author of *Huckleberry Finn* is greatly esteemed here, and the largest of all the chambers in this monstrous hostelry was packed with an eager throng. Many who could not obtain seats at the tables below ensconced themselves in the galleries overhead. And so it happens with the New Vagabonds whenever a foreigner of importance breaks bread in their company.

But literary London has another club, still more authentic and demonstrative. This is the Authors' Club, with rooms in that lordly building, Whitehall Court, whose spacious and many-windowed frontage gives upon the Thames, not far from the Houses of Parliament and within almost a stone's throw of Trafalgar

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Square. The Authors' makes no pretension of rivalling the Athenæum, which is backed by massive tradition and a superb library, not to speak of its majestic home in Waterloo Place. But some day the Authors' may be a club of great prominence. It is still young, yet young men of ability and ambition are pushing it forward with hardy effort, and some older ones, like Mr. Douglas Sladen, Mr. Herbert Thring, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome and others are giving both its present and future their watchful heed. Every Monday evening the Authors' has a special dinner, at which some special "guest," though his presence is not a stringent requirement, has of late often appeared. During the past few months he has appeared strikingly often, and he has not seldom borne a remarkable name. One evening, for example, he was Viscount Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army; another evening he was the Earl of Halsbury, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain; again he was that brilliant philosophic writer, Mr. Leslie Stephen; still again he was Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate; still again, the Chinese minister (who made in fluent English an admirable speech, which amazed everybody by its familiar references to the works of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Darwin and John Stuart Mill); and still again our own American ambassador, Mr. Choate.

So literary London holds its own, and with considerable sturdy endurance. Few experiences can prove more captivating than those of its purely social side to the foreigner for whom such enjoyment has become a privilege, whether permanent or brief.

Edgar Fawcett.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS IN FRENCH*

I allow no one—says or thinks John Bull—to beat my wife or criticise my Shakespeare but myself; because I alone can judge when they deserve it. And justly; for if he does not understand their little ways, who should? But they being two of his choicest British Possessions, and he a boastful, uxorious, easy-natured blunderer, the good lady goes uncorrected and Shakespeare uncriticised—at least in these days of dotage; for in the eighteenth century a few sober, acute commentators, imperfect as were their lights, did make some firm steps toward the truth. From England in our day no safe guide to Shakespeare can be expected; still less from America, intent only on out-shrieking and out-snuffling the English panegyrists. From Germany stream forth rich floods of the light which is darkness. Reverent Fritz and soft-hearted Karl cannot resist the magnetism of sublime intellect and tender poetry even in an Englishman or a Hottentot. But their reverence becomes idolatry as soon as they find that Shakespeare is at times gloriously obscure—from carelessness, inarticulate thought or corruption of text—and straightway they appropriate him bodily, alter, darn and patch, turn him upside down and inside out, and then inflate him with Hegelian hydrogen into the semblance of a hugely swollen Goethe. But this Subjective Shakespeare reveals only the mind of its creators; we want to know what the Poet really meant, not what the Professors would like him to have meant, and think he ought to have meant. Dare we turn in our despair to the nation of born and trained critics? True, it is the instinct of the French critic to ridicule, as it is of the German to revere, what he does not understand, and so he has written many facetious strictures on the *divin Williams* which he will have to retract. But how should he have understood? Remember that he is a poor linguist, that English is hard, and Shakespearian English harder still; remember his national jealousy and righteous disgust at our irrational adulation of the Bard; remember, too, how long his judgment had been fettered by the arbitrary canons of French dramatic

*Les Sonnets de Shakespeare. Traduits en Sonnets français par Fernand Henry. Librairie Paul Ollendorf, Paris.

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poetry. Moreover, when the career of Shakespeare in France comes to be reviewed, it will probably be admitted that, though no critic has yet succeeded in getting all round him, much of the criticism is sounder and juster than we care to admit. Dare I insinuate the blasphemous opinion that one reason why we do not understand him is because he presents certain elements which are far more French than English, and which only the Gallic spirit can fully appreciate? It is therefore to some future Sainte-Beuve that I confidently look to apply the test of scientific and dispassionate criticism in place of our conventional hysterics, and to grapple honestly with what I believe to be the one great Shakespearian problem, that he whose almost every work proves him to have been the soundest of all philosophers and the greatest of all poets, should have left not a single work which as a whole is worthy of his genius. From this point of view one watches with lively interest every step in the growth of Shakespeare's popularity among *nos chers ennemis,* and a very bold one is marked by the complete translation of the *Sonnets,* just put forth by M. Fernand Henry.

Partial translations in verse had indeed been made both by M. Ernest Lafond and Mme. Simone Arnaud, and a complete one in 1888 by M. Alfred Copin, but none of them, I believe, in sonnet form. To the admirable prose version of M. F. Victor Hugo and M. Émile Montégut our sonneteer owns his debt. At the outset M. Henry made a fatal mistake, and that from audacity inspired by fear. Had he retained the Shakespearian sonnet-form, his task would have been comparatively possible, but he was afraid lest such an innovation should shock the conservatism of the French public. So he audaciously attempted the impossible by adopting the orthodox Petrarchian form, with its intricate rhymes. It is a thousand pities. In Shakespeare the final couplet usually stands quite apart as an epilogue, presenting an epigrammatic summary, moral or key to the previous poem, and it seems to me that here the precision and *netteté* of French diction might have rivalled the original. As it is, either the couplet must be expanded into the triplet—which is rarely judicious, and often impossible—or the pause in thought which precedes it cannot be marked. Had I space for quotation it would be easy to show how much, not only of *vraisemblance* but of poetical felicity M. Henry has sacrificed to his temerity. Where the couplet is less detached this objection does not apply, as for instance in CLII., which closes with a very pretty and quite Shakespearian turn—*Moi qui mis à mentir de la sorte un tel zèle!*—more delicate, more pathetic, more suggestive of tender remorse than the original, "I, to swear, against the truth, so foul a lie."

The inevitable defect of this version is incompleteness. Many of the sonnets would require from eighteen to twenty-four French verses to convey them They teem with short words, many lines being entirely monosyllabic. Each possessive case alone adds two syllables to the French. The thought and style are often so involved, so condensed, so elliptical, that a *complete* rendering into *any* language would be rather an expanded paraphrase or commentary than a translation. M. Henry has therefore been forced to leave out a great deal in order to do justice to the rest, which he is often able to translate with remarkable fidelity. Thus his XLIV., which omits many points, closes very aptly thus:

Et que, tel que je suis, formé de terre et d'eau,
J'aie à subir du Temps la volonté hautaine.
Aussi bien de ce corps ne sort-il qu'un ruisseau
De larmes, symbole amer de notre double peine.

But that so much of earth and water wrought
I must attend Time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow,
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

Of course, the exigencies of metre have added some superfluities, but we must remember that, though these epithets and turns seem to us rather flat, hackneyed and un-Shakespearian, to the French ear they impart a sense of classic suavity and amplitude. On the whole, M. Henry's version seems to me a remarkable success. Many of his sonnets, regarded as French sonnets, are very elegant, flowing and agreeable. What is more remarkable is that they do reflect the poet's peculiar turn of thought, though not always his whole thought. Shakespeare's Sonnets are a deplorable

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waste, if not prostitution, of genius—false in principle, false in sentiment, false in expression—artificial, academical, fantastic exercises in sentimental verse, written to flatter, possibly to burlesque covertly, the foolish fashion of his day. But none the less they contain enough poetry to last any one, nay, the whole tribe, of our modern poets for a lifetime. Gems, awkwardly arranged on the jeweller's counter, or jumbled in the pedlar's pack, are none the less precious. M. Henry fixes as many as he can find room for in a tasteful French setting, and though it would be presumptuous for us to forecast the judgment of French critics upon French verse, I think they will pronounce that the gems of thought, however bizarre their form and strange their colour, are of the first water.

To M. Henry's luminous introduction I would glady devote twenty pages of comment. Unfortunately, he had not seen Mr. Sidney Lee's new work; though I have hitherto been equally unlucky, I understand that it is far less delirious than its rivals. But he runs gaily through the history of the wondrous Sonnet-controversy, with its thousand follies, futilities and ineptitudes, culminating in the inspired revelation of W. H. as "William Himself"—which has ever been more precious to my soul than all the Cryptograms. But, alas! when he comes to the point his courage fails, and with some hesitation he concedes that the Sonnets are autobiographical, because—they look so like it. No, they do not; and even if they did, so do all Shakespeare's great dramatic characters; yet he had no experience whatever as a Cardinal, a Roman general, or a Scotch murderess. He never was, never could, never would have been autobiographical. We smaller men may be; he was too great for that. Greater even than introspective Goethe; for what interested him was not the mysterious Ego, but the bright sunlit truth of humanity, in its whole, in its types, in its individuals—to us mystery, but not to him. His was a telescope of marvellous power and accuracy; and his fearless, adamantine eye could dispense with the protection of smoked glass. We modern realists cannot—so we use the microscope, and use it upon ourselves as the nearest and dearest object. Shakespeare had more and better things to look at. When the Jubilee procession swept by, did you sit admiring your own boots? He *saw*, compared, reasoned, transfused himself into the given personality, and then wrote—in his Sonnets as in his Plays. And if you insist that all this tempest of emotion, this poignancy of feeling, these surging passions, *must* be genuine experience, I reply—you cannot surge in sonnets. Just try! When you suddenly found that She was false, for five minutes you felt all Petrarch and more struggling for expression. Had it leapt to life in a red-hot sonnet your fortune would have been made. But while you were actually surging, you could only deliver yourself—by tongue or pen—in prose, and prose by no means coherent, rhythmical, or chastened, though not without a certain pathos in its uncouth helplessness. That was Nature. Yes, I know you did write the sonnet. But that was Art. You took time to cool down, had your tea and pipe, sat down and pitied yourself for an hour into a luxury of woe, and then with pencil and paper hammered away at those tiresome rhymes, deliberately recalling and conjuring up your past surgings—nay, cunningly and artistically tampering with them, selecting, rejecting, adding, colouring up and toning down, into what you thought the model lover and poet *ought* to have felt on that trying occasion. But if you were a great poet, it would be just as easy to conjure up other people's surgings—surgings you never experienced. This is precisely what the creators of Lady Macbeth and Satan and Tithonus did without one atom of experience—yet how naturally! how deceitfully! Ask Mr. Swinburne, of all poets the most facile, if ever sonnet welled straight from his soul to his pen. No, a sonnet is a work of deliberate Art; its more or less of passion and pathos throws light on the skill of the Artist, not on the life-history of the Man.

Further, M. Henry, after rejecting the other absurd candidates, ends by identifying the famous Mr. W. H. with Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton—the "Mr." and the transposition being *pour dépister la curiosité publique!* Nonsense—they would only have whetted it. Thorpe wants to curry favour with an Earl. The Earl, we are told, strongly objects to his name being connected with

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the book. Instead of presenting a copy with a *private* dedication, and drawing his little fee, Thorpe sets gossip going by this transparent and impertinent transposition, and so infuriates his patron. Out, out, brief candle!

To fear to tread where so many mortals have pressed in with confident foot would be to pose as an angel. So, just for once, I will dogmatise, so far as to say that in this problem dogmatism is impossible. The authorship, date, origin, occasion and purport of the sonnets present no mystery at all, but merely a case of ignorance—of utter absence of evidence. We possess only two external evidences, neither of much value—the obscure line in Meres, and the affected bombastic bookseller's Dedication. Whether Shakespeare wrote all or any of the sonnets, and in their present form, we have no external proof beyond the publisher's word; though as to most, the internal evidence is convincing. Were conjecture of any use, I should incline to take "the only begetter Mr. W. H." as a misprint for W. S., or rather, with Johnson to regard him as some collector and contributor, who may perhaps be some day identified. In either case the clue to the succeeding compliment is now lost. However, the main point is that there exists not one scrap of proof that the sonnets are autobiographical; and without the very strongest proofs no one who has really read Renaissance literature instead of reading about it in discreet manuals, will admit a theory which involves inferences utterly inconsistent with a nature like Shakespeare's, so patently healthy, sane and manly.

But I hear my Neo-Shakespearian reader muttering more in anger than in sorrow—"A barren rascal this—why, he can't identify anybody!" Ah, well! anything to please! Then I identify Mr. W. H. with Mrs. Harris—which unbeknownst to Mr. D., her own sweet name was Wictoria; and the Dark Lady with—Oom Paul.

Y. Y.

DESPAIRFUL COURAGE

I drew me toward mine island desolate.
A headland hid the harbour, yet I steered
Straight on and on, unknowing all I feared
But fearing all things as impelled by fate.
My boat drave forward with the sullen weight
Of many waters, and mine eyes were bleared
With ghastly looking upon that I neared,
And in my heart was a consuming hate.
Here lay the inevitable end. I knew
Fate gripped me by the throat. But if I died
Master of fate, though overborne, 'twere well.
I gathered all my strength as the boat flew,
And held it toward the jaggèd rocks I spied,
The grim, gaunt rocks, sun-smit, flamed out like hell.

May Olcott.

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THE OPERA IN ENGLISH

New York has always been noted as a musical centre, but it would, perhaps, be more reasonable to call it an operatic centre, for the New Yorker's love for the opera exceeds his love for the Symphony, Oratorio, Chamber, or any other form of music. Various musical societies, such as the Sacred Harmonic, the Euterpe and the Symphony, have had their day and passed out of existence, but the opera has been one of the features of fashionable and musical life since 1750. Companies too numerous to catalogue, of greater or less importance, have made their little exits and entrances, and hundreds upon hundreds of singers have strutted their little hour upon the stage.

We find during the hundred and fifty odd years of the music drama's continuous life and generous public support, that the English opera, or, to be more accurate, opera sung in English, has been exceedingly popular. Indeed, English opera was the first with which New York was acquainted; for the first opera ever given was *The Beggar's Opera,* performed in Nassau Street by a company of English actors in 1750. It became the favourite amusement of the city. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Hallam, Miss Maria Storer, Stephen Woolls, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, Mrs. Oldmixon, Mr. and Mrs. Darley, Miss Lee Sugg, Mr. Pearman, Mrs. Pownall, Henry Placide, Mrs. Hillson and the Jeffersons delighted what were very large audiences for the time at the New Park Theatre.

Even when the Garcia family astonished the city in 1825 with Italian opera, and "the Signorina" (afterward Mme. Malibran) took New York by storm, English opera held its own bravely; and in 1826 we find Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Hackett, Mrs. Knight, Miss Kelly, Mr. Pearman, Mr. Horn and Mrs. Jefferson singing *The Marriage of Figaro, Love in a Village, Der Freischütz, Abou Hassan,* etc., in English with the greatest success. Even Malibran was compelled to sing English opera, and greatly charmed the public as Rosetta in *Love in a Village.* French opera was attempted in 1827, with Rossini's *La Cenerentola,* but the taste of New York returned to English opera, although the works given were of a heavier order than the ballad operas; for we find *Masaniello,* a translation by John Howard Payne of Boïeldieu's *La Dame Blanche,* Auber's *Fra Diavolo,* and a translation, or rather adaptation, of Mozart's *Magic Flute.* In 1832 Italian opera has another of its many trials before it takes firm root in New York, and two years later English opera comes forward again and holds its ground firmly until 1843; and during this period many works of Donizetti, Rossini and Bellini are introduced to this country.

It would take a longer time to follow the course of English opera than space or the patience of our readers would permit; but we may remark in passing that Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Knight, Miss Hughes, Miss George, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Seguin, Mrs. Phillips, Miss Shirreff, Louisa Pyne, Clara Louise Kellogg and Parepa Rosa were every whit as popular and as much idolised as Borghese, Lagrange, Sontag, Anna Bishop, Patti, Steffanone, Bosio and Piccolomini. It would be very hard to create more interest in any two *prime donne* to-day than was expressed when Mrs. Seguin and Miss Shirreff sang, respectively, the Countess and Susanna in *The Marriage of Figaro* in 1838.

It is astonishing how frequently *The Marriage of Figaro* has been given in English. In fact, it was only known in English, and in a garbled form, from 1824, when it was first played here, until it had its first representation in Italian in 1858, when Piccolomini sang Susanna and Carl Formes, Figaro. Since 1847 the work has been given ten times in English. *Don Giovanni* was not known in Italian until 1850; it received about thirty performances in English from 1827 until 1841. *The Magic Flute,* which really ought always to be sung in German, had its first performance in this country in English in 1833, and was given in Italian first in 1859. The American Opera Company sang it six times in English in 1886; in 1881 it was sung in Italian; in 1897 as *Die Zauberflöte,* and last season in Italian. The first German performance took place in 1862.

For the first time in many years opera in English is about to assert its right to

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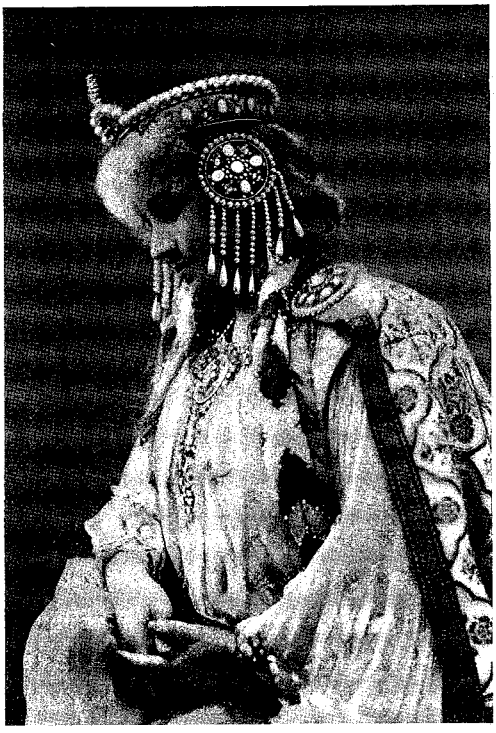
ELSA MARNY, CONTRALTO.

INGEBORG BALLSTRÖM, SOPRANO.

MINNIE TRACEY, SOPRANO, AS IPHIGÉNIE.



RITA ELANDI, SOPRANO, AS ELIZABETH IN "TANNHÄUSER."

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take a first place among the artistic amusements of this city. German, French and Italian opera have been heard in the recognised home of opera on

HOMER LIND, BARITONE.

Broadway, but opera has never been sung there in English.

It really makes very little difference what language an opera is sung in, so far as the understanding of the audience is concerned; it is not the language, but the plot that is hard for the average listener to grasp as the play unfolds itself before him. He does not, as a rule, remember that the opera is half dramatic and half lyric, frequently arresting the action for the sake of a purely musical or poetical number, for the opera is half a play, half a concert.

To be candid, the present writer prefers every opera given in the language to which the original music was written. Such works as *Carmen, The Barber of Seville* and *Die Meistersinger* lose much of their flavour when translated, and, besides, the accents always fall upon the wrong words, which consequently interferes with the force and fitness of the musical phrase. Of course, such works as *Oberon* or *The Mikado* one would hate to hear in French, Italian or German, just as much as one dislikes *Die Meistersinger* or *Lohengrin* sung in Italian or English; but still, one must thoroughly approve of the spirit with which the new organisation begins its work.

The story of the Castle Square Opera Company is too well known to need a word; this year Mr. Savage combines his forces with Mr. Grau for a season beginning at the Metropolitan Opera House, on October 1. After the season, which will end on December 15, the company will visit Chicago, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Washington, Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Detroit, Columbus, Toledo and Philadelphia, returning to the Metropolitan Opera House for a supplementary season. In the meantime, the regular Grau opera will have its season. New York will, therefore, enjoy seven months of continuous opera.

The *répertoire* is an excellent one: we find in it the three immortal Mozart operas of *Don Giovanni, The Magic Flute* and *Le Nozze di Figaro,* or, as it must now be called, *The Marriage of Figaro.* Wagner is represented by *Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, The Flying Dutchman* and *Die Meistersinger;* Meyerbeer is remembered with *L'Africaine* and *The Star of the North (Étoile du Nord);* Weber's romantic *Der Freischütz* is also on the list; Verdi is present with *Aïda, La Traviata, Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto; Carmen, Mignon, Martha, The Bohemian Girl, Faust, Romeo and*

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Juliet, The Jewess (Halévy's *La Juive*) and *Lucia di Lammermoor* are the old favourites selected; while the newer popular works of *Cavalleria Rusticana, I Pagliacci, La Bohême* and *La Giaconda* are also included. *Lakmé,* which is seldom given, is also promised, and two novelties—Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda,* which has never been given in this country, and Victor Massé's *Paul and Virginia.* Attention must be called to two other important additions—*H. M. S. Pinafore* and *The Mikado.*

The selection of the latter is particularly interesting. *The Mikado* is a masterpiece, and as such it was recognised in Germany when it was first given there about fifteen years ago. Again in June it had a brilliant representation at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, in the presence of the Emperor, who called Sir Arthur Sullivan to his box for a long interview. The opera was sung by the best artists of the Opera House, and the whole work was carefully prepared by no less a conductor than Dr. Muck, who treated every detail of tne score with the greatest respect.

It would be difficult to find in all the range of opera any one that contained more clever musical writing and real humour than *The Mikado.* Humour is difficult to express in music, but by sheer genius Sir Arthur has caught the spirit of the witty and sparkling libretto and found the corresponding musical phrase. The book of *The Mikado* is, like all of Gilbert's productions, a literary work, and while it contains topsy-turvy logic and ridiculous situations, scattered through it are some charming lyrics that command attention. Among them is the madrigal, which has a classic English flavour.

The new company is quite a large one. The soprano singers of the company are: Phœbe Strakosch, Minnie Tracey, Zélie de Lussan, Rita Elandi, Ingeborg Ballström, Josephine Ludwig, Grace Golden and Frieda Stender. Elsa Marny and Louise Meisslinger are the contraltos. The tenors are Philip Brozel, Lloyd D'Aubigné, Harry Davies and Joseph F. Sheehan; the baritones, William Paull, Homer Lind, Francis Rogers and Chauncey Moore, and the bassos, Clarence Whitehill, Leslie Walker, Harry Hanlin and Lemprière Pringle.

The number of native Americans in the company is unusually large, including Zélie de Lussan, Minnie Tracey, Rita Elandi, Grace Golden, Josephine Ludwig, Frieda Stender, Clarence Whitehill, Homer Lind, Harry Davies, Joseph Sheehan, Lloyd D'Aubigné,

PHŒBE STRAKOSCH, SOPRANO, AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."

Francis Rogers, Chauncey Moore and Harry Hanlin.

The singers new to this country are Strakosch, Tracey, Ballström, Marny, Brozel, Paull and Walker. Phœbe Strakosch's name inspires a great deal of confidence. She is a daughter of Ferdinand Strakosch, and a niece of Max and

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LOUISE MEISSLINGER, CONTRALTO.

Maurice Strakosch, who for so many years directed the course of opera in New York. Early showing a talent for music, she studied singing with Carlotta Patti and other famous teachers, among whom Sbriglia may be mentioned. In 1895 she made her *début* in Trieste as Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust,* which rôle she has selected for her introduction to New York, and in which she is shown in the accompanying illustration. Her *répertoire* consists of many of the favourite soprano characters of popular Italian operas, and the two lighter Wagnerian rôles of Elsa and Elizabeth. She also sings Desdemona in Verdi's *Otello* and Massenet's Manon and Sapho. She won considerable success at Covent Garden last year. Miss Strakosch is a native of Stockholm.

Miss Minnie Tracey is a pupil of the famous Marie Sasse, who created Selika in Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine,* and of Max Maretzek, at whose advice she studied for the operatic stage. Her *début* was made in Geneva in a special performance of scenes from *Faust, Les Huguenots* and *Rigoletto.* Miss Tracey then accepted engagements in Nice, Marseilles, Cairo, Monte Carlo and Bordeaux, and won marked success in *Le Cid* in Milan. Her principal operas are *L'Africaine, La Juive, Aïda, Il Trovatore, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Robert le Diable, Herodiäde, Le Prophète, Sigurd, Cavalleria Rusticana, Don Giovanni* and *Iphigénie en Tauride.* Her voice is said to be of considerable range, and she prefers rôles bordering on the heroic. Her ability to sing German and French as well as Italian enables her to appear in the works of Wagner, Gluck and Meyerbeer. Miss Tracey was born in Albany, and is the daughter of Colonel John Tracey, a well-known politician of New York and Washington.

CHAUNCEY A. MOORE, BARITONE.

FRANCIS ROGERS, BARITONE.

LESLIE WALKER, BASSO.

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WILLIAM PAULL, BARITONE.

PHILIP BROZEL, TENOR, AS LOHENGRIN.

LEMPRIÈRE PRINGLE, BASSO.

CLARENCE WHITEHILL, BASSO.

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Miss Ingeborg Ballström is, like Miss Strakosch, a native of Stockholm, where she has been for several seasons a favourite with the public as well as the Court. She made her *début* as Filina in *Mignon,* a rôle which she will sing in New York. Her other parts include Micaëla in *Carmen,* Martha, Juliette, Violetta in *La Traviata,* Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro,* Rosina in *Il Barbiere* and Marguerite de Valois in *Les Huguenots.*

JOSEPH SHEEHAN, TENOR, AS LOHENGRIN.

Miss Elsa Marny began her career at the early age of eight, when she sang in public in Breslau. At the age of fifteen she commenced to study seriously, and a few years later appeared in concerts and oratorios in many cities of Germany, Russia and Finland, after which she went to Paris to be prepared for the opera by Mme. Marchesi. Amneris and Ortrude in *Aïda* and *Lohengrin* are said to be her most successful interpretations.

Mr. Philip Brozel was born in St. Petersburg, but he was educated in England. He was graduated from the Royal Academy of Music, of which he was made an associate in 1895. He made his *début* at Covent Garden in 1896 as Canie in *I Pagliacci,* and has won reputation as Don José, Roméo, Faust, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Don Ottavio and Tristan. He sang Don Ottavio in a memorable performance of *Don Giovanni* when Adelina Patti sang Zerlina, and Victor Maurel, the dashing Don.

Mr. William Paull is a popular English baritone. For many years he was a London choir-boy, and was fitted for the stage by Walter Austin, a brother of Alfred Austin. He made his *début* at Albert Hall in Sullivan's *Golden Legend* under Sir Joseph Barnaby's direction, and was at once engaged by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. His first appearance was as Capulet in Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette.* Mr. Paull's favourite rôle is that of Wolfram in *Tannhäuser,* but he has thirty characters in which he is equally well at home. He created Marcel in the first English representation of *La Bohême.*

Leslie Walker is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music in London, and made his first appearance at the Drury Lane Theatre under the management of Sir Augustus Harris. He has been a member of important English opera companies for several seasons, and has made a specialty of comedy.

Miss Frieda Stender, Miss Josephine Ludwig, Mr. Francis Rogers, Mr. Harry Hanlin and Mr. Chauncey Moore are American singers, who are afforded a first opportunity to make successes or failures of themselves. Mr. Moore and Miss Ludwig have been studying in Paris, and will both make their operatic *début,* as will Mr. Rogers, a baritone and a graduate of Harvard. Miss Stender made her first appearance last season with the Castle Square Opera Company as Siebel in *Faust.* Mr. Hanlin is a basso.

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Another American singer in whom a good deal of interest is centred is Mr. Lloyd D'Aubigné, a member of an old Virginia family named Dabney. Mr. D'Aubigné received a university education, and was destined for the practice of medicine, but his fancy led him to the stage. While playing in private theatricals he attracted the attention of Mr. Augustin Daly, who gave him a small part in *Twelfth Night.* He studied music, and when Jean de Reszké was taken suddenly ill one afternoon in 1895 in Boston Mr. D'Aubigné was called upon for the emergency, and sang *Faust.* This led to an engagement with the Grau Company for two years. Since 1897 he has been studying in Paris, and appeared one season in London. His best characters are David in *Die Meistersinger,* Don José in *Carmen,* Lionel in *Martha,* the title-rôles in *Faust* and *Lohengrin,* Vasco di Gama in *L'Africaine,* Turiddu in *Cavalleria Rusticana* and the tenor rôles in *Rigoletto, La Traviata, La Bohême, La Favorita, Il Barbiere di Seviglia, Lakmé, Lucia di Lammermoor, La Giaconda* and *Manon.*

Miss Louise Meisslinger is well known to American audiences, for she was a familiar figure in the German opera in the golden days of the Stanton *régime.* She has also sung here under Mr. Grau and for the past six seasons at Covent Garden. Miss Meisslinger was very successful in the part of the Witch in Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel,* singing and playing the character with great spirit and humour.

Miss Rita Elandi is also familiar to American audiences. She is a native of Cleveland, but she has spent the greater part of her life in Europe. Her principal characters are the Wagnerian heroines, although Marguerite and Santuzza are among her favourite rôles. Miss Elandi was educated by Mme. Marchesi.

Miss Grace Golden is also a familiar American singer.

A third familiar soprano is Miss Zélie de Lussan. She was born in New York of French parentage. After studying in this country and in Europe, she became a member of the Boston Ideal Company. Again she studied abroad, and gained some reputation for her characters of Carmen and Mignon. Of late years she has been conspicuous in the Grau and the Damrosch-Ellis companies.

Mr. Clarence Whitehill, a native of Meringo, Iowa, is the only American basso who has ever sung at the Opéra Comique in Paris. It was upon Mme. Melba's advice that he went to Paris in 1896 to study for the operatic stage. He received his instruction from Giraudet and Sbriglia, and in 1898 made his first appearance in Brussels as Friar Lawrence in Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette.* Afterward he appeared at the Opéra Comique as Nilakantha in *Lakmé* and in many other rôles.

LLOYD D'AUBIGNÉ, TENOR.

Mr. Homer Lind is a native of Alexandria, Virginia. He went to Germany, studied music in Frankfort and made his

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GRACE GOLDEN, SOPRANO, AS MIGNON.

ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN, SOPRANO.

EDWARD P. TEMPLE, STAGE DIRECTOR.

SIGNOR A. SEPPILLI, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

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début in 1895 at Liverpool in the baritone rôle of Goring Thomas's opera, *Esmeralda*. His first appearance in America was as Valentine in *Faust* with the Castle Square Opera Company in New York two years ago. His *répertoire* consists of at least fifty characters.

Mr. Harry Davies is an American tenor, who made his New York *début* last year as David in *Die Meistersinger*. He was well known on the Pacific coast before he joined the Castle Square Company last season.

Mr. Joseph F. Sheehan is a Bostonian who was trained as a choir singer, and gained a reputation as a boy soprano. As tenor at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Boston, he attracted the attention of Seabrooke, who engaged him for *The Isle of Champagne*. After singing with *The Bostonians* he joined the Castle Square Company, and gained a reputation as Turiddu, Manrico, Faust, Lohengrin, Rhadames, Romeo, and Rudolph in *La Bohême*.

Mr. Lemprière Pringle has been a member of the Grau Company for several years. He is a native of Hobart, Tasmania, and was educated in England and Frankfort by Stockhausen and Humperdinck. For five years he sang with the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

The conductors are Armando Seppilli, who visited this country two years ago with the Damrosch-Ellis Company, and Richard Eckhold. The latter won his first reputation as violinist in the Royal Court orchestra of Saxony under Schuch's direction, having been graduated with honour from the Dresden Conservatory. Subsequently he became conductor to the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, and in 1894 of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Mr. Eckhold took part in many performances of the Wagnerian dramas during the composer's lifetime, and consequently has an intimate knowledge of the correct interpretation of these works.

The new organisation is so full of fair promises that if its ambitions and intentions are realised, the autumn season will be the most satisfactory one New York has seen for some time. In the first place, an orchestra of forty-five instruments will belong exclusively to the company, and we very well know what different effects are produced by men who play together constantly under the same bâton and rehearse with the singers than by a band called in from the highways and hedges a few hours before the performance, and one to which rehearsals are unknown, as was said to be the sad case during the regular season last year. It is also promised that the chorus shall be composed of *youthful and well-trained* voices, which will certainly be a novelty at the Metropolitan, where, as a rule, Freia's golden apples are badly needed. Fortunately, the chorus will not sing in a different language from that of the principals, as was the case last year at the Metropolitan.

Another great innovation will be the scenery. We understand that each opera is to have its own especial stage-setting, which shall not be used for any other opera. It will certainly create a startling, if gratifying, sensation to any audience gathered within the walls of the Metropolitan Opera House to see anything fresh or accurate in the matter of costumes and stage pictures. Year after year, Don Giovanni, De Nevers, Count Almaviva, Capulet and every operatic lord, landgrave or duke has had to share the same columned salon, which frequently has to do duty for gambling scenes as well as for balls and banquets. Ernesto has had to warble his serenade in Almaviva's garden; Marguerite and Rosina and Pogner and Juliet have to send their balconied residence to Frankfort, Seville, Nuremberg or Verona as the case requires; Tristan and Vasco di Gama are partners of the same ship; while Hans Sachs, John of Leyden and Daland always occupy the same room by turns. If the scenery approaches historical or local accuracy, it will indeed be a novel treat to the old opera-going public of New York. It is also said that the costumes have been especially designed for this series of productions.

Thus, it is to be seen that the intentions of the new company seem to lead toward an effective *ensemble*, with efficient rather than brilliant singers. Much depends upon the orchestra, the stage-management and the conductors. It is to be hoped that the works will be staged with some respect for the composer's intentions, and conducted with some fidelity to the score, and when they are cut that it will be with judgment and not

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as they were last year, when the action was frequently destroyed by the omission of entire scenes. It is also to be hoped that the singers will play and sing to each other and have some idea of their relation to the work as a play, and not leave the stage when their silent presence is demanded by the needs of the story.

We also hope that rhythm will be present in the orchestra, and that the iron hand of discipline will be felt behind the scenes, so that the operas will go with the dash and brilliancy that have lately been banished from the Metropolitan.

The new organisation has a great opportunity. If it will raise the standard to which the performances have fallen and appeal to the intelligence of music-lovers by accurate, faithful and generally good performances of favourite works, it will gain—and deserve to gain—a permanent place. *Esther Singleton.*

THE BACHELOR IN FICTION

Comparatively slight, when the total volume of English literature is considered, is the prose that concerns itself directly with bachelors. The long reign of Romance, with its passion for what the young person of the more popular sex calls the "happy ending," is naturally responsible for much of this. The bachelors whom the first chapters of novels describe for us become benedicts before the last word is reached. Yet one's library, if one rove carefully about its shelves, does hold some documents for the class which the government of France tries so hard to decrease. Indeed, if one ventures abroad into the literature of England, of Germany and of France, one will soon find the volumes concerning bachelors to be too many to do aught else than merely catalogue. Some titles arrest one's attention and one's memory at once, as Zangwill's *The Bachelors' Club* and J. M. Barrie's *When a Man's Single.* But such instances as these may be cited by the veriest habitué of the book-shops in the department stores. My purpose here is to point not so much to the familiar, famous writings on the state of single blessedness, but to dally rather with certain volumes which the general public either forgets or passes by, and to confine myself also to the native product. To be at once patriotic and to taste something of the rare æstheticism of the finest bachelor of all, Beau Brummel, is surely to deserve well of one's public. The temptation to discourse upon this same bachelor, Beau, as upon such figures as Cyrano de Bergerac, Don Quixote and other pillars of the blessed state is keen, but it must for the present be eluded.

To begin at the point most familiar to the majority, there is that polite youth Van Bibber. For the young person to whom the metropolis of New York still appears to wear the charm of novelty there must be some satisfaction in the adventures and the mode of thought of Mr. Davis's hero. To the provincial this character will ever appeal; there is in the stories that depict him just enough insistence on the mere externals of good form, on the surfaces displayed by gentility, to insure the applause of the mob that covets rather than knows the real thing. To the sophisticated, Van Bibber, if the truth be told, long since became a trifle nauseating. Doubtless Mr. Davis himself would not make the fellow, were he inventing him to-day, quite so much the snob and the prig. There are many appurtenances about the finest sort of gentility that all, save outsiders, take for granted; it is just Van Bibber's constant manner of describing, rather than slurring, the details of gentlemanly conduct that stamps him as not quite a gentleman.

If you have never read Mr. George Hibbard's story of *The Governor,* you cannot do better than to look up the volume bearing that name. We see in this sketch the type of the hard, stern man of millions and power, who, though a colossus in the world of politics and finance, comes to see himself, as against the picture of true happiness, just—an old bachelor. And there is, of course, the dear old Colonel Carter, of Cartersville. Mr. Hopkinson Smith has written many stories—nearly all of them, especially *A Day at Laguerre's,* rich in delight for bachelors; but *Colonel Carter of Carters-*

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ville is still the most lovable page of them all. Mr. Robert Grant has called one of his volumes after the initial story in it, *A Bachelor's Christmas;* it is not striking, for the very reason, perhaps, that it is, in its way, a story with a purpose—two of them, indeed; for the author has tried not only to write a Christmas story, but also a bachelor story.

In the domain of the essay there is little by American authors that has, in any sense at all, bachelordom as its motive. Indeed, if you wish to be convinced of the sway of the American girl in our writing, you have only to glance at the table of contents in the bound volume of any American magazine you please. Almost the only essay that occurs to me as having the true bachelor flavour is the final one in Mr. E. S. Martin's *Windfalls of Observation.* Indirectly, in that same volume, the chapters on "Women and Families" and "A Serious Time of Life" have bearing on our subject.

To do more than mention Ik Marvel's famous book would be out of place here, where I am purposely digressing into the rarely trodden paths. Similarly, it need only be remarked in passing that David Harum was a bachelor, and that our friend Dooley's single state has also lately been disclosed.

If you have patience for bookish things as much as you have for bachelors, there is always Eugene Field's delightful *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac.* Here you may find, if you are quite confirmed in your state, the words: "And herein is exemplified the advantage which the love of books has over the other kinds of love. . . . Books cannot change. A thousand years they are what you find them to-day." There is humour in the frequent passages commenting on certain young women,—"Ah, hadst thou but been a book!"

The most captivating story of bachelordom, however, that the American fiction of recent years holds is one that, as like as not, you never heard of. It is K. M. C. Meredith's *Green Gates.* Readers of *Truth* of nearly ten years ago may remember the brief tales, somewhat in the manner of the younger French writers whom Mr. Vance Thompson and Mr. Arthur Symons have just exploited for us, signed Johanna Staats. That was the writing name of K. M. C. Meredith, for whom it should be said that no American woman has created a finer figure of an old bachelor than her James Oldfield in *Green Gates.* For the reason that I hold the book to be unfamiliar to the majority I shall attempt to give you glimpses of this fine little figure by way of quotation. You will find the bachelor of it, so to say, etched in deeply, charmingly, poignantly. Mr. James Oldfield was "well groomed, stout, with a rolling smoothness of gait, deliberate in gesture, calm of eye, clearly superficial in a small talk which had degenerated into a mild fondness for gossip;" a good bibliophile had been spoiled in him by a strain of sporting blood; vain, fastidious, sentimental, with much time upon his hands and nothing to do with himself, "and from an idea entertained by him that the drink habit was vulgar, Oldfield had fallen into the thought habit." "To think a little, to muse, to drift about gently in the thought world," this was Oldfield's delight; he had begun to care for his brain, as he had lately been forced to care for his stomach. And upon the canvas of his brain comes a girlish face and figure. The foolishness of James Oldfield, one of the most pathetic stories of foolishness in American fiction, begins. He is roused suddenly to the futility of himself. Money, position, bodily comfort, he had, and yet—he saw life as a sorry scheme of things. He "had dawdled, sidled—a sort of social *chasseur*—through life to the pipings of convention." Could he go on—just go on, until

> The beggar packs beside the beau,
> The thunder huddles with the snow,
> * * * * *
> The hero tumbles with the thrall;
> As dust that drives, as straws that blow,
> Into the night go one and all?

He began sighing for his youth, or else for the beliefs that he had been robbed of. And all this because he had been stung by the sweetness of some girlish laughter. Heedlessly the girl calls him "old." Old at forty! It comes to him like a blow. The world does not call him so, but this girl of eighteen does. "Oh, the arrogance of eighteen! And, oh, the sometime humility of forty!" The fever wears him down more and more. Not the social whirl in town, not the peace of the beautiful place on Long Island,

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Green Gates, can soothe him or make him forget. A little, slight, lame girl has written herself upon his soul, and he can do nothing to erase her. He can only stand by and see her heart going out to another; he can try to keep her from a huge folly, a sin, and he can—hear of her death. He becomes fine for one moment of his life, at any rate, when he meddles with the girl's intention to do a foolish thing; he, the victim of a splendid foolishness, is at his best then; he is no such priggish meddler as was Van Bibber in Mr. Davis's story of *Her First Appearance;* he is of different metal, truer and finer. When it is all over, when his meddling has saved the girl from disrepute, if not from death, he goes home to his books—his books, that in the days of his perversity had become perverse themselves and were now in the direst confusion. "There were some of the Germans, beginning with Goethe and tailing up neatly with that madman Nordau, who, along with the help of Lombroso, has succeeded in classifying himself. Heavens, what a mixture! Tristram Shandy alongside of Schopenhauer! Amiel amiably shouldering Mendès and Mallarmé! Lang and Verlaine! Maeterlinck and Sarcey! France and Gyp! Then in an unruly jumble came Montaigne, Prévost, Auerbach, the Dutchman, cheek by jowl with the delicious Russian Turgénieff! Rousseau, Smollett, Fielding, Sheridan, Addison, Lamb, then Walter Pater and Le Gallienne! Alongside of Baudelaire, next to him on either side, Vergil and Homer! Plato and Voltaire looking on, while Musset, Lamartine and Hugo surrounded George Sand decorously! Gautier, Loti, Gosse, Mérimée, Balzac—a long row of him—Dumas, *père et fils,* Petrarch, Dante, Seneca, Spencer, Byron, Johnson, Froude and Guizot! . . . Such a mess!"

It cannot be said for James Oldfield that he cared much for American books. He spent the night arranging his shelves, trying to bring order there, just as he sighed to bring order into his life once more. He hesitates over Gautier, lingers in thought over *Les Tâches Jaunes,* and even recalls a line or two

> With elbows buried in the downy pillow
> I've lain and read
> All through the night a volume strangely written
> In tongue long dead.
> For at my bedside lie no dainty slippers;
> And save my own,
> Under the paling lamp I hear no breathing.
> I am alone.

But as we take leave of him he is still asking himself the pathetic question: "Will there always be twenty-two years and death between us?"

An Analysis of Foolishness is the author's sub-title for this book *Green Gates;* but it might as easily be considered an analysis of old bachelordom.

Percival Pollard.

PHENOMENA OF LITERARY EVOLUTION

As an American essayist has said, this is the moment-mad century; the century "that first discovered how large a moment was; the century that makes a moment a colossal moment, as moments have never been made before; the century that, with telephone and telegraph and printing-press, discovered the present tense and made all the world a voice on a wire." It is also a very busy century. Never was the world in such a hurry as now; never were its thoughts so broad and deep, its aims and occupations so many and so diverse. It well behooves whosoever has ideas to sell to the world to seek out what impression all this makes upon the literature of the day, in what manner the century is being and should be represented by print and paper. Why have predication and sentence-length decreased? Why is the three-volume novel left behind with the rest of the rubbish of the musty past? Why is the ubiquitous short story in such demand? What bearing have the answers to these questions upon the structure of a sentence? the shaping of a figure? the drawing of a parallel? the construction of a story? the delineation of a character? or the presentation of a social phase? If the idea merchant cannot answer these questions, it is high time for him to get down to work. The world knows what it wants, but it will

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not trouble itself to speak up and tell him. The world has no concern with him; it is getting what it wants, and it will go on getting what it wants from others who have got down to work.

The comparison of the growth of the individual to the growth of the race, unlike most tricks of exposition, seems always to increase in strength and worth. From childhood to manhood, the mind of the individual moves from the simple to the complex. The thoughts of a child are few in number and small of stature. At first, in ratiocinative processes, its premises must cover little ground and be fully elaborated, and in the course of the deduction or induction there can be no omission of the smallest detail. Not an example can be avoided, not a step discarded. But the rounded mind of the man objects to such slow procedure. It leaps swiftly from cause to effect, or *vice versa,* and concludes even as it leaps. The student refuses to sit under a professor who lectures after the fashion of the kindergarten. It drives him mad to have all things and the most obvious things explained at length. He would as soon sit down and read Defoe in words of one syllable or do sums in arithmetic on his fingers.

And so with the race. It has had its adolescence; it is man-grown now. The literature which delighted the race in its youth still delights the youth of the individual; but the race is now in its prime, and its literature must be a reflection of that prime. In obedience to the general law of evolution, all thought and all methods of representing thought must be concentrative. Language, spoken and written, has not escaped the working of this law. Language, as a means of conveying thought, is primarily figurative. The commonest words, used in the commonest ways, are stereotyped figures—figures, once new-born and pink, fresh, vivid, strong, in an elementary stage when the tongues of men groped for clearer expression. A figure is the development of an analogy, the establishment of identity through resemblance. As the race's first expression of the simplest thought was figurative, so was its first aggregate of thoughts into one powerful or beautiful whole. What is the allegory but a sustained figure? And it is to allegory that all primitive peoples first resort. It appeals to them, who, if they think at all, think like children. But the race to-day no longer has need of that childish expedient. Spenser was the last great poet to use it. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is the only great allegory now extant, and it owed its immediate and subsequent popularity to the illiterate masses, because they were illiterate, and because it was simple, dealt with a vital question and was powerfully, though crudely, executed.

As Professor Sherman has pointed out, the use of the analogy is to give to the material truth a spiritual setting—to make the reader *feel* as well as *think.* The allegory does this, and in a most sustained and expansive way. But the tendency of language is concentrative. Hence, the passing of the allegory, and with it the parable and fable. A study of the race's literature will reveal the replacement of these, in inexorable sequence, by the running metaphor, the clause metaphor, the phrase metaphor, the compound-word metaphor and, lastly, the word metaphor. The sustained figure has been reduced to a single figure, the allegoric analogy to a word analogy. As the standard of mentality has risen, just so has the dictum of man gone forth that he must and will do his own thinking. He no longer wishes to have the thought iterated and reiterated and hammered in upon him again and again. Pleonasm is repellent to him.

Thomson wrote, "compelled by strong Necessity." "Compelled" is tautologised by "strong Necessity," but none the less Pope amended the passage thus: "Compelled by strong Necessity's supreme command." Imagine the race to-day countenancing such bosh! But in condensing the allegory into the word analogy, neither the material nor the spiritual dare be sacrificed. Nor have they been sacrificed by the masters. In token whereof no better instance can be cited than:

> The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
> *Burned* on the water.

There is the figure and the fact, the spiritual and the material, all represented by one word. It was not the poet's place to employ twenty lines of iambic pentameter in order to convey the semblance of burnished gold to fire, flames, the sun,

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etc., as the barge floated on the water; and it would have been highly inartistic had he done so. The reader is not a child. He receives pleasure in constructing the whole appearance from out of that one word, and he is exalted by realising the effect through his own effort. And that is just what the reader wants.

"That style which leaves most to fancy in respect to the manner in which facts or relations may be apprehended will be in so far the easiest to read." It is in accordance with this truth that predication has decreased, and likewise the length of sentence. The tendency of sentences has long been toward brevity and point. The race wants its reading matter to be not only concentrative, compact, but crisp, incisive, terse. It tolerates Mr. James, but it prefers Mr. Kipling. To the sins of the past let the following sentence of Spenser attest:

> Marry, soe there have beene divers good plottes devised, and wise counsells cast alleready about reformation of that realme; but they say, it is the fatall desteny of that land, that noe purposes, whatsoever are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceede from the very GENIUS of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Allmighty God hath not yet appoynted the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiett state till for some secrett scourdge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be knowen, but yet much to be feared.

Imagine the lustful blue pencil of the twentieth-century editor wading through such a sentence as that! And contrast it with this from the pen of Emerson:

> My friends, in these two errors, I think, I find the causes of a decaying Church and a wasting unbelief. And what greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship? Then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple to haunt the senate or the market. Literature becomes frivolous. Science is cold. The eye of youth is not lighted by the hope of other worlds, and age is without honour. Society lives to trifles, and when men die we do not mention them.

A good illustration of the decline of sentence length is afforded by the following figures, which give the average words per sentence for five hundred periods:

Fabyan	68.28
Spenser	49.78
Hooker	41.40
Macaulay	22.45
Emerson	20.58

Every form of present-day literature exemplifies this concentrative tendency. The growth of the short story has been marked by the decay of the long novel. In the last century, and in the first portion of this, novels of one volume were acceptable; but publishers preferred those of two and three; nor were they averse to one of four, while five and six volume novels were not at all uncommon. The average novel of to-day contains from forty to seventy thousand words. What publisher would dream of even reading a MS. of the cyclopean proportions of *Les Misérables?* Poe always contended that the tale should be such that it could be read at one sitting. *The King's Jackal,* recently brought out by Richard Harding Davis, contains about twenty-seven thousand words, while Mr. Kipling seems to have set the form for a novel of forty to fifty pages.

Again advantaging from our text, what the race wants chiefly is the passing thing done in the eternal way. This makes our literature largely episodal, and this want of the race Mr. Kipling has satisfied. He is terse, bald, jerky, disconnected, but there is nothing superfluous in his work. It consists only of the essentials, and is fancy-exciting. And that is just what the race wants, for it is past the kindergarten stage; it can do its own thinking. Give it the bare essentials, and it will do the rest. It can think more rapidly than it can read the printed words of the writer, and it is in a hurry. Division of labour, labour-saving machinery, rapid transit, the telephone and the telegraph—a myriad and one devices has the race invented for the economising of its energy and time. Never in all the world before has it had so much to do, so many calls upon its time. So in all things it demands the greatest possible amount crammed into the smallest possible space. And to this demand its literature must answer. The race does not want novels and stories teeming with superfluities. The unpruned shall be cast aside unread. What it wants is the meat of the matter, and it wants it now.

Jack London.

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THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEASONS"

The recent celebration of the bi-centenary of James Thomson's birth, held at Ednam in Roxburghshire, his native place, by the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association, suggests the idea of a review of the poet's work, with the object of noting, so far as may be, the sense in which time has of late been dealing with that work. And, for all intents and purposes, Thomson's work is, of course, *The Seasons*. His *Castle of Indolence* may be still occasionally read; while, on the strength of internal evidence, Dr. Morel, in a critical biography which may well be accounted final, now definitely assigns to him the authorship of "Rule, Britannia!" Still for the world at large he remains the author of a single book. Let us glance at that little book, which justified Hazlitt, writing in or shortly before 1818, in calling Thomson "the most popular of all our poets";—that little book the finding of which, in a shabby cover, on the window-seat of an obscure inn, caused a competent authority to exclaim that this was "true fame." "Pity the reputations of the day before yesterday," cried one, strong in the confidence and the cruelty of youth. But, before all is said and done, I hope to show that the remark, as applied to this case, is still very far from appropriate.

Thomson's was a poetic mind set in an age of prose. If not the most accomplished, he was at least the most poetic verse-maker of his day. And that day was a difficult one for a poet wishing to deal with the higher matters of verse. Let me illustrate this by an anecdote gathered from the history of a sister art. The name of Benjamin West is not one which we should now associate with any great activity in the work of breaking free from trammels of convention. And yet we read that when West contemplated painting his *Death of General Wolfe,* and it became known that he purposed to attire the characters in the dress of 1759, no less a man than Reynolds called upon him expressly to protest against an innovation so daring. For heretofore it had been the invariable custom to present the figures in historical paintings either nude or in the classical costume. West had, however, sufficient strength of mind to disregard Reynolds's remonstrance. His picture proved a great success, and is said, in Woollett's plate, to have had the largest sale of any modern engraving. Reynolds, when he saw the result, acknowledged himself converted to the painter's views; but even after this, James Barry represented the same subject with all the figures nude. The *Death of Wolfe* was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1771, Thomson having died some twenty-three years earlier. How much greater, then, must have been the power of effete convention, and of false classicism, against which the poet at the outset of his career found himself called upon to fight!

Let us admit at the outset that his victory over these things was to the end a very imperfect one. It is plain to-day to readers of his poem that he is hampered by academic considerations: a care for "dignity" and for classical locution; artificial laws of composition; faithfulness to his model Vergil's *Georgics*. His learning, which was respectable, did not sit quite lightly upon him. "Protended spear," "turgent film," "concoctive sun," are harsh Latinisms; as is his "Ceres without pain" for a labourless harvest. His phrase, too, is often overcharged; his style is too much of an *olla;* he gives us now Shakespearian and Miltonic lines, and now passages—such as his theory of frost in *Winter,* or of springs returning to their sources in *Autumn*—which are distinctly Lucretian. He does not dare to be quite frank and plain. If he had done so, his own age would not have understood such conduct in a serious poet. It was reserved for the De Quinceys and other early admirers of Wordsworth to do that. The result is that, as a poet of nature, he lacks the primary quality of simplicity. And yet, as a matter of fact, his taste all along was for things homely, and it is his homelier passages which have best withstood the injuries of time.

Criticism has accepted the fact that Thomson was at his best in description. Now, at the date when he began to write, descriptive poetry was discredited. Horace had long since poked fun at the mawkish and redundant descriptions of "a grove and altar to Diana, and the windings of a river hastening between

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pleasant fields" of the poetasters of his own day (*De Arte Poetica,* 16, 17), while Pope was even now asking satirically,

> Who could take offence,
> While pure Description held the place of Sense?

But Thomson, so far, had the courage of his genius. His descriptive passages must, however, be divided into two classes. The less interesting class is that in which he versifies—often ably and poetically, as must be allowed—the results of his reading of books of travel. To this belong the pictures of Lapland and Siberia in the *Winter;* those of tropical countries in the *Summer.* But it is by the far more delightful passages, in which, with eye or memory fixed directly on the object, he faithfully puts before us, first, the aspects of nature and the changes of the atmosphere; secondly, the scenes and incidents of rural life; it is by these passages, unless I am mistaken, that *The Seasons* still lives and will continue to live. As an example of the former, take the sequence (*Spring,* 142-206) which describes the blowing of the south wind, the stillness before rain, the falling of a gentle rain, the sun breaking through clouds at evening, the rainbow. Of the latter, the description of angling (*Spring,* 401-439), or the succeeding "angler's repose"; of the shepherd keeping his sheep beside an ancient camp (827-845), or of sheep-shearing, sheep-washing, hay-making—the last-named incidents, which, except in the prose of Thomas Hardy's first pastoral romance, have probably never before or since been set before us in so fresh and life-like a style. In Thomson's day, however, the elaboration of this "sentiment of the country" was something quite new in our literature. That the sentiment existed in the Elizabethans, there is an abundance of scattered evidence. It is found, also, in the earlier prose of Walton, as, later, in that of White of Selborne. Thomson's distinction is that he first sufficiently delighted in it to make of it the main subject of his song. In a word, he it was who *revealed the country* to Englishmen, nay, to Europeans, in no less a degree than Byron's *Childe Harold* revealed the poetry of travel. That he should have done so in the age of Pope and Swift, of Prior and of the author of *Trivia,* makes his achievement the more remarkable.

To his pictures of the country, Thomson linked something of that traditional country lore which is none the less delightfully poetic because often eminently unscientific. It is rare, however, that he falls into positive error—as he does in the passage on the swallows, where he shows us those migrants,

> rejoicing once,
> Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire,
> In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
> And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats . . .

Even in this instance he errs in the excellent company of White. It must not, however, be supposed that his landscapes are deserts, peopled only by the brute creation. Without reference to the admirable narrative of his interpolated stories, it may be said that few poets, if any, have shown greater power in the treatment of "abstractions"—of those abstract human figures, that is, in which the eighteenth century specially excelled, and which it also occasionally abused. In proof of which excellence of Thomson's, it is enough to cite the example of the lover (*Spring*), or the Castaway (*Summer,* l. 939 *et seq.*). But his landscapes are, indeed, not less abstract than his figures; whence it comes about that of the sentiment of specific locality he shows nothing. The description of the view from Richmond Hill is formal and frigid, comparing poorly with the prose of Scott's *Heart of Midlothian;* while his Hagley Park is a mere "complimentary piece." Also, in the whole of *The Seasons,* there occur but three of the place-names of that Border Country where his youth was spent—the names Cheviot, Tweed, and Jed. What a contrast to the verse of his fellow-Borderers of seventy years later, Scott and Leyden, who, had *they* written *Seasons,* would have given us Winter among the hills of Ettrick Forest, and Autumn in the wooded dale of Tweed! Borderers might have preferred this course, but Thomson's method was the true one for the purpose which he had in view. And, while touching specially upon the work of poets reared on the Border, it may be pointed out that perhaps nothing better illustrates the gulf between the early and

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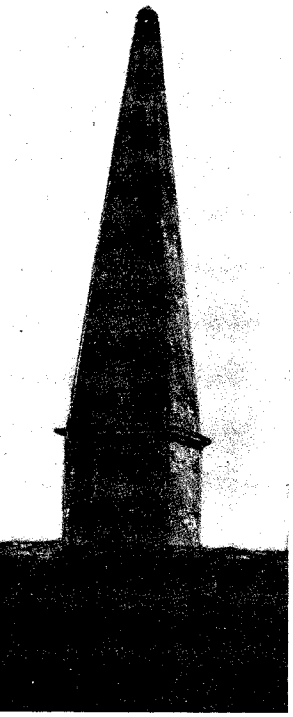

MONUMENT TO THOMSON, NEAR EDNAM.

the late eighteenth century than the fact that Thomson, whose boyhood was spent at the village where the Scots assembled before Otterburn, makes not one allusion to chivalry.

To sum up: Thomson not only gave us *The Seasons*, but by doing so pointed out to poets who came after him—some of whom were greater than he—the way back to Nature from artificiality. As for his philosophy, for those who in the present day have acknowledged once and for all that the truths of science and religion cannot be co-ordinated, that philosophy is obsolete. For Thomson wished to see in the wonders of Nature but so many proofs of the divine beneficence, and to trace all pain and evil in the world to man's wrong-doing—a labour which is shown to be fruitless as soon as we are confronted with the question, in what manner is man's sin responsible for the way in which a hawk gets its breakfast? But, recognising that we deceive ourselves if we say we know the Unknown, we may yet be content to fall back on the belief that the unknown God is a more mysterious and more wonderful Being than any religion has yet revealed, or any philosopher yet dreamed. Thomson's thought in this respect was the thought of his time. His faults of style were the faults of the sham Augustan Age in which he lived, and above which he had not strength at every point to rise. But his virtues, and especially his love of Nature, were his own.

THOMSON (FROM OLD MINIATURE).

George Douglas.

VILLAGE OF EDNAM, BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET.

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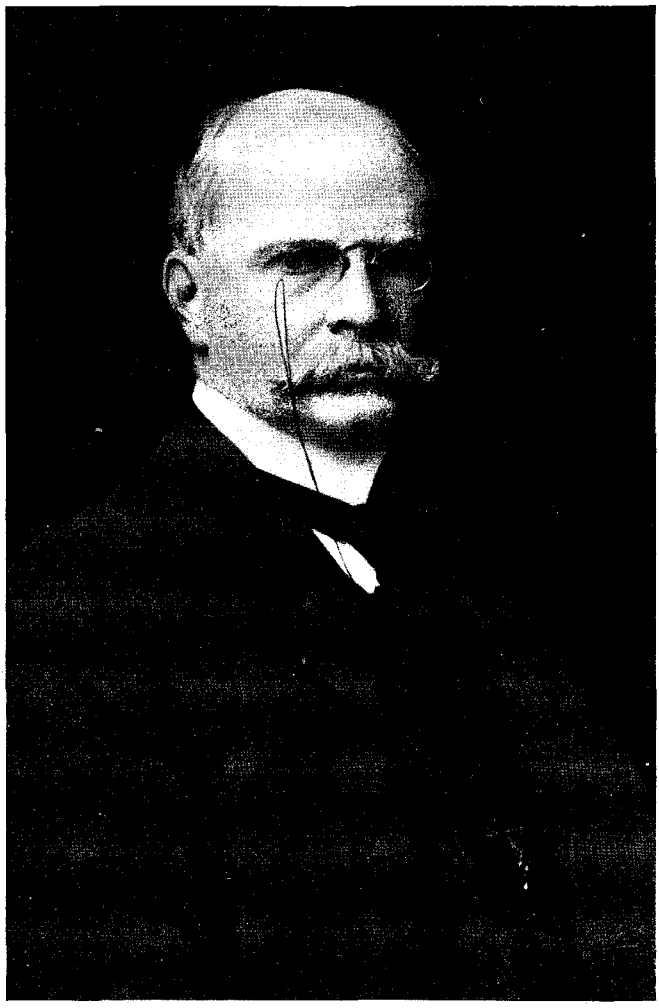
JAMES LANE ALLEN'S COUNTRY*

Some two or three years ago, when he was at work on *The Mettle of the Pasture,* Mr. James Lane Allen characterised all the books which had before come from his pen as merely the fruit of his apprenticeship. *The Mettle of the Pasture,* however, was, as is generally known, laid aside. *The Reign of Law* was undertaken, completed and published, and yet despite this change of plan, one book is as interesting as the other in marking what Mr. Allen deems the beginning of a new era in his literary work. That strikingly felicitous way of putting it—"his apprenticeship"—very naturally provokes an opinion as to just what the

*The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.



Sincerely Yours,
James Lane Allen

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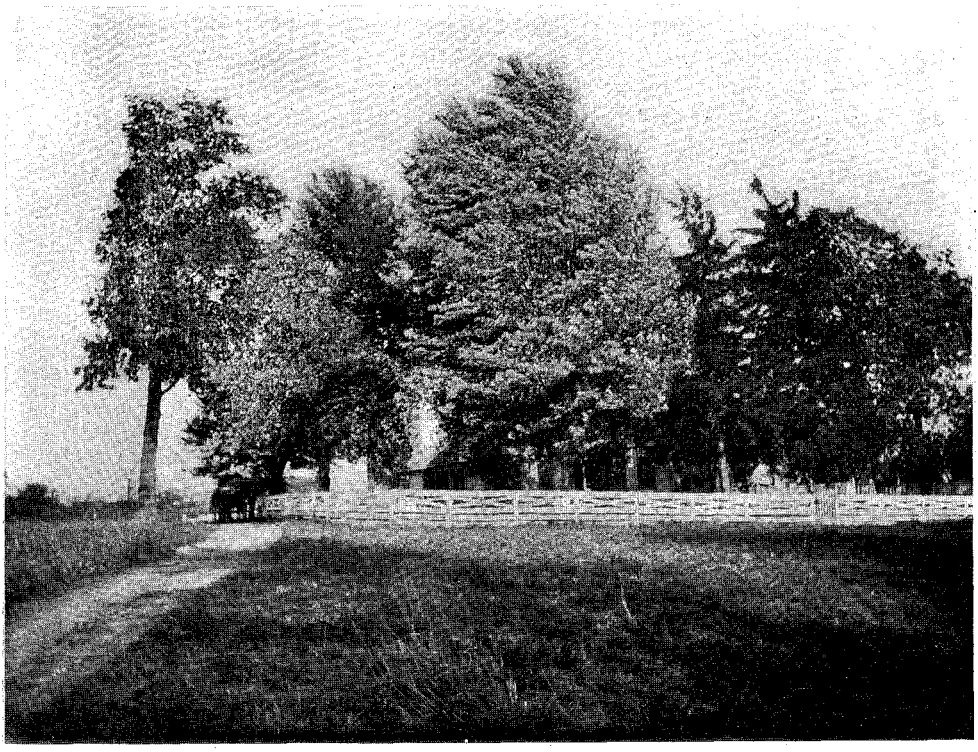
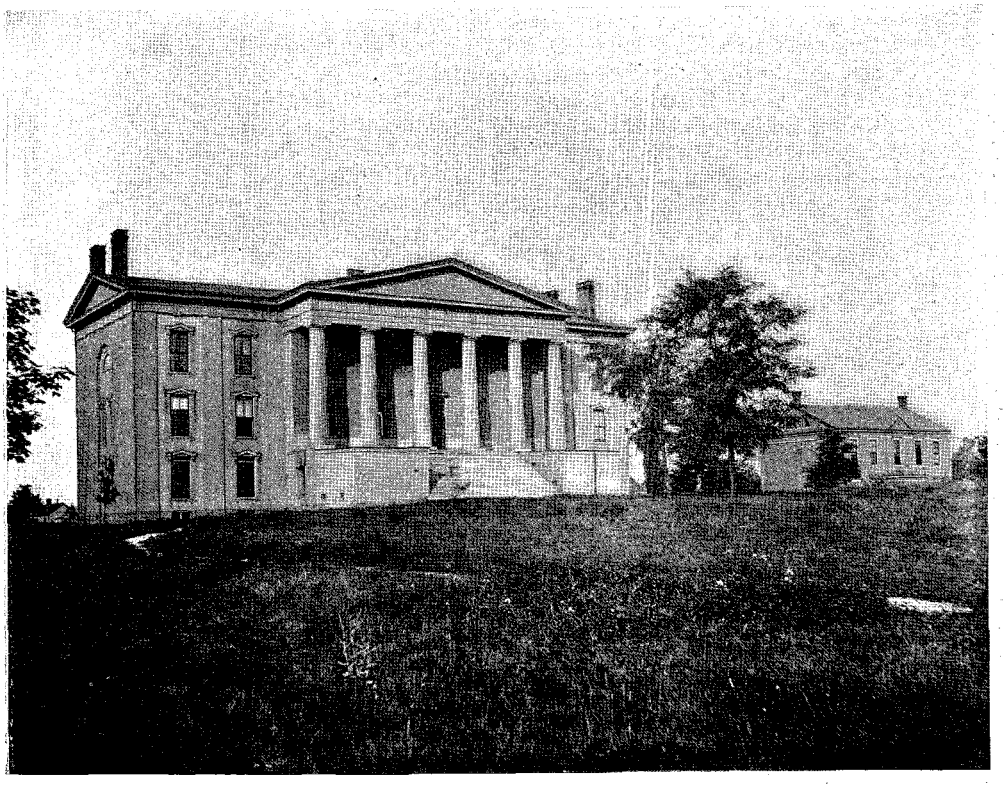


BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES LANE ALLEN.



THE BIBLE COLLEGE, TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.—"THE REIGN OF LAW," "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE," "FLUTE AND VIOLIN."

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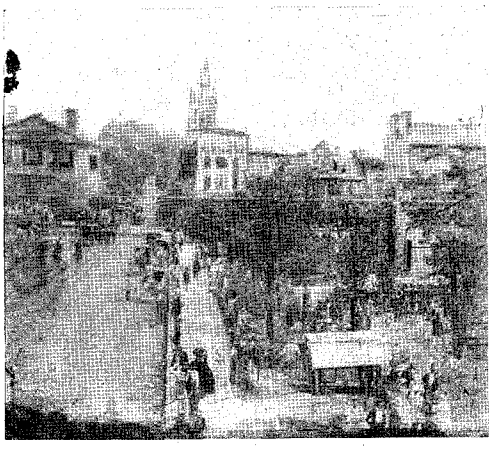


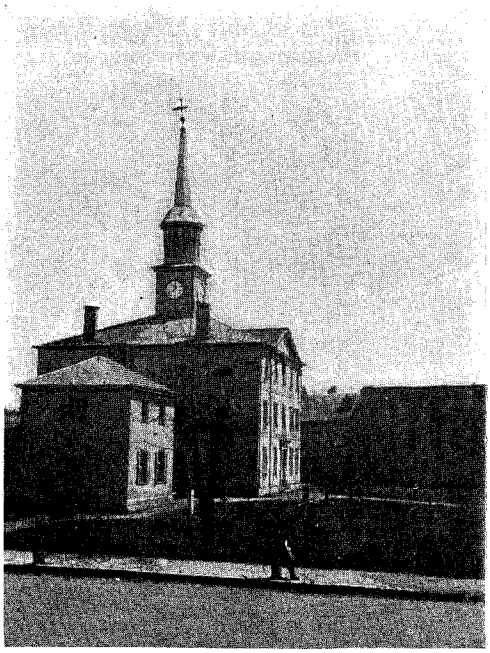
OLD CHEAPSIDE.

apprenticeship has meant to American letters. His publishers might answer that the seventy thousand copies of *The Reign of Law* which were bought practically on faith settled the question pretty effectively. But Mr. Allen would be the last one to be satisfied with such a test.

The critics of the latter half of the twentieth century who will write their estimates of Mr. Allen's work—for there is very little doubt that his books will be read and studied in the latter half of the twentieth century—will have liberties which would be indiscretions if exercised by his contemporaries. They can tell much of the charm of the man, of his peculiar, shy personality, of his likes and his dislikes, and in so telling can offer a very interesting commentary that will fit in between the lines of his books. Concerning Georgiana, Sylvia, Mrs. Falconer, Gabriella, they will be permitted to hazard some shrewd guesses. There are very few writers of to-day whose lives and works are so inseparably interwoven, who in their books give so much of themselves.

In the introductory sketch to the stories collected under the title *Flute and Violin,* Mr. Allen has thrown in a few pages which, by the way, sparkle with a humour that is peculiarly his own, some very interesting sidelights on many of his tales and their people. He denies that there was any real original for the young Kentucky monk of *The White Cowl,* or of *Sister Dolorosa,* or of *Gordon Helm.* In *Flute and Violin,* however, there is a good deal of literal truth. A Reverend James Moore did exist. He was the first minister of Christ Church, where there hangs, "framed in thick, black wood, an old rectangular slab or marble" in his memory. He was also president of Transylvania University, and died in the year 1814 at the age of forty-nine. Also true is the second paragraph of the tale, which sets forth that he was a Virginian, that he came to Lexington in the year 1792—when Kentucky ceased to be a county of Virginia, and became a State—that at first he was a candidate for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, but that, having been reproved for the liberality of his sermons by the Transylvania Presbytery, he objected to such rigour in his brethren, and turned for refuge to the bosom of the Episcopal communion.

The heart of the James Lane Allen country is Lexington, and the heart of Lexington is that part of the city which lies about the Court-house. Along the western side of the Court-house square runs Cheapside, the scene of so many of



THE OLD COURT-HOUSE.—"KING SOLOMON OF KENTUCKY," "FLUTE AND VIOLIN," "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

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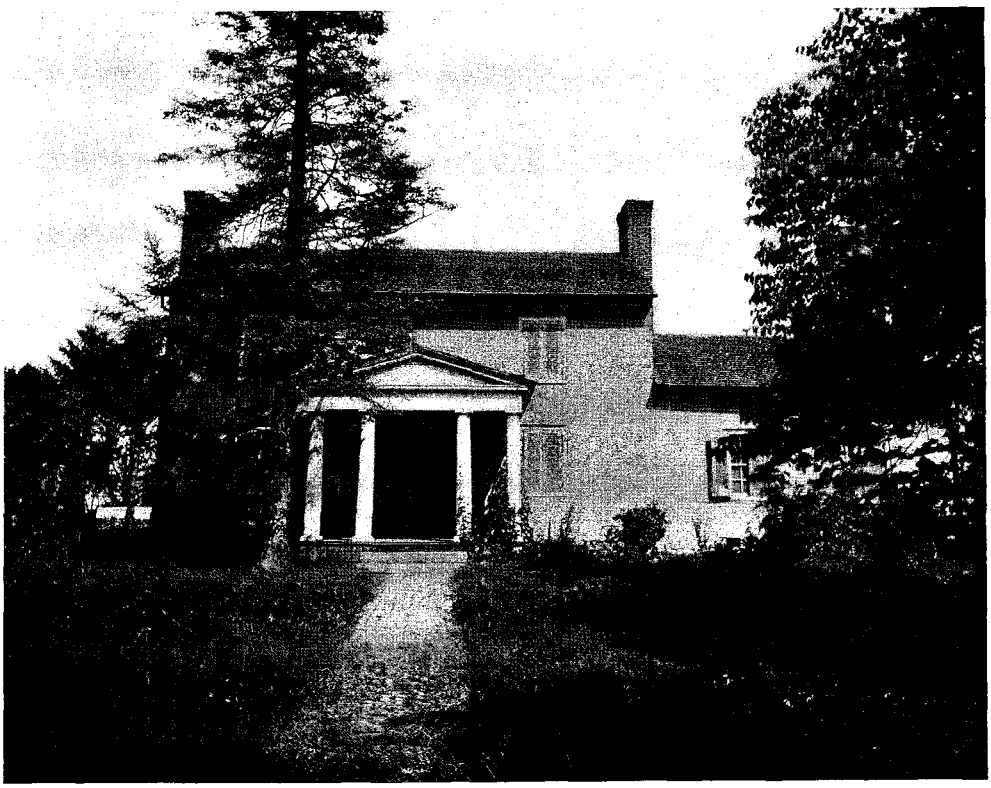
SYLVIA'S ARBOUR.—"A KENTUCKY CARDINAL" AND "AFTERMATH."



ADAM MOSS'S HOME (FROM THE GARDEN).—"A KENTUCKY CARDINAL" AND "AFTERMATH."

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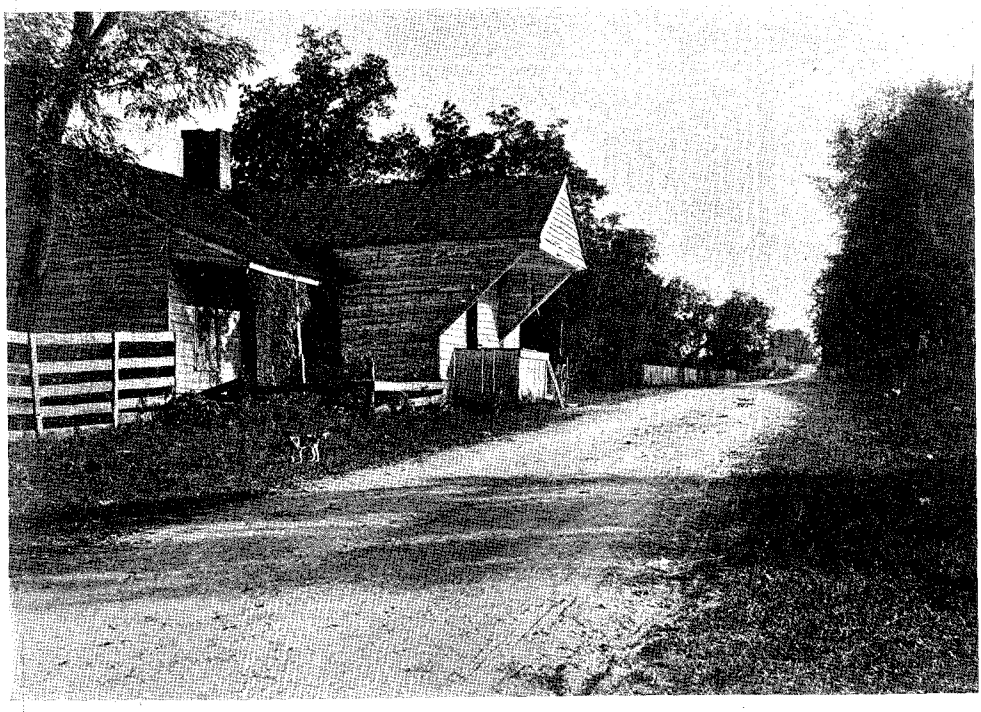
"TREES OF HOLLY, JUNIPER, FIR AND THE STORM-BEATEN CEDARS."—"A KENTUCKY CARDINAL."



THE TURNPIKE AND TOLL-GATE.—"A KENTUCKY CARDINAL" AND "AFTERMATH."

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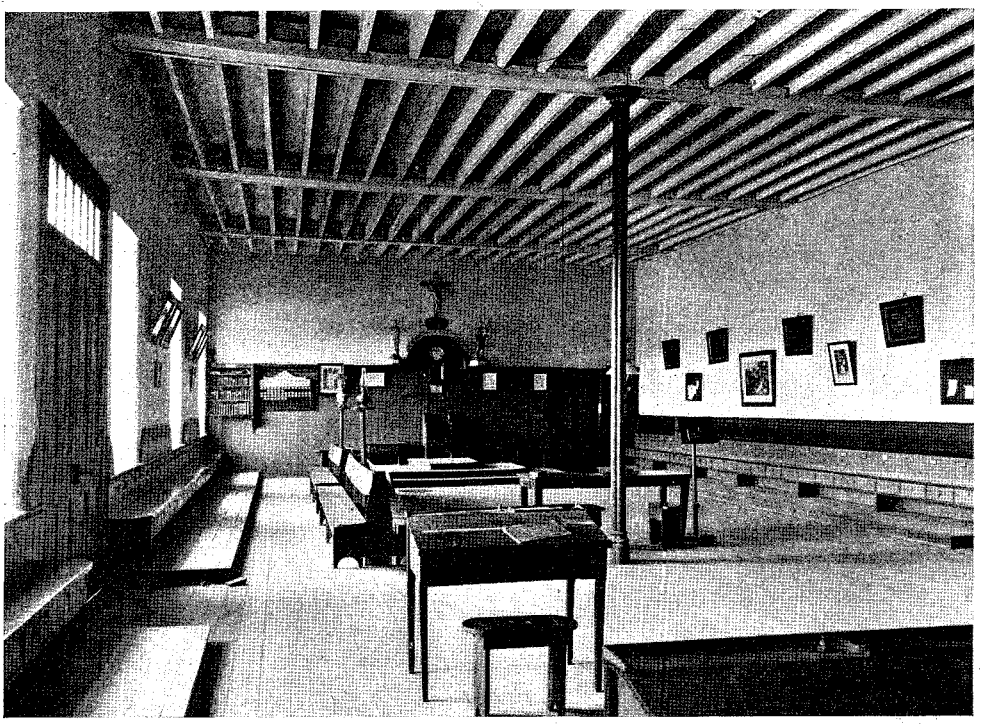
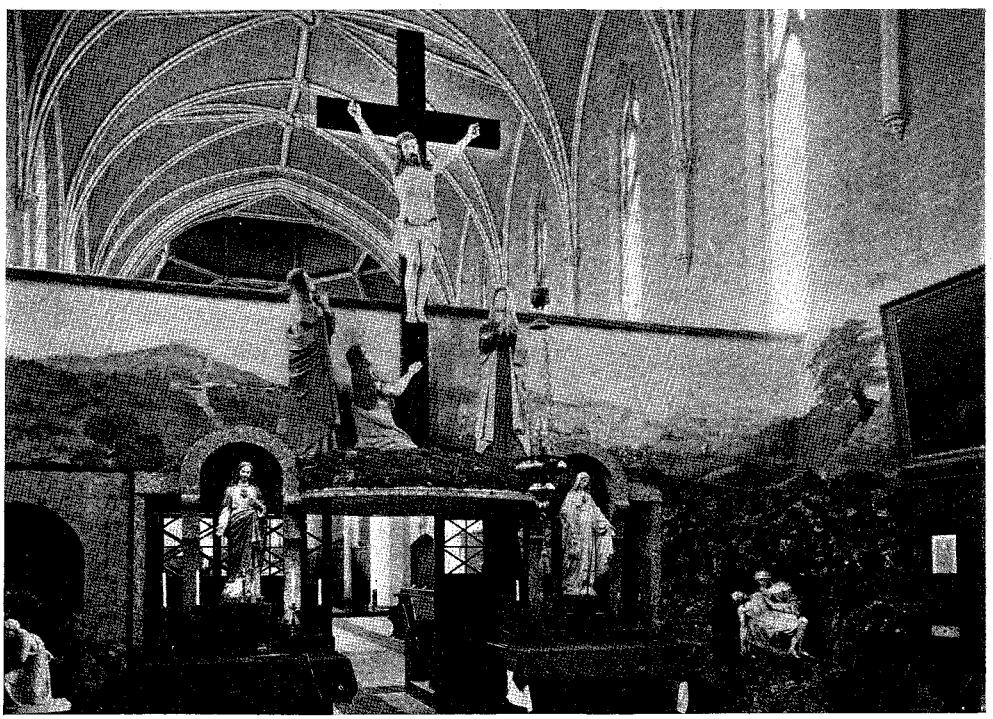


"EVERY MORNING THE ENTIRE TRAPPIST BROTHERHOOD MEET IN A LARGE ROOM FOR PUBLIC CONFESSION AND ACCUSATION. HIGH AT ONE END SITS THE VENERABLE ABBOT."— "THE WHITE COWL."



"THE CRUCIFIXION SCENE BEHIND THE ALTAR, CONSISTING OF WOODEN FIGURES, CARVED BY ONE OF THE MONKS, NOW DEAD, AND PAINTED WITH LITTLE ART."—"THE BLUE GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY."

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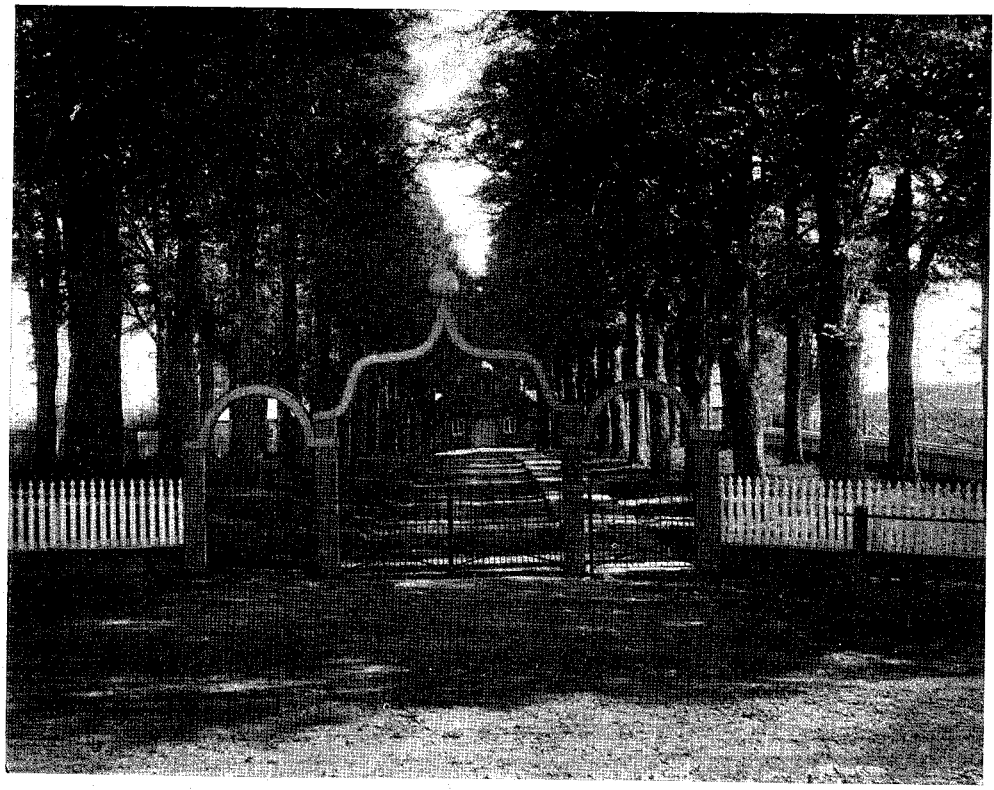
"SO LIES HE NOW IN THE DIM CEMETERY GARTH OUTSIDE, WRAPPED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN HIS COWL, WITH ITS STAINS ON THE HEM AND THE BOSOM."—"THE WHITE COWL."

"WHERE THE DEAD ARE SIDE BY SIDE, THEIR GRAVES COVERED WITH MYRTLE, AND HAVING EACH FOR ITS HEADSTONE A PLAIN WOODEN CRUCIFIX."—"THE BLUE GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY."



"A LONG LEVEL AVENUE, ENCLOSED ON EACH SIDE BY A HEDGEROW OF CEDARS."—"THE BLUE GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY."

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the incidents of the stories which make up *Flute and Violin*. It was here that Colonel Romulus Fields and his faithful Peter Cotton, "two gentlemen of Kentucky," opened a store for the sale of hardware and agricultural implements. In front of the Court-house, at the corner of Cheapside and Main Street, "King Solomon of Kentucky" was placed upon the block for sale to the highest bidder the day before the plague came to Lexington in the spring of that awful year of 1833. Of this story it may be said that it is almost literally exact. Hardly the name of a character or a line of description but was taken from the local history of the time. "The old French confectioner figured in it, the old French dancing-master, the old music dealer, the description of M. Xaupi's ball, what there is of it, is actual enough. One of the costumes—'a white satin, with ethereal silk over dress embroidered in an oak leaf of green,'—was the wedding-dress of the author's own mother." The grave of King Solomon of Kentucky in the Lexington cemetery is marked with a white stone erected a few years ago. A few hundred yards away from the Court-house, on the site now occupied by the Phœnix Hotel, was Poslethwaite's tavern, where gathered the idlers the morning that King Solomon was sold, and nearby, on Main Street, was the little music store of old Peter Leuba. To the south of Main Street and directly fronting the Court-house there is a sharp hill. On the crest of this hill was the school-house in which John Gray instructed the Lexington urchins in the last decade of the eighteenth century and, unarmed, fought his desperate battle with the invading panther.

Four miles to the south of Lexington is the house in which Mr. Allen spent many of his boyhood years, and which he has described so vividly as the home of Adam Moss in *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*. The pike which runs out from the city passes through the richest part of the Blue Grass region. The country is dotted with those great stock-farms from which have come the famous race-horses of the American turf. About half way out on the trip to the home of Adam Moss there stands on the high ground to the left of the turnpike the old house in which Mr. Allen was born. A little farther on is the toll-gate. And beyond, a road breaking off from the turnpike to the left leads to the house, surrounded by "trees of holly, juniper, fir and the storm-beaten cedars." Of recent years the house has been going gradually to decay. There is very little left of the arbour under which Sylvia sat to read the novels of Sir Walter Scott and to carry on her flirtations with "the forward gosling with white duck pantaloons and brandished pumps on his flat feet."

Plying between Maysville on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River and Aberdeen is the ferry by which Hilary and Daphne crossed on their runaway journey. In the final chapter of *Summer in Arcady*, Mr. Allen speaks of the verdurous hills, which at a certain point of the river bank jut out against the Southern sky like "the fragments of enormous emeralds." Here in early days was a great, historic crossing, a pathway of primeval travel, a waterway of southward moving civilisation, a gateway of north-western war; and here for three-quarters of a century, until a few years ago, the fleeing couples of Kentucky escaped from the State to be married by the squires on the other side.

> The squire had opened a writing-desk of a pattern ancient and now little seen, with quaint drawers and upright shelves and many pigeon-holes. He had taken his seat before this, and was unrolling a sheet nearly covered with closely written names. Other sheets and numerous little rolls of paper of a few inches square—some of them yellow and crumpled and covered with dust, and all of them filled with names—bulged from the pigeon-holes, and were crammed away between the upright shelves.
>
> There they were—the rolls of the secret marriages of the people of Kentucky. Thousands upon thousands of couples. Many of them not much more than children, sometimes one couple a day, sometimes three or four. A long, gay pageant: some less gay than others, being desperately pursued; some less gay, not being guiltless; some most sorrowfully bent upon the office of having the marriage performed and the date of it set back for the sake of the poor little life soon to appear in the world. In quick succession the fugitives trod upon each other when Nature

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had begun to inflame the earth in the mornings of May and June; or in the languishing noons of autumn, during the season of rural fairs; or later still, when the wine was ready to burst the grape, and when the first fire on the hearth stirred in the blood the desire of human warmth during the long winter nights.

If Daphne had but known, hidden away on one of those yellow sheets were the names of her own father and mother.

For a description of the scenes of *The White Cowl* one must turn to Mr. Allen's article on "A Home of the Silent Brotherhood," which is contained in the volume *The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky.* Here is told the peculiar history of this strange order during the two hundred and fifty years that have passed since Cardinal Richelieu stood at the baptismal font as sponsor for Dominique Armand —Jean Le Bouthillier de Rancé. The present monastery, which is called the Abbey of Gethsemane, owes its origin immediately to the Abbey of La Meilleraye, of the department of the Loire-Inférieure, France. In the autumn of 1848 forty-five "religious" left the mother abbey, set sail for New Orleans, went thence to Louisville, and from this point walked to Gethsemane, a distance of some sixty miles. The Abbey domain comprises seventeen hundred acres of land, around which lie the homesteads of Kentucky farmers. One leaves the public road that winds across the open country and approaches the monastery through a long, level avenue, enclosed on each side by a hedgerow of cedars, and shaded by nearly a hundred beautiful English elms. No sound is heard but the waving of boughs and the softened notes of birds. The monastery building is a great quadrangular pile of brick. Within the quadrangle is a green inner court, on one side of which are two chapels, "the one appropriated to the ordinary services of the Church, and entered from without the Abbey wall by all who desire; the other, consecrated to the offices of the Trappist Order, entered only from within, and accessible exclusively to males. . . . The vestments are far from rich, the decorations of the altar far from splendid." But the church has a certain beauty of its own—that charm which is inseparable from fine proportion in stone and from gracefully disposed columns growing into the arches of the lofty roof. "But the cold grey of the interior, severe and unrelieved, bespeaks a place where the soul comes to lay itself in simplicity before the Eternal as it would upon a naked, solid rock of the desert."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE DREAM

Deep in the autumn night my Love awoke,
Put out her hand to know if I were near;
I waited in the silence till she spoke,
Her voice to me how dear!

"I hear the children singing in the night,
And down the aisle I see the censer swing,
I see a great procession, all in white,
And hear the church bells ring."

"The children long ago have gone to sleep,
You only hear the breeze's low refrain,
You only see the milky moonlight creep
Across the window-pane."

She smiled, and nestled close against my breast,
And while I wondered such sweet dreams could be,
The mellow autumn moon had gone to rest
Beyond the western sea.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

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LITERARY PARIS

Literary Paris has not been very active of late, at least as far as regards the production of new works. But there is a budget of news such as, perhaps, only Paris could gather together, and which makes up for the almost incredible dearth of novelties on the bookseller's stall.

First we have the Croix de l'Exposition. At first sight one wonders why men of letters should participate in the great distribution of crosses of the Legion of Honour to the exhibitors or organisers who have won special distinction on the grounds of the World's Fair. But the pride France takes in her literary men is such that public opinion would hardly understand a government that awarded crosses to manufacturers, engineers, business men, administrators, artists, etc., and left the men of letters out in the cold. We have, therefore, among the French writers a *promotion de l'Exposition.* It is headed by Victorien Sardou. Of course, the veteran playwright has for a long time been a member of the Order of the Legion of Honour. He is now raised to the rank that stands next to the highest; he is made a *Grand Officier.* If he lives long enough, he will surely be a *Grand Croix* before he dies.

He is not the only dramatic writer receiving recognition. Two of them, Paul Hervieu and Edmond Rostand, are raised to the rank of *Officier,* and Pierre Decourcelle, the indefatigable author of melodramas, is made a *Chevalier,* together with one of the most amusing *vaudevillistes,* Maurice Ordonneau, one of the French adapters of *Charley's Aunt.*

Novelists have no reason to complain; a number of them received the coveted ribbon, among them a woman, Madame Daniel Lesueur, one of whose works, *Le Mariage de Gabrielle,* has been placed in the hands of American schoolgirls almost as often as Henry Gréville's *Dosia.* Another woman so honoured is the venerable Clémence Royer, whose services to French intellectual life cannot be overestimated, and who was the first introducer of Darwin's theories to the French public. The other newly knighted novelists are René Bazin, a future member of the Academy; Maurice Maindron, whose new novel, *Blancandor l'Avantageux,* has been received with greater favour even than his previous effort, *Saint-Cendre;* Jules Renard, the most admired of the young "ironistes," the author of *Sourires Pincés, Poil de Carotte* and a number of other stories with equally suggestive titles.

Two poets, Charles Le Goffic and Roger Milès; two journalists, Henry Bérenger and Camille Le Senue; two writers of works of erudition and history, M. Bonnefon and Albert Le Roy, are also in the list, and finally a man who deserves a special mention in such a periodical as THE BOOKMAN, Henri Bouchot, as his whole life has been devoted to a study of everything that relates to the making of books. His chief work, published in 1886, *Le Livre,* is, or ought to be, in the hands of every book lover.

Greater honours than decorations, or even than elections in the Academy, await in France those among literary workers who attain real greatness; but such honours are often delayed until a long time after their death. I had occasion some time ago of mentioning the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Balzac's birth. His devotees have now begun a new series of celebrations on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his death. They met recently just outside of the Exhibition grounds in a building erected for the purpose of exhibiting all by themselves the works of Rodin, the sculptor, and after listening to a lecture about Balzac, started on a kind of pilgrimage. They first visited, in Passy, Rue Raynouard, a house in which Balzac occupied, during five years, an apartment, for which he paid a yearly rental of six hundred francs (about $120), and where he earned during that period the then enormous amount of two hundred thousand francs. Thence they went to the Rue Balzac, where now stands on the site of the house which Balzac built for Madame de Hanska, and where he died, a palatial mansion, occupied by one of the members of the Rothschild family. The pilgrimage ended in the little suburban house and garden of "Les Jardies," at Ville d'Avray, where the great novelist used to spend his summers, and where another great man, Léon Gambetta, breathed his last five minutes before the close of the year 1882. There it was

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decided that Rodin's statue of Balzac, the subject of such fierce discussions when first exhibited in the Salon a few years ago, should finally stand in the little garden—certainly a fitting abode for a work which, whatever its shortcomings, bespeaks the tender admiration of the sculptor for the creator of *La Comédie Humaine.*

Publishers take a hand in this celebration, and two new editions of Balzac's complete works are announced. Editions of Balzac are sure, moreover, to multiply rapidly for a while. According to the French copyright law, literary productions become public property fifty years after the author's death. In order to forestall his competitors, Calmann Lévy, who was Balzac's publisher, decided quite recently to put on the market an edition which he sells at the incredibly low price of twelve cents a volume. And he was soon followed by Ollendorff, whose edition, though selling at a higher price, is still a cheap edition, considering that it is adorned with remarkably good illustrations.

Surprise would have been expressed if the great collector of autographs, Viscount Spoëlberch de Lovenjoul, who is known as one of the greatest of Balzac's admirers, had not been heard of at such a time. His contribution to the celebration is an exceedingly interesting article in the *Revue Bleue,* in which he describes Balzac's method of composition with the help of the manuscript of *Les Paysans,* which is in his possession.

With Balzac we go back only fifty years. We recede many centuries further with the Roman Theatre of Orange, where for the eighth time a series of performances has just been given by the actors of the Théâtre Français. The plays this year were taken from classical antiquity—a tragedy of Euripides, the *Alcestis,* rendered in French by Gaston Rivollet, and one of Plautus's comedies, the *Pseudolus,* for which the same service was performed by Jules Gastambide. Of these plays, the former, which was received with the greatest applause, will soon be presented to the Parisian public when the Théâtre Français for a few weeks, or months, occupies the theatre of Sarah Bernhardt. The celebrated comedians are in a somewhat itinerant condition now. After the destruction of their old house they began a series of performances at the Odéon; now they are acting in Le Nouveau Théâtre, not far from the church of La Trinité; and later, when Sarah Bernhardt starts on her American trip, they will occupy the stage on which she now appears as Napoleon's ill-fated son. They had expected originally that their return to their permanent home would not be delayed beyond the 14th of July, but they had reckoned without their host—that is, without the French Government. It was decided by the authorities that it was more important to have the work of rebuilding well done than done quickly, and the architect selected was Monsieur Guadet, a man of very great ability, but a decidedly slow worker, who spent nearly ten years rebuilding the Opéra Comique. Those who know say that the public will be fortunate if it does not take him more than ten months to rebuild the part of the Théâtre Français that was destroyed.

In the meantime, the company of the Théâtre Français is giving, on the occasion of the Exposition, a number of literary treats to the lovers of the French language. Every Thursday, in the immense amphitheatre of the Trocadéro Palace, its members present a number of productions, not all of them of a dramatic character, which the public has otherwise no chance of hearing interpreted—old plays that have disappeared from the boards, patriotic scenes of the Revolutionary times, etc. One afternoon was devoted to the Fables of La Fontaine, about thirty of which were recited, each by a different actor; and the matinée ended with a performance of *La Coupe Enchantée.* So even the Exhibition will have had its literary side.

Professor Petit de Julleville, who has just disappeared, has claims upon the gratitude both of the theatre lover and of the book lover in general. Most of his works deal with the history of the stage, the most important being a history of the mysteries and miracle plays, *Les Mystères.* And now he dies just after having carried to its completion a literary undertaking of no small magnitude, the great co-operative *Histoire de la Littérature Française,* the editor of which was Armand Colin. But Armand Colin did not see the end of their joint labours.

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He died some time ago, and was succeeded as the head of the great publishing firm which he had built up by his son-in-law, the brilliant Max Leclerc, who is every inch a bookman.

Another great undertaking has also just reached its conclusion—namely, the publication by Delagrave of the late Arsène Darmesteter's *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française*. It does not supersede the Littré, but is an absolute necessity for any one who wishes to know the present state of the French language.

Adolphe Cohn.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Whilomville Stories, the last book Stephen Crane wrote before his death, comes to us from the press of Harper and Brothers. It is a study of child-life, done in the form so popular nowadays and so effective—a series of sketches, each complete in itself, but with the same background and characters throughout. With delightful sympathy and humour Mr. Crane chronicles for us the ways of the average boy—that boasting, bragging, teasing young animal, with his funny little code of ethics, in which so much depends on the question of who "kin lick." There are girls in the sketches, too, notably one angel child, who comes down from New York occasionally, attended by her admiring parents, to queen it over the Whilomville children and lead them into such pieces of mischief as have not occurred to them before. We have all met this angel child, we have all longed to say, as the goaded Dr. Trescott said to her worshipping papa, ". . . Spank her! Spank her, confound you, man! She needs it! Here's your chance. Spank her, and spank her good! Spank her!" Of course, she didn't get spanked; they never do. But, oh, if the parents of the ubiquitous angel child could but recognise their portraits in this book! . . . There are some clever hits in *Whilomville Stories* at sham and convention and the various inconsistencies of society. But it is with children—not older folk—that Mr. Crane is here concerned chiefly, and these glimpses into the heart of the child-nature, never glossing over its meannesses, its unattractive phases, but entering so into its cherished make-believes and the small affairs that seem to it so big, show on his part an insight keen and rare. The book has faults, but they are the faults of immaturity mainly, faults he would have conquered in days to come had not his hand been so untimely stilled. Therefore, we may well forget blemishes in pure delight of his genius, of his vigour, his earnestness and his fun.

A novel to be heartily commended is *The Banker and the Bear, The Story of a Corner in Lard,* by Henry Kitchell Webster, published by the Macmillan Company. Briefly, it details a fight to a finish between two men, the one a banker, the other a speculator on the Board of Trade. This sounds dry, but the author has made it quite the reverse. However one may disapprove of such warfare, one cannot help following with absorption this tale, with its swift movement amid the haunts of speculation and commerce, its sidelights on the methods of the men who control trade. Perhaps the best bit of work in the book is the portrayal of Melville Sponley, the speculator. ". . . Of about middle height, though his enormous girth made him look shorter, his skin was swarthy, his thick neck bulged out above his collar and his

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eyelids were puffy. But his glance was as swift and purposeful as a fencer's thrust, and a great dome of a forehead towered above his black brows." The power, the skill, the resource of this man one cannot but admire, though he is beaten at last, and he deserves to be. John Bagsbury, whose bank Sponley tries to break, is, in his different way, even a stronger man. The home element is not left out of the book; one of the pleasantest things in it is Sponley's devotion to his wife, and the confidence between them. There is a capital girl, too, and her romance is prettily woven in. But the best of the story is that with a true catholicity, with no ranting, we have shown us the poison of speculative dealing as it works in the degradation of the miserable hanger-on, Jervis Curtin; in the ruin of the small fry who dabble in stocks, even in the worn nerves of Sponley's wife, whose love for her husband cannot blind her to the questionableness of some of his methods.

Under the title of *Marshville the Observer,* Egerton Castle gathers in a small volume a half dozen short stories and one longer one, called *The Death Dance,* a wild tale of the Hungarian Home Rule War of 1849. The stories—with the exception of *The Death Dance*—are supposed to be told by Marshfield, who is a young man with a great fondness for theorising. In fact, he is outrageously pedantic, this Marshfield, as the author admits; but his stories are romantic and rather striking, and repay some verbal floundering on the reader's part. The book is published by Herbert S. Stone and Company.

A new novel by Lucas Malet has recently appeared. The plot, though its setting is in an old English country-house, has a strong element of the supernatural. A man in love with the beautiful spectre of a long-dead woman of a former generation, and striving by sheer force of his loving to draw her out of the realm of the incorporeal into actual, breathing womanhood, that he may win and marry her, is a situation sufficiently unique. Yet the author manages the thing so cleverly, and the atmosphere of the story is so sensuous, warm and charged with mundane interests, that there is a feeling of reality about the whole. The title of the book—a significant one—is *The Gateless Barrier,* and it bears the imprint of Dodd, Mead and Company. From the same house we have the *African Nights Entertainment,* by A. J. Dawson, a thick book, crammed with tales of life in Morocco, done after the style of the dear old *Arabian Nights.* Very many things are recounted herein—wild loves of ardent Moors for fair English girls, and of young Englishmen for veiled dusky beauties—and through it all one gets a vivid picture of Morocco—Morocco with its walled cities, its blue, blazing skies, its mosques and minarets, its vile prisons, hiding unspeakable horrors, its mingled gorgeousness and squalor, its strange, barbaric fascination, its "magical savour of the Thousand and One Nights." Perhaps the best story in the volume is *The Treatment of Brierly;* .but *The Silver Knife,* with its touch of sorcery, more than any of the others recalls the *Arabian Nights.* We shall give this book a more extended notice in our next issue.

L. C. Page and Company publish *Edward Barry, South Sea Pearler,* by Louis Becke, a story of adventure amid the lagoon islands of the Northwest Pacific.

Max O'Rell tells a witty anecdote about himself, that when about to lecture to the students of a religious college one of the professors, a very solemn man, stepped forward and offered a prayer, in which he asked the Lord to permit the audience to see the point of the lecturer's jokes. The effect on Max O'Rell was to set him wondering whether his lectures were so subtle as to need praying over, or his particular auditors so dull as to require Divine assistance to help them through.

Miss Cholmondeley's motto on *Red Pottage*—"After the red pottage comes the exceeding bitter cry"—has been traced to a sermon by Dean Farrar, entitled "Selling the Birthright," in a volume called *Everyday Christian Life.* Miss Cholmondeley thought it was from the sermons of the Rev. John Hamilton Thom. She is now engaged upon her play, which is based upon this book.

Mr. William Watson, we are sorry to hear, is seriously ill in Derbyshire. He is said to be suffering from peritonitis.

The Abbey Press have brought out in book form the well-known poem "Hoch

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der Kaiser." This poem, it will be remembered, was written by the late A. McGregor Rose in 1897 while he was city editor of the Montreal *Herald,* and it caused considerable excitement when recited by Captain Coghlan of the American Navy.

The J. B. Lippincott Company are the publishers of a book of poems by Robert Loveman. Mr. Loveman's name is well known as a contributor of light verse to the various magazines.

John Lane announces a new edition of Kenneth Graham's *Golden Age,* to be illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. All the full-page plates will be reproduced in photogravure.

The same house is bringing out, in a dainty and attractive series, called The Lover's Library, *Love Poems of Shelley, Love Poems of Browning, The Silence of Love* and a prose story entitled *Cupid and Psyche.*

Mr. William Doxey, the artistic publisher of San Francisco, has removed to New York, and among his autumn publications he announces a new edition of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.* This edition is particularly interesting because of the fact that Miss Florence Lundborg has made the drawings, forty-one in all. Miss Lundborg is an artist who has done some remarkable work in Paris, and who, we doubt not, will receive the proper recognition in this country.

Messrs. Ginn and Company announce for publication *Wilderness Ways,* by William J. Long, the author of *Ways of Wood Folks.* Mr. Long, who has charge of a Congregational church in Stamford, Connecticut, writes affectionately and understandingly of the timid animals of the woods.

The Century Company is publishing this month *The Strenuous Life,* a collection of essays and addresses by Theodore Roosevelt. The same publishers are also bringing out *The Gospel of Wealth,* by Andrew Carnegie, and *College Administration,* by the Rev. Dr. Thwing.

Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Company are the publishers of *Yankee Enchantments,* by Charles Battell Loomis. These amusing tales ran for a time in the New York *Sun.*

An attractive little book for children comes from the press of E. P. Dutton and Company. It is entitled *The Story of a Little Beech Tree.* The author, Esther Harlan, is as yet comparatively unknown, but she has chosen a wise medium through which to introduce herself, as there is always a place for the writer of good children's stories.

The Web of Life has gone into its third edition. The fact that Chicago has resented certain features of the story seems rather to have enhanced its popularity in the East.

The Open Court Publishing Company have brought out a large and impressive-looking volume, entitled *The History of the Devil and the Idea of Evil, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* The author is Dr. Paul Carus.

Messrs. Cassell and Company are the publishers of two books for girls—that much-neglected class of readers—entitled *Sisters Three,* by Jessie Mansergh, who is likened to Louisa M. Alcott and Charlotte Yonge, and *A Girl Without Ambition,* by Isabel Stuart Robson.

Messrs. Liebler and Company, the managers of *The Choir Invisible,* now being produced in Boston, have issued an illustrated booklet, which contains Mr. Allen's authorisation of the play.

Among recent religious publications which bear the imprint of Thomas Whittaker, are *Essays Practical and Doctrinal,* by the Rev. S. D. McConnell, D.D., and *The Church Past and Present, a Review of Its History,* by the Bishop of London and nine other distinguished men of the English Church.

The Fleming H. Revell Company are bringing out illustrated editions of *Black Rock* and *The Sky Pilot,* by Ralph Connor. These books continue to have a large sale, and the fact that Louis Rhead has made the illustrations will add to the attractiveness of the books.

A new author, whose first novel is to be published by the Macmillan Company this autumn, is Miss Grace Marguerite Hurd, a daughter of one of the literary editors of the Boston *Transcript.* Miss Hurd started out in life as an art student in one of the large schools in New York, and in *The Bennett Twins* it is very probable that certain characterisations will be easily recognised.

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THE LOVE-TALKER

I met the Love-Talker one eve in the glen,
He was handsomer than any of our handsome young men;
His eyes were blacker than the sloe, his voice sweeter far
Than the crooning of old Kevin's pipes beyond in Coolnagar.

I was bound for the milking with a heart fair and free.
My grief! my grief! that bitter hour drained the life from me;
I thought him human lover, though his lips on mine were cold,
And the breath of death blew keen on me within his hold.

I know not what way be came, no shadow fell behind,
But all the sighing rushes swayed beneath a fairy wind;
The thrush ceased its singing, a mist crept about,
We two clung together—with the world shut out.

Beyond the ghostly mist I could hear my cattle low,
The little cow from Ballina, clean as driven snow,
The dun cow from Kerry, the roan from Innisheer,
Oh, pitiful their calling, and his whispers in my ear!

His eyes were a fire; his words were a snare;
I cried my mother's name, but no help was there;
I made the blessed Sign; then he gave a dreary moan—
A wisp of cloud went floating by, and I stood alone.

Running ever thro' my head is an old-time rune—
"Who meets the Love-Talker must weave her shroud soon."
My mother's face is furrowed with the salt tears that fall,
But the kind eyes of my father are the saddest sight of all.

I have spun the fleecy lint, and now my wheel is still,
The linen length is woven for my shroud fine and chill;
I shall stretch me on the bed where a happy maid I lay—
Pray for the soul of Maurya Oge at dawning of the day!

Ethna Carbery.

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*STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE**

By JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER XLIX.—*Continued.*

"But dad didn't come home till long after dark, an' he didn't come home then nuther. Sis an' I went ter sleep, but I guess mam didn't, fer 'bout daylight I war waked by a knock on the door, an' es I opened my eyes I saw she war dressed. She took down the ir'n bar an' let dad in; he hed Jim in his arms. 'The feud's on,' he said. 'Thar'll be a grave dug 'cross the hill too when we bury Jim. Et war a long shot, but I caught him through the winder.'

" 'Who'd yo' git?' asked mam.

" 'Don't know whether 'tis the old man er the boy, they're 'bout the same size, but et's one ov 'em.'

"Wall, teachah, we buried Jim in our row, an' next day Sam Holcomb war buried in thern. Then we all got ready ter kill an' be killed. Thar wa'n't much ter do but ter kiver the winders close, ter keep the guns clean an' then sneak in an' out the house. Et war watch an' sneak an' hunt an' sneak. We killed all our dogs 'ceptin' one fice thet stayed in the house ter bark, fer they hedn't sense 'nough ter keep out ov sight, an' ef a dog war seen in the bushes et would give us away. One night mam war shot by a ball thet come through the winder. Et war jest a little crack, but big 'nough ter let light out an' a bullet in. She wa'n't killed dead, but she couldn't live long, an' knowed et. 'Red,' she said ter me, 'take good care ov leetle Sissie. She air too young ter fite, but when she's grown up she'll marry an' raise a family ter help carry on the feud. An', Red,' she said, 'make me one promise.'

" 'Go on, mam, I'll do et.'

" 'Don't yo' let up on the feud, Red. Et must be ter the end.'

" 'Yo' needn't make me promise thet,' I said, 'I'll fight et out.'

" 'I'd die happy ef your dad war livin' ter help yo'.'

" 'Never mind dad,' I said. Thar air only one feller left over the hill, the old man. Dad shot three ov 'em before they got him, an' I shot one, an' we can't expect ter hev all the luck."

Here the teacher interrupted. "Why didn't you go for a doctor? Perhaps your mother's wound might not have been necessarily fatal."

"Doctor nuthin'. Thar w'an't no doctor'n fifteen miles ov our place; b'sides, ef I hed opened the door thet night I'd hev got a ball too. Yo' don't know nuthin' 'bout the moun'ns an' the feuds, teachah."

"You say that your father had been killed?"

"Yes; fergot ter mention et, but he hed been shot down 'bout a month befoah. Next mornin' I shut Sis in the cabin an' sneaked over ter Jones' and axed him ter come an' bury mam; an' I tell yo', teachah, things war monstrous quiet 'bout our place fer a time after thet. Sis hed l'arned ter keep still an' stay in the house. She war only 'bout three years old, but she hed seen some bad days, teachah, an' hed lots ov sense fer sech a leetle thing. Jim war shot, dad war shot, an' mam war shot, but thar wa'n't but one Holcomb left. An' et war Sis er me next ef I couldn't git him first!"

For the second time the narrator stopped and drew his coarse sleeve slowly across his eyes. "Et makes me tired, I says, ter talk so long, teachah, but I'll git my wind an' be rested in a minit." Then he continued: "I war too leetle ter use the big gun, an' hed ter trust ter the pistol er the light rifle, an et wa'n't fair now, fer Tom Holcomb war the tallest man I ever seed, an' he shot with a Springfield musket. But when a feller's in a feud, et don't make no differ'nce 'bout the size. Et's kill er git killed. I did what I promised mam I'd do es best I could. I hedn't much chance, fer I hed ter slip in an' out the cabin an' watch fer my own life an' care fer Sis an' try ter git a bead on Holcomb. But 'twa'n't no use, things war ag'in me. I slipped out one mornin' through the back door ter git some meal, fer thar wa'n't a bite ov bread in the place, an' when I came back the front door war wide open. When I saw thet open door I feared et meant trouble. I crept inter the house the back way, an' thar in the open door, huggin' her little rag doll, sat Sissie. I could see the head ov the doll over her shoulder. The sun war shinin' bright in her face, her back war toward me, her little head leaned ag'in the side ov the door, an' she looked es sweet es a pictur. 'Sis,' I said, 'Sis-

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sie, yo' mussent sit in the door; Tom Holcomb'll git you, Sis.' But she didn't say nuthin'. 'Guess she's asleep,' I thought, an' slipped ter her side an' jumped at her an' cried, *'Boo! Boo!'* But she didn't move."

The boy's head dropped again, his chest heaved convulsively. Sob after sob broke the air. Suddenly controlling himself, he defiantly turned toward us boys. "I'll thrash the feller what laughs at me. I ain't a coward ef I did cry."

"My child," said the teacher, as he brushed away a tear from his own eyes, for the affecting climax came so suddenly as to unnerve him too, "no one blames you for crying. I condemn myself for leading you in public to tell this pathetic story of your life. It is I who am in fault, but I did not know what was coming. It is a shame."

"Yes," answered the boy, "et war a shame ter shoot sech a chunk ov lead through sech a leetle bit ov a girl. Thet bullet war big 'nough ter kill a b'ar. But I'll git even with Holcomb yit."

"I meant that it is a shame that I let you tell this sorrowful story here."

"Et ain't done yet, teachah. The leetle thing hed opened the door ter sit in the sunshine, an' a bullet the size ov your thumb hed ploughed through her chest an' out her back. I picked her up an' laid her on the bed, an' then took an' old satchel an' put a few things inter et (I hedn't much) an' carefully wrapped up the little bloody doll, an' put thet on top. I hain't got nuthin' else now ter mind me ov Sissie but thet doll. I barred the front door an' slipped out the back way, out an' over the spur ter Jones's house. I took my pistol—thet's the very pistol" (he pointed to the weapon on the table) "—an' left the guns an' everything else.

"'Et ain't fair,' I said ter Jones; 'Holcomb's too big fer me.'

"' Goin' ter run away?' said Jones.

"'No; goin' ter go away ter grow bigger. Tell Tom Holcomb thet ef he wants me I'll be in Stringtown on the Pike.'

"'An' ef he don't foller yo'?'

"'When I'm big 'nough ter handle a Springfield gun I'll be back ag'in. Tell him the feud's on till one er the other ov us es shot.'

"'An' Sissie! air yo' goin' ter leave Sissie?' said Jones.

"'She don't need me no longer. Yo'll find her on the bed in the cabin. Bury her in the row, 'longside ov mam. I shan't go ter the buryin', fer I can't run no risk ov old Holcomb's gun.'

"Thet's all, teachah."

Drawing the child to his side, Professor Drake gently smoothed the unkempt red hair, parting it methodically with his fingers in the place a part should be, but seldom before had been seen. Then he spoke:

"And you expect Mr. Holcomb to follow you to Stringtown?"

"I looks fer him every minit, an' I hev ter watch sharp. Thar ain't no other head like mine, an' es soon es he sots eyes on et he'll draw his gun. Thet's why I sits on the fence-post watchin' the pike; ef I cotch sight ov him first, et'll help me powerful much."

"If he observes you before you see him?"

"Holcomb's a dead shot, teachah, an' my head's a good mark. Thar ain't much chance. Teachah," he continued, "please give me back my pistol an' give me leave ter carry et, fer I needs et bad. I hain't no other friend this side ov the graveyard in the moun'ns. Ef I fights any ov these 'ere boys I'll use my fists er a stick er a stone. I'll bite an' scratch, like the gals do, I'll pull hair like thet feller" (he pointed to me). "I promise thet I'll not use a gun lessen Holcomb comes. Ef he does, et'll mean the endin' of the feud one way er tother, an' ef I hain't no gun et'll be his way sure. I'm a bad boy, teachah, es yo' folks looks et me, but yo' hain't seed things es I've seed 'em. Yo' wa'n't raised in the moun'ns, an' none ov yo' hain't no feud ter fight out. Please give me back my gun. I'll jest set on the fence and won't bother nobody."

Taking the revolver from the table, Professor Drake handed it to the supplicant. "Children," he said—"I appeal particularly now to the older classes, for the little ones cannot comprehend the force of my reasoning—as a special privilege I give this boy permission to carry this weapon. There comes a time, I perceive, when duty demands that wrong be continued in behalf of wrong that has been established. It is wrong for me to allow this boy to carry a pistol with murder in his heart, and surely that is the object. But it would be no less a wrong for me to render him defenceless, for he might in that condition meet his enemy, the misguided armed man, who would shoot him on sight.

"The law under which these people live makes that which we call wrong into what they call right, and until the antagonist of this child can be disarmed I shall consider that I am doing right in countenancing the wrong. Child," he continued, addressing Red Head, "you may take your place at your desk and may defend your life if it becomes necessary, but I shall speak to Mr. Nordman concerning this af-

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fair, and endeavour to reach and disarm Mr. Holcomb, or at least prevail on him to keep away from Stringtown."

"Nordman knows all 'bout et, and he takes my part. But yo' needn't try ter stop Holcomb. He knows every hole in the moun'ns, an' he don't intend ter quit 'til the feud's fought ter the end. No one kin edge in. It's him an' me fer et, teachah."

CHAPTER L.

The fall session passed, the holidays came and went, the spring session had nearly worn itself away. The evil predictions concerning us three children had passed from my mind, and no longer disturbed over the Red-Head Boy, I looked forward to the coming autumn, when I knew that my life in the Stringtown school would terminate. The session's close approached, Susie in loving friendship with all the girls, my antagonist without a friend among the boys. Well do I remember that fateful last morning.

That morning, of which the date is lost and need not be revived, for the story I have to relate does no credit to any day, the girls of the Stringtown school were, I perceived as I sat in place before school opened, in subdued excitement. Whispering groups in earnest conversation indicated that something of importance had occurred to disturb them. When a boy chanced to approach the lips would cease to move, but would begin to buzz again on his departure, indicating that the subject-matter was fit only for girls to hear. I sat alone in my place, and so did Red Head. We two boys had troubles of our own. Red Head and I had met again, had "mouthed" each other, had parted to await by appointment the ending of the session now near at hand. I knew full well that Professor Drake would not overlook a second fight, and my antagonist knew that Mr. Nordman had promised that he should be obedient and break no rules. He sulked in his place, scowling at whoever chanced to meet his gaze, while I sat glumly in my place meditating over the coming fight. The prediction of the old negro Cupe sprang to my mind; I looked across the room to the girls. Susie was not in her place. Then it was that I first chanced to observe the whispering group with heads close pressed together, and as the moments passed I sat silently eyeing them, studying their movements, and at last I concerned myself enough to wonder what could have occurred to create such subdued excitement in their ranks.

The door opened, and Susie tripped into the room. Happy child! The new-found world, that Stringtown school, had been to her a paradise of happiness, and through her eyes and face Heaven smiled back to those about her. I watched her as she passed down the open space before the door, across and past the spot where once the teacher had marked two circles on the floor for Red Head and me to stand in, until she reached a group of girls who, on opposing seats, sat with heads together, leaning across the aisles. These girls shrank back, gazing intently into her face as she drew near, but made no offer to reciprocate the pleasant greeting. A cold stare was their return, and beneath it the smile on Susie's face disappeared. She was only a child, but no words were necessary to tell to her the story carried by those unfeeling eyes and shrinking forms. She passed along with downcast face, her satchel of books hanging upon her arm. From the cheek toward me the blood had fled, leaving a surface white as dough; I saw those roses fade as I have sometimes seen a beautifully tinted cloud deaden and turn to leaden hue. Down the aisle toward her own desk passed the girl, while on either side, peering at her as girls who have the devil in their hearts only can, sat those Stringtown girls. But Susie looked neither to the right nor to the left, although it could be seen that she felt the touch of those scornful eyes. Her deskmate, Jennie Manley, the youngest daughter of the upright Mr. Manley, who, as has previously been related, died suddenly one night, sat in her place; but as Susie approached she too drew away as though the touch of the garment of the approaching girl might be unclean. The child stopped short, the satchel of books slipped from her nerveless arm and fell upon the floor. Pleadingly she raised her clasped hands, then dropped into her seat and imploringly turned her pallid face upon her deskmate. Her form seemed to draw into itself as does the delicate, shrinking, sensitive plant when touched by a rough hand. Her words came low and tremulous, but I caught them:

"Tell me, Jennie! tell me what it is!"

For reply the deskmate drew back again. Then came whispers from about; the busy tongues of Stringtown girls were loosed. Slowly the kneeling child arose, and turned back toward the door; she did not stop to pick up the fallen satchel; a rosy apple touched by her foot rolled across the floor to the rostrum, but she heeded it not. The whispers grew louder as she passed back along that vacated aisle, and then as she reached the middle of the

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open space before the door, one tongue, bolder and more vicious than the others, sang in sarcastic monotone, *"Only Susie, Susie Nigger, Nigger Susie!"*

Had the girl been instantly petrified she could not have stopped more suddenly. Never before nor after that day have I seen such a pitiful look on human face. Her beseeching eyes wandered about from one to another, perhaps seeking a friendly return; but if so, they met with no response. Then she turned again toward the door.

But now occurred one of the unexpected interruptions that sometimes come in human affairs, and we children were human; surely the girls had shown themselves to be very human. The Red-Headed Boy of Nordman sprang across the floor and threw his left arm about the shrinking girl, who dropped her head convulsively upon his shoulder. Raising his clenched fist, he shook it viciously at the group of girls, and shouted: "I kin thrash the brother ov the girl who said them words to this un!" Giving them no time to reply, he continued: "I kin thrash any boy in school ov my size! I'm a bad boy from the Kaintuck moun'ns, but I ain't bad 'nough ter be a brother ter sech a set es you-uns! I'm awful mean an' bad! I kin knock the eyes out ov a pig an' watch et stumble 'bout; I kin pull the legs off ov a frog an' watch et try ter hop; I kin break the wings ov a bird an' watch et flutter—them's the things I kin do! Whatever's bad es fun fer me! I kin do anything mean thet any other boy ever did, but I ain't mean er bad 'nough ter be a brother ter sech a set es you-uns! Bring on yer brothers, I says, bring 'em one at a time er two at a clip, an' I'll thrash the lot! I'll fight with fist er teeth er club er stone er gun! I'm Nordman's Red-Head Boy, I am—thet's what yo' calls me, an' thet's me, an' I'm a devilish bad un! I've killed my man too up in the moun'ns, an' I'll kill another er get shot myself."

He stood defiant, vicious, malignant. The skin on his head began to wabble, as if making sport of his hearers; the ears moved back and forth again as they did the day I faced him; and I saw, too, that he and Susie stood together on the spot where he and I had once stood. But my admiration for him now supplanted my hatred. I sprang from my place and moved toward the two children, holding out my hand. "Let me be with you and Susie," I said, "we three together. Let us be friends."

"Back," he cried, "er I'll hit yo'! I want no friend in Stringtown! I hate yo' all, I hate everybody on earth. I hate Susie, too, 'cause she's been born, but I takes up fer her now not 'cause I cares fer her, but 'cause yo' all hev thrown her down."

"You need not hate me any longer, I am your friend now!" I cried.

"I'll hit yo' ef yo' don't go back! I ain't no friend of yourn ef yo' air ov mine. We'll fight et out day after school closes."

In a very different tone he spoke now to Susie. "We two air alone, Susie. Yo' hain't no name ter be proud ov, an' I hain't never hed none at all. You're 'only Susie,' an' I'm only Red Head. I'll take yo' home ter nigger Cupe, an' I'll thrash the feller what insults yo' ever ag'in." He looked at the girls and spoke in an earnest tone, and with language such as I could not have expected him to use. "Girls, yo' air meaner 'n pison an' sneakiner 'n snakes. This un hain't done yo' no harm, an' she ain't ter blame fer the deviltry ov the coward ov a father who desarted her. I hearn all yoah whisperin'; my ears kin stand up an' cotch mighty low sounds. I know all yo' said, an' I answers all ov yo' now. I takes back what I promised the teachah 'bout shootin' in this school. I'll shoot the brother ov the first girl who even makes another whisper 'gainst this one. Ef she hain't no brother I'll shoot her dad, an' ef she hain't no dad"—he stopped—"I'll take et out ov her own hide, but I'll not kill her. Don't fergit what I says, fer I means et.

"Come, Susie," he continued, "we hev no use fer this place now. Yo' an' me air alone in the world. Yo' air Susie nobody, an' I am nobody, the Red Head." Turning to me, he added: "Yo' wants ter shake hands, but we two don't shake no hands till after the fight. I'll meet yo' in Indian Hollah, where yo' said yo'd be the mornin' after school shets up, but thar ain't ter be no shakin' ov hands."

Never again did either he or she enter the door of the Stringtown school.

CHAPTER LI.

The morning after the close of school found me alone, on my way to the appointed spot. Spring had opened, the blue-grass was tall in the fence corners, the corn in the field had been thinned and ploughed for the first time, the apple bloom had long since fallen, and the approach of summer had been heralded by several hot days that had successively grown hotter. I stopped in the back yard of our home before crossing the fence that bounded the pasture, and climbed a pole that held aloft a box in which a pair of bluebirds nested. Inside it

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were two little ones. I took them carefully out of their nest, looked into their ugly open mouths and replaced them not less carefully. Then I descended and moved slowly onward, for I was ahead of time.

Red Head, my expected antagonist, true to his agreement, met me in the ravine where tradition said rested the dead Indians. Not a word did either say as we slowly neared each other; there was no necessity for words, we knew our errand. I wore a roundabout jacket, which, just before we met, I jerked off and threw upon the ground. But he, the vicious boy of recent days, folded his arms across his chest, lifted his head and made no aggressive movement. I raised my fists and prepared for the tussle, but instead of a like movement, he said: "Hit me in the face; hit me hard!"

Nor did he yet make any offensive motion, neither did he offer to protect himself. "Hit me, I says! Take thet club!" (he pointed to a heavy stick). "Beat me in the head!"

I gazed at him in amazement, but made no movement. I was so near that as he spoke I felt his warm breath in my face.

"I'm a fool an' yo're afeard!" he said. "Ef yo' war in my place an' me in yourn I'd beat yo' down befoah a minit passed. I tell yo' I want ter be beat in the face, I want ter be knocked down, an' yo're afeard ter do et."

"I didn't come here to beat a boy with folded arms; I came to fight."

"Yo' can't fight me. Not because I don't want ter fight, fer I do, but because I've been a fool."

"Why?"

"I promised not ter fight yo', but I didn't promise not ter show yo' thet I'm not afeard of bein' hurt. I'll not strike back, but I dare yo' ter beat my head with the club. I wants ter git paid fer bein' a fool. I'll not flinch. Hit me, I say."

"I will not do it. Who made you promise not to fight me?"

His eyes snapped. "Nobody *made* me, I don't allow no one ter make me do nuthin'. I jest promised not ter fight yo', an' I'll do what I promised."

"Whom did you promise?"

"Susie."

He stood before me with folded arms, this wild mountain boy, my mortal enemy. "Susie begged me not ter fight yo', an' I promised. I'm a fool, but not a coward."

"Why did she beg this of you?"

"I don't know an' I don't care. She says thet I didn't do yo' fair when yo' offered ter stand by me in school. She's a girl, an' she cried when I told her thet I intended ter thrash yo' ter-day, an' I promised not ter do et; but I hate yo' like sin, an' yo' hate me, an' I know et. We'll come tergether some day, yo' an' me."

"You needn't talk so sure about whipping me," I replied. "You would have had to work before you thrashed me. I don't thank Susie for interfering any more than you do," I continued, "but if you can't fight me now I'll not hit you now." He made a grimace at me and turned to depart. Disdain was in his eye, hatred was in his heart, but the wild beast had found his master in a little girl.

I stood until he had passed over the hill; not once did he glance back; then as his head disappeared beneath its summit I sank upon the grass. A double sensation came over me; regret that the boy had met Susie was commingled with elation in the thought that she had endeavoured to prevent him from hurting me. Why should I have experienced either sensation? But I did, and my mental argument was carried further. "Might not I have hurt *him?*" came next in the thought line; "and might not her care have been for *him?*"

Strange sensation that, the beginning of love! I had previously thought of the girl as I would of any other person; until now, only as I would of any other child; but when my antagonist told me of her care for one of us two, and said that she extracted from him the promise not to fight, I hated him the more for that fact. I hated him now, strangely enough, because of Susie—the girl I had not seen for weeks, never in my life had tried to meet, and who had not even entered my thoughts since last we met.

It seems almost like romance to say that love such as sprang into my heart when my antagonist named that girl could have had place in the soul of a child of my age. When I came down that hillside to fight my antagonist I had no thought of love other than for my mother, and he whom I sought was but an enemy. When I passed back again along that same grassy slope he was not only an enemy, but a rival, and I realised that I was in love with the outcast girl of Stringtown.

Were it not that I am holding my pen close against fact, were it not that I have given an exact account of emotions experienced that day, I would unite with whoever will to say that such things could not have been possible to so young a lad.

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CHAPTER LII.

The war was long since over, peace had come to all the land. No armed men tramped our pike. The Blue and Grey had joined hands, never to unclasp them.

Persistently I had begged to be permitted to leave the Stringtown school, but my mother shrank from the parting, and so I returned time and again to my accustomed place in the front row among the little boys.

But finally a marvellous change came upon me, and, no longer a dumb child, I moved toward the advanced class of Stringtown. Possibly my previous dulness resulted from lack of expressive power, how else can one account for the sudden upstarting of my intellect? Can brain cells store up impressions that lie temporarily beyond the will, but which are destined some day to open and become in an instant a fountain of stored knowledge? Be this as it may, my mind opened to books, and lessons of the past came vividly before me. In one year I caught up with my old classmates in most studies, but never in all, for those twenty-six rules in Brown's grammar stood unlearned yet to shame me. My unexpected progress excited the admiration of the old professor, and at last he asked my mother to permit me to seek an education in the North.

When, therefore, my mother finally acquiesced, Professor Drake arranged for me to enter a preparatory institution in one of the Northern States; and finally I left Stringtown, a passenger on the old stage-coach. Securely pinned in an inner pocket of my shirt rested the amount of money necessary for tuition, board and incidental school expenses, and in another pocketbook, an old timer that as a boy I had usually carried empty excepting a few reference cards and clippings of newspapers, was enough money to pay for my railroad ticket and my meals. Ignorant of the ways of the world, I started out into the world for an education, not schooling alone; for while education consists partly in book lore, it more largely comprehends wisdom gained outside of books. Astute old Professor Drake! Well did he recognise this fact. None knew better than he that so far as book study was concerned his Stringtown school offered advantages sufficient to carry me several years further—yes, perhaps to the door of the university.

I remember now that he once told my mother in my presence that a boy should rub against others and become self-reliant; that he should conquer homesickness and learn to stand alone in the world, and that it is best, if he be possessed of good habits and strength of character, that he should experience these things before he becomes a man. "A child may retrieve himself in case he makes an error; a wise child is benefited and profits by mistakes. Give a boy a chance to use his mind, and then, if he errs, as he will, encourage him to correct the error and profit by the lesson," the pedagogue said.

But before I tell of things that occurred after I left Stringtown that autumn, in my roundabout jacket, my long, baggy trousers, my dress that from shoe to cap pictured the crude country boy, it is my duty to relate the incidents that occurred the day before I left my home.

That day I bade all my friends in Stringtown farewell. Never since has parting from friend or home been to me so full of pathos.

"Sammy," said the grocer as he thrust into my pocket a present, that was already tied neatly, thus showing that he had already thought of my departure, "don't forget Stringtown." And then he squeezed my hand until the fingers ached. As though I could ever forget my old home!

Venerable Judge Elford held me long by the hand, looking me full in the face. "Child, it has been many years since my boy Charley went from our village to a college in Ohio; he was about your age when he left Stringtown." Then his voice trembled, and he said no more. I knew the story of his boy, he need not tell it.

"I'll try and be good," I said softly, for his manner made me speak low, unconsciously informing him that I proposed to stand temptations Charley could not.

"That is what Charley promised. Do better than that, say I *will* be good."

"I promise that I will be good," I repeated.

"It is easy to promise, Sammy, but you may need help to enable you to keep it. Call on me if assistance is necessary, for sometimes it is very difficult to keep a promise all alone. Write me at once, Sammy." He dropped my hand and I moved on, leaving him standing in deep reverie.

Nearing the home of Mr. Nordman, the old gentleman on the pike south of Stringtown, I first caught sight of a boy on the fence by the side of the front gate. Red Head again. I drew near, he gazed intently up the pike, toward the south, and gave me no recognition—neither did I honour him. I opened the gate and closed it. I could have touched him had I cared to do so, but neither of us gave the other the greeting of a glance.

"And so you start North to-morrow?" said Mr. Nordman.

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"My hat, child; come with me." I handed it to him, and together we walked through the house and down the back walk, back to the graveyard where stood a single shaft. "You're going North, my boy, and you'll hear hard words about your Southern friends. Say nothing back; they of the North do not know us of the South; say no hard word back. We're whipped, Sammy, but we were men. My own dear boy who loved the North rests on yon side of that shaft. He to whom the South was dear sleeps on the other side. God grows the grass alike over each; the snowdrops bloom no earlier, the roses' scent is no sweeter, over the one than over the other. The wah is over, child."

The village clerk, Mr. Wagner, drew me down by his side as he seated himself on a bench. Alas! his chair was long since whittled into bits. "Have you told us all good-bye, Sammy?" he asked.

"Not all, yet."

He looked down a moment and whittled the stick he held in his hand. "Sammy," he said, "I have made one mistake in life, an honest man can make none greater. You will soon be old enough to know that to be happy you must be contented."

I looked at him curiously, for the expression was a conundrum, while he whittled again; then he stroked my chin gently with his lank forefinger, and next, with the tips of his thumb and finger, he twitched a film of down that had appeared on my upper lip; then he continued:

"An old bachelor is not contented, Sammy. He's a misfit, and deserves the pity of mankind, and if he's honest he won't deny it. It don't make any difference how he dresses, what he eats or drinks, he's only a human fragment, and if he don't say it openly he knows that it's true. Be a man, Sammy, and when you fall in love, as you will, tell your sweetheart you love her; then, when you are able to support her, marry her and live contentedly and respectably." The lank clerk heaved a deep sigh, but I made no answer. We parted, and that sigh sounds yet in my ears when I think of Mr. Wagner.

So I went from end to end of Stringtown, bidding one and another farewell, getting blessings and advice—curious forms of advice and strange blessings.

I had not spoken to Red Head since the day we met by appointment to fight in the traditional Indian valley. Nor had I spoken to Susie. She was in my heart, but knew nothing of it. Occasionally had I seen her from a distance, but never since my rebuke by Red Head in the schoolhouse had our eyes met, for she did not visit our village, and for some reason I cannot define I evaded her section of the country. "I am not a child now," I said to myself that day; "I propose to bid farewell to Susie too, and shall ask her to remember me. I thought then of the words of Mr. Wagner: "When you fall in love, as you will, tell your sweetheart that you love her." "I'll tell Susie that she's my sweetheart," I said timidly to myself.

And in this frame of mind I passed over the fence and into the pasture. The day had drawn to a close; night was upon me as I left Stringtown.

Strange night that! The wind, which for a time blew in my face and rustled the leaves, now died completely; the air about became finally as still as it were possible for stillness to be, yet the gathered darkness grew no less dense. I beat the earth with my stick; the sound was pleasant, for I came to dread the heavy silence and craved noise. I spoke to myself, for I longed for the touch of a human voice. I felt my heart beat, I heard it beat, and I grew to fear it. At last I shouted aloud, and got but an echo back. Again I shouted, and yet again. Ironically came those echoes back. Alone, in the night, lost in the darkness, I wandered on, seeing nothing and myself invisible. Then, close to my left, so close that I surely could have touched the intruder had I held out my hand, a low voice spoke: "Turn to the right, pass on, and you will find your way to the girl." I stood transfixed; who could know my errand and in absolute darkness speak directly into my ear? Who but a wizard, a devil? That voice, coming from out the empty air, made me quiver, but I turned and walked to the right, for that was opposite the voice, and now I wished not to hear but to escape its sound. Naught but my own step broke the twigs. A bird in motion could not but have rustled the dry leaves and brittle grass and weed stalks. Surely, no step accompanied me. Soon I felt that I must have left far behind me the thing that spoke, and then I stopped; when, again, came the voice slowly, distinctly: "Turn to the left and move on, the cabin is near." I trembled in affright, but did as I was bid, for the voice came now from my right, and I wished to escape it. On and on, stepping up and then down, as do persons lost in darkness, falling, to rise and pass on again. Then, at last, ahead of me I caught sight of a light, a candle-light in a house, and I lost no time in moving toward it. The door through which it streamed was open, and for the second

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time, as predicted years before, I hurried out of the night into the cabin of old Cupe.

CHAPTER LIII.

An empty chair sat beside the fireplace, to which as I entered Cupe pointed but said not a word. I sank into it and in turn said nothing. The three occupants of the cabin were Dinah, Susie, and Cupe, who alone was standing.

"Dinah, de sign-chile am heah ag'in," said the negro, looking me in the face.

"Suah."

Then to me: "Yo' come befo' in de night, an' yo'll come ag'in in de night; min' yo' de las' time?"

"Yes; but I'll not come again in the night. I have outgrown these foolish signs and superstitions."

"Min' yo' dat de sign say yo'd come ag'in in de night?"

"Yes."

"An' yo'll hab ter come ag'in in da'kness. What yo' see on de way?"

"Nothing."

Peering close to my face, the old man huskily asked: "What yo' heah?"

I made no reply. The fact is, I did not want to admit to the superstitious negro that I had been frightened, neither did I wish to open the subject of that strange voice.

"Did de voice ob de night spoke?" he continued.

"Something spoke to me."

"Did et tole yo' ter come on er ter go back?"

"Twice it told me to turn and walk on."

"Wah et fust ter de right er ter de lef'?"

"To the right."

"An' nex' ter de lef'?"

"Yes."

"Gloomy am de sign, chile. Bettah yo' had not come ter-night. Doan yo' know dat de gearl'll keep?"

I looked at Susie.

"Doan yo' know she'll keep till mahn'n? What fo' yo' gib de voice de chance ter hoodoo yo'? 'Walk ter de lef', walk ter de lef',' et say, an' yo'll hab ter walk ter de lef'. Min' yo' de night yo' come befo'?"

"Yes."

"Min' yo' de signs in de ashes?"

"Yes."

"An' yo' hab seen de Red-Head Boy p'dicted, an' dah hab be'n wah betwixt yo' two boys, es de sign p'dicted?"

"Yes."

"Yo' come ter say good-bye ter Susie?"

"Yes."

"Say et, den, an' go." He pointed to the door.

"Uncle Cupe, how can you be so cross?" I asked.

"Say de good-bye ter Susie, I tole yo'."

I turned to the girl, who had risen, and now stood in the full firelight. She was as lovely as an angel I thought; but, then, perhaps that contrast with the old black hag near her made the beauty more intense. I held out my hand. "Susie, I did come to say good-bye to you." She made no movement, but answered: "I am Nigger Susie! Why don't you call me by my name?"

Indignation arose in my heart, not against her, but against her tormentors; the words she used were those of Jennie Manley years ago. I pitied the child, who felt so deeply the odium cast upon her by those merciless words, and which evidently had ever since rankled in her bosom.

"Susie," I said, and I caught up her hand, "please forget that day."

"How can I?"

"Susie," I cried, "you know that I wanted to take your part then, you know that I offered my hand to Red Head, but you turned away."

"An' went wid Red Head, es de ole sign say she 'ud," interrupted Cupe. "De readin' ob de spell am easy, but de endin' ob de spell am monstrous strange. Dead wah Susie, dead, but walkin' in de flesh an' blood, es pritty es an angel, but dead. Et am monstrous strange!" Then he turned on me suddenly. "Say de good-bye, I tole yo'."

"Susie," I said, heeding not the negro's interruption, "Susie, I shall start North to-morrow, to enter school. Promise me that you, too, will study, will give up this cabin and live with your friend, Mr. Wagner, and that you will drop the company of Red Head." Earnestly did I plead, with an earnestness far beyond my years. "You are but a girl, yet you are tall for one of your age, you can chin Cupe's shoulder; soon will you be grown. Promise to do as I ask."

She raised her face and withdrew her hand; her eyes brimmed with tears. "I cannot!"

Again I snatched her hand, and impulsively added: "I'll come back in a year. I'll study and work and make a man of myself and then will ask you—"

Old Cupe stepped between us, took my face in his two great palms, turned it full into the firelight and said: "Dah am time nuff fo' de finishin' talk when yo' come back. Dah am monstrous little fuz on de cheek now. De young bird doan build in de ole nest. String-

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town mought not be de same ter yo' when de yeah am pas'."

I jerked from his grasp. "Susie," I insisted, "I'll come back in a year—"

Again Cupe interrupted: "Ef yo'll say foah yeahs, Cupe'll see dat Ma'se Wagner gives de gearl her book larnin', but she'll lib in de cabin."

"Let it be four years; I promise," and for the life of me I cannot to-day tell why I made that fatal promise.

The negro stood intently gazing upon me. I held the hand of the girl, the girl I loved and had foolishly promised not to seek for four years. "I'll come back in four years, Susie. Good-bye."

The negro followed me to the door, I shook hands with Susie across the sill. "An' what 'bout de Red-Head Boy?"

I stopped in consternation. He would be near her.

The negro continued: "Dah ain't no youse in edgin' off; let de spell wo'k on; keep 'way from de cabin; yo' can't stop de spell."

I held out my hand, but Cupe drew back.

"Doan yo' shake hands 'cross de doah-sill."*

He thrust a box into my hand, a narrow metal case, such as was used by old men at that day to carry spectacles. "Et am from Susie, an' de shape am gruesome, chile. Go!" He rudely shoved me into the night. The moon had broken from behind the cloud which, a dense bank, lay in the east. The western sky was clear as crystal, the stars in clusters flashed into sight, the black mass overhead sank rapidly to the horizon. Watching the changing panorama in the heavens, but thinking little of the scene above, I retraced my steps to Stringtown, holding the coffin-shaped box in my hand.

CHAPTER LIV.

I reached the educational institution, matriculated, and began in earnest the work of my life. Trials there were of course, troubles and pleasures too. Boyish pranks and quarrels were part of my school experiences, but need not be mentioned in detail, for the world is familiar with such exploits.

A schoolboy was I in every sense of the word. Good-naturedly did I take my initiatory lessons from my seniors and as freely did I afterward give them back to newcomers. And when spring approached and I prepared to start home (I did not take a vacation during Christmas), I found that by actual measurement I stood three inches taller than when I entered college. And then once more on top of the Stringtown bus I sat beside the driver who had promised to be there when I returned. The ride to Stringtown was a happy one; never did heart of man or lad throb more joyously. I loved every object, animate and inanimate, that came to view; birds of song that never before sang to me, birds of prey that never sang to any one, the sparrow-hawk, the cawing crow, the silent buzzard soaring far above, one and all were very dear. I loved the dust of that old pike, the trees that bordered it, the piles of stone that lay beside the road, the workman of the field, the grass in the meadow, the creeks and hills, the yellow clay banks and the rail fences—anything and everything within sight or sound, for was not this again Kentucky?

And at last Stringtown came to view, Stringtown of old. Seemingly, not a change had occurred in all the village; every house stood exactly as it did when I left it, every man we passed looked precisely like he did when last I saw him, and in the doorway of our little home stood my mother, waving her handkerchief to the lad on the bus, just as she did when the boy passed the other way. So far as sleepy old Stringtown was concerned, the change of two sessions' time had been to her as the passing of a single night. But I will confess that when I walked along the sidewalk that led toward our home, the houses seemed to be smaller than they were when I left the village; could they have shrunk during the interval of my absence? And it also seemed to me that the men had changed somewhat; there was a roughness of voice and of dress that I had not before observed; but in a few days the impression I held concerning the village in this regard wore off, and Stringtown became precisely the Stringtown I knew of old. And yet, I now stood the quarter of a foot taller than formerly, I spoke with a coarse voice, and my cheek needed now the edge of a razor.

The summer vacation passed. I need not record the items of gossip that came to my ear during that time, none were of sufficient importance to concern the general reader. Neither did I experience aught that could bear recording. Although I met Red Head, I passed him in silence and he did not look my way. Susie lived still in the house of Cupe. I saw it from the opposite ridge. A neat addition had been

*To shake hands across a fence or a door-sill is considered a very bad omen. Only last autumn an old woman drew back when, in visiting his old Kentucky home, the author extended his hand across the gate.

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made thereto, and I was informed that the girl, accompanied by Cupe, had regularly visited Mr. Wagner, where each day she took private lessons; and in talking with him, I learned that she had proven to be an apt pupil. But as promised to Cupe, I did not visit her, neither did I the next vacation, nor yet the next, and yet I thought of her often, and more than once sought a location whence she could be seen.

One by one the years passed, and, a well-formed and well-informed young man, I came home on top of the same old bus, driven by the same driver. Now I was ready to start out into the world to make a living, and I will add that a position had been offered me in a college well known throughout our land, the position of assistant to the professor of chemistry.

The bus was behind time the evening I came home for the last time from school. The driver called me *mister* now and spoke in a formal manner that I did not like. For the first time I appreciated that I was no longer the Sammy Drew of former years. In deference to my request, he checked his team before my mother's door, where I alighted; before that time I should not have presumed to ask that favour, nor would he have granted it to little Sammy Drew.

I experienced a strange sensation that night, for it seemed as though Stringtown no longer possessed me as a part of herself. I felt like a visitor. The houses, too, were surely very much smaller than when first I knew them; the pavements more narrow, the flat stones of the walks were uneven and very rough; strange that I had never before observed this last fact. A group of boys looked up at me as I passed; without a word of recognition they resumed their marble playing. I felt then a mental depression; for on that very spot but a few years before, playing marbles, I kneeled in the dirt, a boy of Stringtown known to every other boy and knowing every boy. Again my heart sank, and yet again and again, as recurring incidents or new objects thrust upon me the fact that four years of absence may produce great changes in a village if the absent one was once really a part of the village. Only the person who looks with a stranger's eye will say that change comes not to human homes and human hearts in a sleepy village that seems to the indifferent observer to stand unchanged as decade after decade passes. Stringtown was no longer Stringtown to me, neither was I now a part of Stringtown's people. "Mr. Drew" and "Samuel" fell on my ears and grated on them, but there were a few exceptions; to some persons I was still Sammy. The man who first used that familiar term was Judge Elford. He took me by the hand and looked me in the face. "Sammy," he said, "you did not get into trouble and did not send for me, as I feared you might and asked you to do in case you needed me; you have my admiration. A splendid record you have made, but the end is not in sight; you may yet require my advice."

CHAPTER LV.

I wandered into the pasture the next evening to watch the sun go down. First, the contact part of a cloud bank toward which I walked was tinted with a silver sheen, then as his form passed down behind the black body a ribbon of silver formed upon the undulating upper edge, a narrow border that from the earth on either side where cloud met horizon followed in veriest detail its uplifted undulations until the edge was all aglow in silver. The shadows fell about me as I still walked toward the cloud, following a path that led into the west. The ribbon of changing colours faded out, and a strange, gloomy twilight seemed to fall upon me, although I knew that the sun had not yet touched the horizon and that the darkness was premature. Then deep down in the cloud, from a slender crevice that formed on the instant, a silver ray burst forth and, lighting up a spot of earth, illumined a motionless female form, before unseen, a form that in the sunburst I saw was that of Susie; but no longer a child, for the fleeting years had brushed the child away.

And while I gazed on the girl who crowned the distant hill the ray of sunshine lifted, swept gracefully across the heavens as does a mighty searchlight, and glancing fell again to the earth, striking now the hill before me; but between the two earth touches the silver changed to red, and with the crimson came tinted shadows that played about the spot where rested now the red sun ray. But to these I gave no further notice; for from where I stood in the valley I saw uprise upon the summit of the hill a form that seemed more than twice human height. But a moment shone the red glare, for night settled quickly down, leaving only the outline of that form against the cloud bank. Then curious movements possessed the sky picture; the erect form changed to that of a bent figure; the hands and arms moved strangely out and in, and at one time, with outstretched arm leaned forward, pointing into the valley beyond, where lay the Stringtown graveyard. Nor was that form alone, for an object heretofore unseen sped from near him and flitted

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along the path. But as it did so the upright figure uttered a cry, shrill, wild, like that of a savage. As the cry struck the air, the small creature scampered back affrighted and clasped his little arms tightly about the long legs of the erect being, whatever it might have been. Too old was I now to fear goblin or ghost, too well informed had I become to believe in spook of any kind, else I should have turned and fled from the spot; for it seemed as though that picture against the sky could not be natural. Then while yet I gazed the form suddenly fell to the ground and disappeared from sight; and as it did so a wild cry floated to my ear, followed by a laugh that might have been human, but which seemed not like any other laugh my ears had ever heard. Then came silence.

Instead of turning back, as once I should have done, I started forward, following the path in the meadow toward the summit of the hill; but when I neared the spot where once had stood the apparition nothing could be seen. Too dark was it now to distinguish objects. I lingered a moment and then strode on, when my foot struck a soft obstacle in the path. I stooped and reached down, then for a second lost my self-possession. My hands surely touched the form of a child—my fingers followed the bare legs and feet, then passed over the face of a child. Raising the little form in my arms, I moved to the right, toward the spot where I had seen the girl on the hill standing in the silver light.

CHAPTER LVI.

Again in the night I stood before the cabin of Cupe. I hesitated a moment before the door. Somehow I dreaded to meet the superstitious old negro. The experience of that first night, when, a child, I ran terrified into the open door, the incident that occurred during the second nocturnal visit, when the strange night voice spoke twice in my ear, coupled with the cold reception that he gave me then, led me to hesitate before again entering that abode. And then I recollected that he had predicted I should come thrice in the night, and I had vowed that I would not do so. I felt now an antagonism toward him not only on account of his having involved me in his superstitions, but also because his predictions had been partly verified. But humanity called me now, not love, nor terror, and I rapped loudly on the door. For the third time, notwithstanding my assertion never to do so again, I stepped out of the night into the cabin of Cupe, who seemed not at all surprised at my entrance.

"Brung de gem'n a cheer, Dinah."

"Don't concern yourself about me, Uncle Cupe; see what can be done for this child," and I laid the boy on the bed.

Breath was in the little form, the muscles twitched, the limbs moved convulsively, the hands closed and opened irresponsively. Each muscle seemed to be awaiting its turn to contract and relax. "De chile hab be'n in pain, suah," said Cupe. I knew nothing about how the child was hurt or how he came to be where I found him. To me the mystery was as to how he could have shrunk in size. When I saw him on the hilltop he stood lank and tall. When I stumbled over his form in the path he had contracted to the little boy before us. Still, these thoughts were of no importance now; the child needed help, and I knew nothing about how to give it. Not so Cupe, who quickly opened the waist, directing me to rub the limbs and body with the palms of my hands. He ordered Dinah to make a hot drink, and from a flat bottle that he drew from some secret place he prepared a toddy that in teaspoonful doses was slowly poured into the mouth of the child, who automatically swallowed it. Under the combined influence of the stimulant, the hot tea and the friction, the little one opened its eyes and regained consciousness. The limbs now ceased contracting, the twitching muscles were quieted, and the eyes opened. Listlessly the boy lay on the bed, rolling his eyes about, and then I observed Cupe's deportment toward myself and contrasted therewith the severity of his demeanour when last I came to his cabin. Now he seemed intent on serving me; he spoke respectfully and with great deference; before, he had been domineering and insolent. "Foah yeahs hab pass', Ma'se Samuel, an' at las' yo' hab come back ter Stringtown. An' how does de ole town look ter yo' now?"

I remembered the prediction he had made concerning the change that time might bring in my affections for the village, a change that I now realised had already to an extent occurred. His question, couched in very respectful language, seemed yet to be pointed; and although asked with apparent indifference on the part of the speaker, I appreciated the fact that such was not the case.

"I find many changes in Stringtown," I answered.

"An' am yo' suah de changes am not in yo'selb?" Then, without waiting for me to answer, he added: "How 'bout de gearls? Hab yo' foun' a sweetheart in de Norf?"

"I have not, Cupe. I told you that I should come back in four years—see—" I drew from

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an inner pocket the metal case that he had handed me when, four years since, he pushed me out of the cabin into the night. "I carry this with me, Cupe."

Before he could reply came a knock on the door, and without waiting to be ushered in the intruder lifted the latch and entered.

The Red-Head Boy of Nordman, but no longer a boy. Tall and lank, at least a head taller than myself, he stood before us lithe and supple, red-faced and impudent. I sat by the bed rubbing the forehead of the child, who had, as yet, said not a word. But as his eyes fell upon the face of the intruder his form shrank as if struck by a sudden blow, and with a cry as if of pain he threw his arm about my neck and sobbed convulsively. Then it flashed upon me that the tall form I had seen on the hill was that of Red Head, and connecting therewith the present movements of the frightened child, I reasoned that the intruder had been the cause of his suffering. Indignation possessed me. Tearing the clasped arms of the child from my neck, I thrust him upon the bed and faced the newcomer, who stood full a head taller than myself; but this fact gave me no concern. "And you it is," I said, "who delight in frightening helpless children, you who stoop your head when you enter a door?"

He sneered, but did not answer.

"Out of this house!" I pointed to the door, but he made no movement. I sprang toward him and tried to strike his face; he drew his head back, stepped aside, and I passed him by. Turning suddenly, I sprang again at the intruder, viciously striking at him with my fist; he artfully evaded the blow and, reaching out his lank arm, grasped one of my wrists and then the other. I have seen the feet of a calf tied together and have seen the helpless creature struggle, but not more helpless than was I then. The strong lad held my two wrists in one hand and with his ugly countenance close to my eyes laughed in my face; then giving me a sudden twirl, he sent me spinning to the farther side of the room. I was frenzied now and knew not what I did. That leering face and sarcastic laugh were more exasperating than a blow of the fist would have been. It was evident that he could have beaten me to the floor had he cared to do so, and the fact that I had been spared was humiliating. The devil possessed me, and realising that I could not cope with him fist to fist, I sought a weapon as I spun, and found it, too, in the form of Cupe's double-barrelled shot-gun that stood in the corner to which he twirled me. This I grasped, and with my back in the corner raised and pointed it toward him, but yet not against him; for an unexpected form burst from out the door at the back of the room. It was Susie. Had she been a second later I must have pulled the trigger; I shuddered as I dropped the butt of the gun on the floor, for she stood in the line between Red Head and myself, and I realised how near I had come to firing the weapon as she stepped in the line of sight. Susie it was, with the eyes of Susie of old, but not exactly the same face, and surely not the form of the wild girl I knew four years ago. A more matured expression of countenance, a womanly figure, had replaced the face and form of the girl, but yet had brushed out no charm or grace the girl possessed. She stood motionless before me in the lamplight. A wild rose had been placed in the bosom of her gown, another graced her hair; these she would not have worn as she wore them now when last I knew her.

"The gun is loaded," she said. "Is it murder they teach boys in Ohio?" Abashed, I placed the weapon back in the corner while she turned to Cupe. "Uncle Cupe, you must answer for this! I'll not have such things done in my house!"

"'Deed, Missus, an' I couldn't help de boys comin', need'h could I help 'em fight'n'."

She turned to Red Head.

"And you?"

"Didn't fight. Thet feller tried ter fight, but I wouldn't. He'd hev shot me too ef yo' hedn't come. Ask Cupe?"

Then I interjected, for now I was collected again: "You need not ask Cupe, ask me. Red Head tells the truth. I tried to fight and could not. He is stronger than I am, he is too muscular for me, and he knows it. I have been poring over books, he has been running through the fields and woods. I have been sitting before a desk, he has been exercising his muscles all day long. I have been developing my brain, he has been developing his frame and body. I'm a fool for giving him a chance to show me that I am weak and that he is strong in brute strength. I have acted the dunce in trying to strike him with my fist. It must be brain against muscle hereafter, Susie, and when brain meets muscle, brain always wins. I promise you that I will not fail again when the time comes for me to strike him down. I shall not fist fight him, though; he can go his way, I will go mine."

"Then, Mr. Drew, there'll be no fight, for he promised me long ago not to hurt you."

"So be it, Susie."

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"But de sign say dey mus' be de deff ob each uddah," mumbled Cupe. "Et say dat de Red-Head Boy'll die sudden, an' dat yo' an' Susie'll be de cause; an' dat yo'll die sudden, an' dat de Red-Head Boy an' Susie'll be de cause."

"Thar'll always be two sides ter the path we meet on," said Red Head, addressing me. "Yo' keep ter the right, an' I'll keep ter the right. Thar's room ter look about without looking at each other, and thar's room ter whistle, ef we can't keep our mouths shet when we meets on the same path."

"So be it, but mind that you keep to the right," I answered. He left the cabin, saying not a word of farewell to any one.

Now that my antagonist was gone I had an opportunity to deliberate over the position in which I found myself, as well as over the events that had thrust themselves upon me. Cupe had predicted years before that I was destined three times to come in the night to his cabin. This visit made the third one. First, a curious little child met my gaze; second, an undeveloped girl; and now a beautiful young woman, a wild flower before which I bowed in silent admiration. She had tamed the mountain lad and she had conquered me.

The child rested on the bed, asleep. I pointed to it, and said: "Susie, I am ashamed of having fought Red Head in your home, but he tortured that little child near to death, and I could not help doing it. My temper got the upper hand of my judgment. Will you pardon me?"

"Red Head is wild and meant no harm, I am sure," she replied. "He speaks softly to me, he shows me many kindnesses; his face is red, his hair is red, but through no fault of his own. He loves the country, he loves the hills and valleys, the woods and vines and flowers."

"And yet he tortures children, Miss Susie." Never before had I said *Miss* to her, and as I did so now she flushed. I saw the flush—it shaded her face until the hue of the cheek touched that of the petals of the wild sweet briar on her bosom.

"He is uneducated," she replied, "and needs sympathy, not blows. Let it be accepted that he tortured the child—if you say that he did it I'll believe you—but did he not also once defend a tortured child? Mind you not the day he stood by my side in the Stringtown school? Think you, Mr. Samuel, that I was not tortured then?"

"Did I not also stand by you, did I not offer him my hand and ask that our past enmity be forgotten, did I not take your part then, Susie?"

"Yes," she said, and her eyes dropped. "Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"You came second."

Now it was my turn to flush. True it was that I did come second to her side then, seemingly I still stood second. And then my heart thumped, for not until now did I really appreciate how deeply I loved this girl, who argued so naturally in behalf of my antagonist. Not until she said, "You came second," did I realise what it meant to be told by the girl I loved that I stood second.

But she continued: "Mr. Drew, I am nobody but Susie. I have been schooled by the private instructions of my guardian, Mr. Wagner, and Professor Drake, and am yet to go to college, so that you perceive I am not as wild a piece as I should have been had you not begged me to take the education; still I am 'Susie Nobody,' and I live in the cabin with Cupe and Dinah. You helped me escape absolute ignorance, and I now realise that you foresaw the condition in which I would have been, as people look at ignorance, had I neither gone to school nor acquired private instruction. For your kindness in guiding me as you did I sincerely thank you. Yes," she continued, "in behalf of two persons do I thank you."

"Who else, Susie?"

"Red Head. He is not the vicious lad he would have been had I grown up as rude as I might have done."

I bit my lip. That hateful name again, coupled with the thanks she gave me. "Susie, I hate that name; I wish no thanks for him, nor will I take any."

"I give them on my own account; I do not hate the name." She emphasised the pronoun. Then came over me a sudden impulse to tell her that I loved her more than any other girl. "I'll do it now," I said to myself, "and bide the consequences. She is educated far beyond my expectations, she uses good language, her manner is cultured, her dress simple, her beauty intense." I took her hand in mine, and she did not resist, neither did she withdraw it. I squeezed the fingers together—perhaps a little too hard—she did not shrink. "Susie, I desired to say something to you when last I called at this cabin four years ago. I wish the more earnestly to speak it now. I—"

Courtesying, old Cupe stepped to the side of the girl. "Missus," he said, "de young Ma'se Samuel mus' be tired ob standin' so long. 'Scuse de ole man, but de muddah ob de chile on de bed'll worry monstrous much les-

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sen et be toted home. Ef de young ma'se'll break off de conbersashun, Cupe'll go 'long ter tote de chile."

I could not bring myself to accept that the interruption came by accident. I recalled how twice before he had prevented me from telling the girl that which I proposed to do this time. But the interruption had been made and Susie had left me; for she turned to the bed, where she gently stroked the child's forehead. "Yes," she said, "Uncle Cupe is right. The little one should be taken to its home." In a few moments the slender form, still asleep, was carried forth, its head resting on the shoulder of the black. Before leaving the cabin, however, I lingered a second, a second longer than I would have done had the occupant been other than Susie, just a second longer than I might have done had it been any other girl did I hold her hand in mine, and as I dropped it I asked:

"May I come again?"

"Why not?" she answered. "This is Kentucky." She took the wild sweet briar from her hair, and handed it to me.

"Thank you, Susie," I said. "May I not also have the other?" and I pointed to the rose in her bosom.

"That is for Red Head—perhaps," she replied.

Cupe was old when first I knew him, but he seemed no older and no more decrepit now than then. With the boy over his shoulder he took the lead that night, asking no help, and held it until the village was reached. He was very sullen. Every attempt on my part to engage him in conversation resulted in utter failure; he would not talk. So in communion with myself I followed at his heels.

Other girls there were in the world, but to me it seemed as though Susie alone existed in the realm of feminine life. Had I been either younger or older I surely should not have considered any girl so important to my future or present happiness as I now thought Susie. I was therefore naturally much disturbed over her recent behaviour. That constant care for Red Head, the excuses she made for his failings, were more than annoyances, they kept running through my mind to worry me. Then that wild rose incident. She gave me the rose that bedecked her brow, but reserved for Red Head that which graced her bosom. Was this chance? Why did she not also give me the second rose when I asked for it instead of saying that "perhaps" she would give it to Red Head? Then, too, she appeared to have gone out of her way to inform me that I stood not alone in her graces, nor yet first. These thoughts and others too that were painful passed through my mind that night as in silence I followed the sullen negro to Stringtown, where at last we arrived. Cupe knew the location of the home of the boy, and, unbidden, I went with him to the mother's door. Strangely enough, the child's absence seemed to have given its parents little concern. He was rudely taken from the arms of the negro, but I could not determine whether the unsympathetic action of the parent came from lack of culture or was intentional. Neither thanks nor kind words did Cupe nor myself get in return for our trouble and care.

Together we departed, and yet we did not at once separate; our path for a while was a common one. Before reaching the place where the black should leave Stringtown we drew near the house of Mr. Wagner. Although it was late, a light shining through the window of the front room indicated that the village clerk had not yet retired. Then it was that Cupe spoke:

"Ma'se Sammy, Cupe hab a word ter say ter Ma'se Wagnah, an'll be obleeged ef yo'll step a minit an' heah de conbersashun."

He turned into the little yard, knocked on the door, and together we were ushered into the room, where, as has been related, many years before he had stood with the heavy box of coin and the manuscript of Susie's mother. I was invited to seat myself, and did so, but Cupe remained standing, and lost no time in opening the "conbersashun."

"Ma'se Wagnah, yo' min' de day in de yeah gone by when yo' come ter Cupe's cabin an' tole him how es de Cou't had made yo' de guardyen ob de little Susie gearl?"

"Yes, Cupe, very well."

"Min' yo de trouble de gearl yocasioned yo', an' dat de jedge say she could stay wid Cupe till de time come fo' her ter lebe de cabin ob her brack fr'en's?"

"Yes."

"She wah es full ob fun an' sunshine es a bee tree es ob honey, an' she keered nuffin 'bout no one but de ole brack folks. She hab be'n like honey ebah sense. She wah a spritely gearl, Ma'se Wagnah, a little ting; but now she stan' tall an' supple." He stopped.

"Go on, Cupe."

"When de little gearl youse ter sing, et wah loud like de fiel' lark, an' when she dance', et wah keerless like wid her gahments. But now she doan dance no mo'ah befo' de cabin doah, an' when she sing, et am sof' an' hummin', like de tu'tle dove."

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Again he stopped. "Go on," said Mr. Wagner.

"An' when de pert chile youse ter gaddah de flowahs in de spring, she bunch 'em in her han' an' den put 'em in a glass ob watah on de table; but now she doan bunch de flowahs no mo'ah, she jes pick one er two wil' roses an' stick 'em in her ha'r er in her busum. Et am a monstrous change, Ma'se Wagnah." Now his voice sunk very low. "An' when de boys roam obah de lan', dey youse ter hunt in de woods an' skate an' swim in de pond an' drink out ob de spring down by de milk house. But now dey go by de spring ter stop monstrous offen at de cabin fo' a cup ter git a drink ob watah, or ter ax some fool quistion what doan mean nuffin, er ter act up one way er 'nuddah." He looked at me. "Monstrous little uxcuse et takes ter bring 'em to de cabin now. Two ob em come ter-night, an' Susie she linger in her room ter fix up befo' she come out."

"Well, Cupe, what must I do?"

"Et's time de gearl lef' de cabin; Lord knows Cupe an' Dinah lubs her mo'ah'n all de worl', but de gearl's place now es wid de white folks. Take her back, Ma'se Wagnah; fo' de good ob de honey chile, take her back!"

"I understand, Cupe. You feel that she has grown beyond your care."

"Et makes de nigger sad ter say et."

"I'll see Judge Elford and arrange at once for her future. She is a bright girl and should go away to school."

"Min' yo' de readin' ob de papah her muddah wrote?"

"Yes."

"She doan wan' ter go ter school, ner ter go ter any home ter live outen she hab de name she's 'titled to."

"That paper carries no evidence that the Court could use to give her the name of her father."

"An' mus' she be 'Nigger Susie' always?"

"She will be only Susie until she marries."

"Yo' know, Ma'se Wagnah, dat ole Ma'se Manley, who died so sudden, wah her fahdah. Yo' know he libed a monstrous good life heah es folks b'l'ebed, but de kin'-hearted man died s'prizin' sudden. Had he lived longah, he might hab give' de chile de name she's 'titled to. Et's a pity he died so early."

Mr. Wagner shook his head.

"Ef Susie can't hab her name, de name ob de Manley gearls shall stan' disgrace'," said the earnest negro. "Ef de debbil es ter foller de deah chile, he'll stick his fingahs inter de ha'r ob de uddah gearls too. Ef yo' can't gib Susie her name, Cupe'll brung shame ter dem."

"Beware, Cupe!" said the now disturbed man. "You intend to do right, but will surely accomplish mischief."

"When Cupe went ter Canerdy, he went by de town what de writin' ob Susie's muddah tole 'bout. He stop ter see de man ole Aunt Sukey knowed, Aunt Sukey who saw Ma'se Manley wid de muddah ob Susie. Cupe paid de lawyers fo' gittin' all de fac's, he hab de swohn papahs, he hab de ev'dence ob de New Yo'k Cou't es ter Ma'se Manley. Cupe doan mean no mischief, but ef de Susie chile can't git her name, he'll raise de debbil wid de name ob Manley." He turned to the door, but before going delivered this parting shot: "De New Yo'k jedge said dat in New Yo'k ef a man libed wid a woman in open es ef dey wah married, dey am married. Dat ef a chile wah bo'n ter dem, et wah his chile an' 'titled ter his name an' his money too. Dat de deed wah fac' ef de proof ob de deed wah suah. An' Cupe hab all de proof in brack writin', even ter de swarin' ob Aunt Sukey an' ob de New Yo'k jedge. Ef Ma'se Manley hab any chile 'titled ter his name, et am Susie."

"For God's sake, keep your mouth shut, Cupe! I shall consult Judge Elford at once about this matter."

"Bettah yo' let no grass grow undah yoah feet, Ma'se Wagnah, fo' Cupe am gittin' monstrous ole, an' doan 'tend ter die an' lebe de gearl widout de name she's 'titled ter."

"Mr. Wagner," I said, "this is all strange to me. I catch part of Cupe's meaning, but most of it is obscure. Still, I take it that Mr. Manley, who died by a paralytic stroke, was the father of Susie."

"Yes, she is his child. He was followed to Kentucky by the girl's mother, who left the baby in charge of Cupe's master, Mr. Hardman, the half-brother of Mr. Manley. That is one reason why she was willed all this property. Do not speak of the fact you have learned, the secret is to be well kept if Susie is to be protected from the scandalmonger. A simple statement of fact cannot serve her interests, while, upon the contrary, it can bring sorrow and shame to many others."

"Mr. Wagner, when I left Stringtown to go to school you gave me some advice. You told me that when I found the girl I loved, I should tell her so. I am now of age and in a fair way to make a living. I love Susie with all my heart. I cast no blame on her for the shame her father wrought. Upon the contrary, I now despise the name of the man who wronged her, and love her none the less. I am willing to share my name if she will accept it.

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Give her a good education, I beg of you, do your duty as her guardian, and look to me to furnish the name she needs. That is—" I hesitated.

"What?"

"If she will share it."

"Cupe knows," I added, and turned to address the old man, but he had silently slipped away; only Mr. Wagner and myself were present. The unrelenting negro had gone from the room, either before or after my declaration was made, I knew not which. He had left us with the expressed threat on his lips to "raise the devil with the name of Manley."

CHAPTER LVII.

Sleep did not readily come to my eyes that night, and the snatches of slumber brought little rest. Distressing dreams that seemed to be joined to not less painful waking periods possessed me. When morning broke I arose fatigued and with swollen eyes. My mother perceived that something weighed upon my mind, and suggested that I might not be well; but I passed the matter lightly. Although painful dreams came to me all that night, I remembered but one incident, wherein occurred a question: "What is the object of life?"

Memory of the scenes of the previous evening and the threat of Cupe concerning the Manleys disturbed me. I feared that he might carry his threat into immediate execution, and I will add that I now felt not only a personal concern, but a legitimate right to interfere. With this thought in mind, I started for his cabin without any well-formulated plan of procedure. But not to meet Susie did I go this time to the home of the dead Corn Bug. I proposed to confer with the old negro, and for the once I hoped to find the girl absent.

My object being to discover something further concerning the past life of his charge and to tell Cupe that by reason of my conference with Mr. Wagner, her guardian, I had, to a degree, assumed a personal responsibility concerning her future. I will admit, too, that I was aggravated over the manner in which the old slave had treated me on the two occasions in which I had been prevented from telling the girl that my thought was for her, and I now proposed not only to inform him of my intention, but to give him to understand that I should submit to no further impertinence in this direction. "Neither has the old fool," I said to myself, "a right to longer thrust his negro superstitions on me!"

As I reflected in detail over the manner in which he had played upon my childish credulity, and had even made me take part in his incantations, I felt both indignant and humiliated. "I'll have no more of it," I said, and in this mood reached the cabin. No signs of life were to be seen about the place, no dog curled before the step, no Dinah, Cupe nor Susie. I knocked on the door, and imagined that I heard a sound within, but the door remained closed and no voice bade me enter. Then I stepped to the window; it was close curtained. I encircled the dwelling, to find that with one exception the others were also draped. That exception was the room in the new addition to the cabin, the room of Susie, but it, too, was unoccupied and the door leading from it into the cabin was closed. A moment stood I there catching with my eyes the scene within. Simple, indeed, were the home surroundings of this girl, and yet very tasty. A picture cut from a magazine, a home-made ornament worked by girlish hands, a few knick-knacks, such as one in her position might cherish, and an assortment of books that astonished me. History, science, art, literature! I knew the works, some of them, others as yet I had not seen. Admiration for the girl possessed me before, now I knew that it had not been misplaced.

These were all I saw—with one exception—that of the drawing by pencil of a young man—my own face surely—which stood conspicuous in a rustic frame on the little dresser near the window. Evidently the sketch was by Susie; and slipped into the frame was a rose, a dried wild rose. As I pressed my face to the glass of the little window of that room of Susie a sense of shame came over me; it seemed unmanly to do this thing. I blushed for the part I was taking. I know that shame bespread my face with flushes. "Forgive me, Susie," I said to myself, "I'm a churl, a sneak!" and in this mood I passed back to the front door.

I was convinced that the home could not be deserted, for seldom, if ever, did all the occupants of a negro cabin leave the premises unguarded, and I questioned then as to whether from a distance I had not been observed; and naturally I inferred that my unbidden company was distasteful, and that Cupe had taken this means to teach me that my visits were not to be continued. "The impertinent old fanatic," I thought; "to what end may he not carry his superstitions, born of ignorance and bred in arrogance? They shall no longer have any part in my direction." I raised an axe handle that stood beside the doorway and beat the heavy oak door as though to splinter it. I made the

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old house ring, for with each blow I grew angrier and thought meaner things, I who had no right to even question the reason of the action of any occupant of that home. Then, as I rested the axe handle by my side, the door opened and Cupe stood before me. No smirk on his countenance now, no welcome smile, no courtesy and bow.

"Yo' Stringtown boy from de Norf, ain't dah room nuff outside fo' yo' ter walk?" Then without waiting a reply, he added: "De Susie gearl's not in de cabin." He closed the door in my face.

Never before had I known an old-time negro to do such an act as this; hospitality was born and cultivated in the hearts of the old Southern home slave, and for Cupe to behave in this manner was unbearably aggravating. I raised that axe handle, and with both hands grasping the shaft, struck such a vicious blow on the door as to benumb my fingers and jar the stick from my grasp. The door, strong as it was, could stand few such attacks as that, and I presume Cupe realised the fact, for once more he threw it open, stepped to one side and awaited my entrance. I lost no time in accepting the opportunity; the negro closed the door immediately, and I observed that he bolted it too, for I heard the draw of the iron bar. I heard it, I say, for although the sun was shining brightly outside there was no ray of light within. Absolute darkness prevailed.

Then spoke the negro: "I tole yo' de Susie gearl am not ter home."

"I came to talk to *you*," I answered, not less coolly than did he speak, "not to see Susie."

"De time am not 'pitious an' de mannah ob de comin' am not perlite. Doan yo' see de doah am slow ter open? De sign am bad, I tole yo'."

"Shut up about your signs and incantations. Never let me hear you mention them again. They are silly, foolish negro superstitions, and I wish no more of them."

"An' ef yo' wish no mo'ah, why doan yo' keep 'way. Hab Cupe ebah gone ter hunt yo' up an' shove 'em down yoah froat? Didn't yo' always come ter Cupe, an' didn't yo' start de spell?"

I felt the justice of his rebuke, but was determined to have my say. "I'm tired of all this foolishness."

"De doah am b'hin' yo', an' de way am cleah ter de sunshine; shall Cupe open et an' let yo' out?"

"I tell you I came to talk with *you*."

Then I felt an object touch my legs about my knees. "Take de cheer an' do yoah talkin' mo'ah comfer'able."

I sought the back of the chair with my hand, located its position and then seated myself. "Cupe, why don't you light up your room? raise the curtain."

"Yo' come ter talk 'bout fool signs, Cupe hab de conbersashun in him eah; go on wid de talk, fo' de eah doan need no light."

I felt somewhat disturbed. The absence of the females, the mysterious movements of the negro, his well-known fanaticism and his mysterious movements and methods were not calculated to enliven me; besides, this absolute darkness, when it should have been light, was depressing.

"Cupe, since I came to this cabin as a child I have been imposed upon more than once by your superstitions. You led me to expect to fight Red Head, and the mental impression you made on my young mind led me to hate him. I presume that you accomplished the same end with Red Head. You led the unsuspecting girl Susie to look forward to trouble that was coming between us two boys, and she, too, became involved in your silly signs. You must stop this nonsense now."

"An' yo' doan b'l'ebe in de sign?"

"No."

"When de chicken cock crow at midnight, am et a sign dat mahn'n'll come?"

"No."

"Do yo' ebah know a mahn'n not ter come ahftah de crowin' ob de chicken?"

"You old fool."

"Yo' say yo' doan b'l'ebe in signs?"

"No."

"Yo' b'l'ebe in de alm'nac?"

"Yes."

"De 'clipses, de da'k an' de light ob de moon, 'cordin' ter de alm'nac, am right?"

"Yes; they are predicted by calculation."

"Yo' b'l'ebe what yo' see written in de alm'nac book?"

"Yes."

"Cupe'll ask yo' ter read a page fo' ter let him see ef de Susie gearl kin read es apt es she might."

He lighted a candle, and took from near the fireplace a Farmers' and Mechanics' Almanac; clumsily fingering the pages, he thrust the open book before my face. "Read de wo'ds ob de alm'nac an' tole me what de gem'n what write et say. He am not bery perlite in de picter, an' he seems ter be pow'ful much hurt jes below de ribs." I glanced at the page and over the well-known illustration read, " Signs of the Zodiac."

Cupe chuckled. "An' yoah book ob fac's am a sign book. Bettah yo' say nuffin mo'ah 'bout

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Cupe. De book say de moon'll change, an' suah de sign yo' read in de book am good, fo' de moon *do* change. Et say de 'clipses'll come, an' de sign am good, fo' dey do come. What yo' see in de book am good, an' Cupe sartify ter de fac', but what Cupe kin see wid his eyes an' heah wid his eahs am jes es good es alm'nac signs." Suddenly turning the rambling discussion, he asked:

"Didn't yo' meet de Red-Head Boy es Cupe p'dicted?"

"Yes."

"Didn't yo' two boys fight?"

"Yes."

"Didn't de Susie gearl come betwixt yo'?"

"Yes, but—"

Heeding not my proposed explanation, the negro added: "An' didn't Cupe p'dict de comin' ob dem all?"

"You guessed some things, I will admit."

"An' so does de alm'nac book guess some tings. But Cupe doan guess. He sees 'em all, he knows mo'ah'n he tells, an' he kin tell mo'ah 'bout yo' dan yo' tells too."

"Tell me something I know that has happened and not been told."

"Yo' stood in de city by de stone wall wid de carpet-bag at yoah feet an' met de long-haired man. Yo' went wid him ter de play-house. Yo' los' yoah money, an' den yo' go an' stan' on de bridge lookin' down in de watah, an' yo' come monstrous neah jurnyin' down inter de ribbah. But yo' couldn't jump, fo' de en' ob de spell wah not den. Yo' didn't tole no man 'bout de 'sperience yo' meet in de big city, an' yo' doan 'tend ter tole no man, ner yo' doan wan' Cupe ter tole no man."

"You old devil," I said indignantly, "how did you find out these things?"

"I read 'em in de glass, I see 'em wid my eyes, I heah de conbersashun wid my eahs es easy es I talk ter yo' now. Yo' look in de alm'nac book fo' de sign, an' yo' doan git much but moon an' 'clipses. Cupe see de movin' ob de past an' de comin' ob de future, an' yo' call dem fool signs. He wah readin' de future when yo' knock so loud on de doah."

"You're an old liar, Cupe. Some man told you these things about me."

"An' yo' wan' ter see wid yoah eyes?"

"I dare you to show me the things you claim to see."

"Memberlec' dat Cupe doan ax yo' on. Yo' am de feller what ax de quistion."

"I dare you to show me the manner in which you read the sign."

"Dah am mo'ah'n one way, but one's nuff fo' yo'. Sit still an' doan move, yo' sign chile, sit still, an' yo'll see de passin' ob de past an' de comin' ob de nex' spell."

Then he lighted a candle and from some unseen receptacle produced a black object like a mirror, about twelve inches in length and nine inches in diameter. It was concave, and black as pitch. This he placed in my hands, explaining that I must look into its concave surface. As my fingers touched the curious object, every point of which was black as asphaltum, a curious sensation ran over my body, a strange tremble that seemed to be carried into my frame from out my finger-tips. The dim glimmer of the candle, that lighted the room but little, and the thing I touched but could see not at all, the solemn voice of the negro, the air of mystery with which he moved and spoke, following the remarkable manner in which he had outlined the experiences I met in Cincinnati, and that I supposed were locked securely in my own breast, unnerved me and my hands trembled.

"What is this thing, and where did you get it?" I demanded.

"Et am de sign-glass, an' I got et from de man who doan make no alm'nacs. Cupe hab trabelled Norf, an' hab trabelled Souf, an' hab sot monstrous close ter men who had be'n out in de night an' in de sunshine wha' de summer am all de yeah long. Yo'll see mo'ah in dat glass dan yo' ebah read in any book, an' when yo' git fru, yo'll not hab ter ax Cupe ter tole yo' de nex' news what's comin', an' yo' won't be consarned in wha' Cupe got de glass need'h. Look down an' read—read de glass."

I lowered my eyes, and as I did so the negro blew out the flame of the candle; again I was in absolute darkness, gazing at or toward an object in itself black even in daylight. "Cupe, this is nonsense; light up the candle, open the door!" I said. But still I gazed into the mirror's depths, for strange movements began to play in the air near where I felt the surface of the thing should be, and then an uncouth object shot from out one side of the mirror and assumed the shape of an ugly human face.

"Look in de sign-glass, chile, an' talk when de spell am obah," but no reason had the negro to make this charge now, for as suddenly as it appeared did the face vanish, and I now gazed in fascination down into its depths, yes, through it into light beyond. This is what I saw. Let me relate exactly what happened.

The motion of the air at first was similar to a thick mist blown back and forth in the night before an illuminated object that could just be distinguished deep down in the bottomless distance. Then came a gyrating movement that

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swept the vapours into a spiral which revolved as does an eddy of water, sucking the vapours into a vortex centre, which seemed to pass down into the increasing brightness beyond. As the vapours disappeared into the eddy, the light rapidly brightened, and soon I sat looking into a sunshine scene in which no object appeared, nothing but a curious light, soft, pleasant, soothing. Then came a shadow, and as by magic a scene uplifted before my eyes, a scene of the past in which I had taken part, and all the incidents of that night of terror in which as a child I first ran to this cabin followed each other in rapid succession. I saw minutely every phase of that scene, from the reading by Cupe of the sign in the ashes to the vision of the little girl sitting at the table.

Next came a blank in which mists whirled again, and then appeared the scene in the grocery, where, that night in 1864, stood Parson Jones confronting the picturesque, suave Colonel Luridson. I heard the storm again; the sleet and wind of New Year, 1864, beat upon my ears, the movements of the men about that stove and their conversation were again a part of my life, and I saw myself, too, sitting in the circle even until the climax came and the hands of the parson leaped out and grasped the throat of Luridson. I saw and heard as if I were an observer, and then, as for the second time, I gazed at a scene in which I sat an actor. I cried aloud and the scene changed.

Next came, one by one, the principal incidents I have recorded in this history of my life and which I need not again relate. The quarrel with Red Head in the valley, the farewell to Stringtown, the pathetic ride on the old, rocking stage, the subsequent experiences in Cincinnati, touched upon by Cupe and which I had never described to any one, the life in college, the return to Stringtown, the recent incidents, and at last I was led to the present moment, and saw myself sitting in my chair gazing into the magic mirror. Yes, I sat in the cabin of Cupe holding that occult glass, into whose depths I was peering and I myself was surely looking at myself. A feeling of awe now came over me, a desire to drop the glass, and yet I could not do so. With deep fascination my eyes followed the young man (myself), who next handed the glass to the negro by his side and passed out of the cabin. He walked slowly, with bowed head, seemingly in deep meditation; but once did he stoop (and then I could not catch the object he picked up) until, raising his eyes, a girl appeared before him. The two spoke, then I saw him (myself) take her hand and plead for something, but in words I could not catch, for the voices were very low. She stood with drooping eyes and seemed to withstand the earnest solicitation, for she shook her head, and at last they separated, he moving slowly away toward Stringtown, she toward the cabin. And as she passed along I observed that tears were in her eyes.

I next followed the lad (myself) until I entered the village. I saw the door of my home open, and then I stood by my mother's side pleading for something in words that again I could not catch. Eye seemed to be the more acute of the senses now, for ear could not catch sound of either of the voices. Earnestly did I plead with my mother, and as I did so, I who saw but could not hear, grew deeply interested in the nature of the conversation, for I felt that it concerned my interview with the girl. Involuntarily I moved the mirror nearer my face, and then, instantly, darkness enveloped me. I sat in absolute darkness back in the cabin; the charm was broken.

I do not know how the negro learned that I had broken the spell—possibly I made some noise; at any rate, he lighted the candle, took the "sign-glass" from my hands, opened the door, drew up the curtains, and then said: "An' did yo' see de story ob yoah life?"

"I had a curious experience, surely," I replied, in a respectful tone I should not have used to him preceding the "experience."

"An' did yo' reach de cabin?"

"Yes."

"An' did yo' go pas' de cabin an' see de tings what's comin'?"

"I saw myself walk away from this cabin, if you call that 'tings what's comin'."

"Yo' didn't git ter de end ob yoah trabels, yo' didn't see de cole face an' de crossed han's, yo' didn't see de endin' ob de spell twixt yo' an' Red Head?"

"No."

"Yo' didn't fin' de meanin' ob de sign what say dat Susie'll be gone from de worl' an' walkin' still?"

"No; I moved the mirror and the scene disappeared."

"Et am monstrous strange, de endin' ob de spell fo' Susie. Cupe hab read de endin' of Red Head an' ob yo', too, but he can't git no sense out ob de endin' ob Susie. Gone out ob de worl' an' yet in et, de spell say. She wah surely walkin' ahftah de sign p'dict she wah gone from de worl'. De pure white face wah sweet es an angel, she wah in ole Kaintuck suah, she wah movin' an' talkin' an' doin' good, yit de sign say she wah gone from de worl'. Et am an awful ting ter Cupe ter not see de

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cleah endin' ob de spell fo' Susie." Then he turned to me and spoke kindly: "Chile, Cupe doan mean no ha'm ter yo', he hain't said no disrespec'. Yo' hab slandered de sign what doan come out ob de alm'nac book, but befo' yo' speak at random ag'in yo'll see dat de sign-glass kin show what de alm'nac book can't. Yo' hab seed de tings what yo' know am wonct be'n, an' yo' hab seed de comin' steps, an' yo' can't help but walk in de way yo' saw de signs movin'." He pointed to the door. "De comin' ob de sign am axin' yo' ter go on."

I left the cabin, and passed down a path that led to Stringtown.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Many and varied were the emotions that passed through my mind as I left that door. What strange mirror had Cupe in his possession that could lead me to imagine that I was looking at my past movements? "Pshaw!" I said aloud, "the negro has made a fool of me."

But there came then to mind the curious manner in which he touched upon my movements in Cincinnati. Where did he get that fortune-telling mirror, how did he learn to use it? Slowly did I pass along, stopping often in my meditations concerning the incidents related, and then it occurred to me that I had passed that way before. Yes, I saw that I was simply retracing a path over which I had recently walked; and yet I knew that I came to the cabin by another path, and that not for four years had I been there previously. Objects by the wayside were familiar, and as I passed along I anticipated those that would next appear.

I stooped over and picked a modest little blue blossom that peeped from a tuft of grass by the path—I had picked that same flower before from beside that exact clump of grass—and as I pinned it to my lapel I appreciated that once before I had pinned that identical flower to the lapel as now I did it.

"Strange," I thought to myself, "I meet detail experiences now that I did not notice when reading the mirror, but which I perceive, now that I am reminded of them, are surely repetitions of past incidents." And then I caught the fact that the mirror simply opened conspicuous phases of life and held them before my gaze, but left the impress of others to be revived on my intellect. These reflections sifted through my mind as I passed for the second time along that narrow path, the path I had recently seen myself following, until I reached the thicket-banked hollow, where, turning a sharp angle, I stood face to face with Susie. I caught sight of the girl before she observed me, and was startled, for to me 'twas the second time I had met her in that spot, but to her the first time. She was slowly walking toward her home; her eyes, downcast, were shaded by her projecting sunbonnet, and she did not know of my presence until her gaze rested on my feet in the path before her. She raised her eyes and fixed them on my own, this child woman, whose youthful face, notwithstanding her childishness, was womanly in expression. "I have been to the cabin, Miss Susie," I said; "it may be my last visit, for soon I start North to prepare for the task I have assumed; but you know that you said I might come again."

Heeding not my words, the girl extended her hand; I took it in my own, and held it too long, I fear, before releasing it, for the warm touch was very pleasant. "Mr. Drew," she said, "you must come no more to my home." I began to reply, but she interrupted. "Do not deny me this favour; I am in earnest, deeply in earnest. Come no more to my cabin, avoid Cupe, avoid Dinah"—she hesitated an instant, just enough to show that she had hesitated—and continued: "Bid me good-bye forever."

Strange young girl that; youthful in appearance, childish even in some regards and yet carrying in her face the expression of patient, mature womanhood, and conveying by her touch a thrill that made my wild love the more intense.

"Susie," I exclaimed, "this is cruel. I promise, though, not to intrude if my company is distasteful. But why do you say, 'Come no more forever?' What have I done to provoke you? Did I not ask you to forgive my rudeness the night I met Red Head in your home?"

"I bear you no ill will for that," she answered. "I was partly at fault, and I sincerely regret my last remark; it was very provoking. I did not give the rose to Red Head."

"I am already aware of that fact, and yet I thank you for telling me. But why did you tantalise me, what object had you in declining to give me the second rose, why did you irritate me by leading me to believe that you intended to bestow it upon my rival?"

"Am I not a girl? Why should you take so seriously one of the pleasantries of girlhood?"

"Such pleasantries as these may be sportive to girls, but I assure you they are more than vexatious to us."

"Mr. Drew, had you been possessed of the discernment of a girl you would not have asked me to give you the second rose; it was indis-

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creet in me to proffer you, unasked, the first one; to have acquiesced in your request would have been imprudent."

"Let the matter drop, Susie. I have one of the roses and Red Head did not get the other. Permit me now to continue my remarks. Twice only in four years have I called at your home to meet you; in neither instance did I get the chance to tell you why I made the visit."

"Please, Mr. Drew," she interrupted, "first listen to me." This she said in such a pleading tone as to command regard for her request.

"Go on, Miss Susie. But when you have finished I shall tell you what twice before I have tried to say."

Heeding me not, she continued: "I am a lonely girl, raised by and with the negroes. I have been wild and careless, but am so no longer. If I have a father, he has no child in me. My mother was shot during the war, I cannot remember her. Youth has been in my case a strange story of negro lore and superstition, of human neglect and inhuman loneliness. I remember less of pleasure than of trouble, less of kindness than of rudeness. I am prematurely old in some things, but this is not my fault; no other girl in Stringtown has had cause to think of things that crush the joys of childhood as have I. No girl companion ever crosses the threshold of my home, nor do I meet any in their own. Why should I be young? Mr. Drew, to think as I have done since I was taught my place among people is to learn more of some things than many who are much older know. To feel the unearned touch of shame is to realise what shame really is. To meet the shrinking eye and the withdrawn hand, to hear the sneer of the heartless tongue, brings care and sorrow that brushes youth away while yet the years are few. I am alone with the old negroes; nearly as old in feeling, I sometimes imagine, as are they. You have been kind in thinking of me. I know not why you act as you do, but you are indiscreet and have no right to injure yourself and wrong me by persisting in your visits. I wish to be left alone."

"Susie, these things that you brood over concern me not at all and do you no harm. You magnify your misfortunes; like a suspicious man, you misjudge men and women; you wrong your friends and hurt those who would befriend you. I speak from my heart, Susie; your fancy is distempered; you wrong me too, and to prove it I shall tell you now what I came twice before to say. I—"

"Stop!" she cried; "before you finish the words you intend to speak, I would ask—have you spoken to your mother?"

"No; but she will make no objection to—"

"Ask her first, and if she makes no objection, you may come to the cabin and finish the question you would ask of me. Promise to do this," she pleaded.

"You have my promise, Susie, but you need have no question concerning the result. I shall return to-night—yes, this very afternoon. I'll tell you then that which I have started three times to say."

She shook her head. "You will not come back to-night, neither will it be to-morrow nor yet the next day. No, never. You may meet me by accident, I may come to you—Cupe says that I'll kneel on the floor and with tears in my eyes beg justice of you—but be this true or not, never with these words on your lips will you come again to me."

Her tone bespoke deep anguish of spirit and her face was very sad. I could not reply.

"You will never come again," she continued; "others have turned away, none are left but Red Head and my guardian—none, and you, too, will come no more. Farewell." Her hand trembled as I again clasped it, and now its touch was cold. Her eyes met mine, and I saw that tears stood in them, they brimmed full of tears. "May I have the flower you wear in your lapel?" she asked. I handed it to her. "Susie, that flower is blue, blue is my dispiriting colour. Why do you ask that of me? Keep it, though, and if ever you need a friend, one who will grant your every wish, you who claim that you have no friends, need but present that flower to me. *Whatever it may be, and wherever I may be, you have but to ask.*"

"Thank you, and now farewell, Mr. Drew. You have been kind to me, but very thoughtless concerning yourself. I forgive you the wrong you have done in the unsought education that shows me my position. Would, though, that it could be lost forever."

I stood in silence. She turned and walked up the path the way I came, vanishing around the clump of hazel, and then I turned toward Stringtown. Now came again to my mind the vision that the mirror pictured; all I had seen therein had been repeated, verified, and in addition my ears had now heard the conversation that the mirror failed to give.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE INTERPRETATIONS OF POETRY AND RELIGION. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The mature rejection of naïve poetry, of simple interest in life, of joy in sensation and in thoughtless exuberance, seldom receives a pleasing expression in literature. The spirit that denies our "glad animal movements" hardly ever cares to form in attractive style its renunciatory message. We associate such expression with the ascetic mood, and to a child of nature the monk's cowl is a hateful object. We are humiliated by the written thoughts of a man who applies to our instinctive and worldly interests the severe test of a rational idea, who coolly compares our temporal delights with the eternal joys of the Platonic State. The usual attitude is to reject such a harassing criticism with contempt as intolerant piety, particularly as the rational strictures are usually put into rasping form, in which only the bare rejection of what is most native to us appears.

Mr. Santayana's book is a most remarkable modern instance of the Platonic point of view put into such beautiful literary form as to make it æsthetic. We have here an eminently cultivated intellect and taste interpreting sympathetically, with superior exasperation at the ingenuous instinct of delight in mere life, the monkish manner of feeling. We have here a mind of the keenest logical character, furnished with a seasoned understanding of the history of religion and philosophy, and with a sifted grasp of the various arts and sciences, turning its disillusioned intelligence to an illumined exposition of the beauty of cloistered feeling—an æsthetic treatment of the ascetic, an advocacy of the supremacy of reason as an element of poetry and of religion.

The underlying idea of this book of brilliant essays is "that religion and poetry are identical in essence, and differ merely in the way in which they are attached to practical affairs. Poetry is called religion when it supervenes in life, and religion when it merely supervenes upon life is seen to be nothing but poetry." This main theme receives multiform illustration, is approached from various points of view, treated with sober and penetrating thought. On the score of clear logic and finished style too much praise could hardly be accorded. Mr. Santayana always writes, too, with great intellectual distinction. His is more nearly a classic manner in philosophical writing than that of any other contemporary author.

I fancy, however, that there are few readers who, no matter how much they may admire the book, would not be rather puzzled and distressed at the point of view; not so much at what is said as at the manner in which it is valued. Some might even call it a kind of disloyalty to life and to human nature. In human passion, even in personality, Mr. Santayana discerns only irrationality. He cares only for the Platonic qualities of things, not for the things themselves. The death of a friend would be unimportant, for the qualities of the dead remain in the memory of the living. The love for a woman is to be deprecated, for it obscures the vision into the ideal.

This rather bare, austere, eminently rational view of things is carried out in interesting fashion *apropos* of a variety of subjects. The Christian doctrine of eternal punishment receives sympathetic explanation, for it involves an absolute standard of good and evil. The moral truth that some things are better than others can be imaginatively expressed, says our author, in no better way than by saying that what happens in this world will determine one's eternal destiny and that of one's neighbour. "If every one is ultimately saved, there is nothing truly momentous about alternative events." Be it remembered, however, that religion has to do with ideals, not with facts. This is an important and recurring thought in the book. Mr. Santayana points out the evils of intolerance, on the one hand, and those of a shallow humanitarianism on the other, which spring from the tendency of religion to leave the ideal and pretend to judge matters of fact, and from the habit of reformers to judge religion from the basis of fact rather than from the basis of the ideal.

All this, like most of what is said, is eminently true and rational, without being in the least truistic. But while we agree, we are chilled with the general conception of life involved. In the essay on Platonic love, human love is depreciated in favour of the love for the absolute. "The absolute is a jealous god; it is a consuming fire that blasts the affections upon which it feeds. . . . The tendency to impersonality, we see, is essential to the ideal. . . . A blind love, an unreasoning passion, is, therefore, inconsistent with the Platonic spirit, which is favourable rather to abstraction from persons and to admiration of qualities . . . the tendency to make our experience of love rational."

In the essay on "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare," the same point of view is mani-

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fest. Shakespeare is not in the first rank of poets because of his lack of religion. "The cosmos eludes him; he does not seem to feel the need of framing that idea. He depicts human life in all its richness and variety, but leaves that life without a setting, and consequently without a meaning." Comparing Shakespeare with Dante and Homer, Mr. Santayana says: "In contrast with such a luminous philosophy and so well-digested an experience, the silence of Shakespeare and his philosophical incoherence have something in them that is still heathen; something that makes us wonder whether the Northern mind, even in him, did not remain morose and barbarous at its inmost core."

"Morose and barbarous!" This is the criticism of a Southern, Latin temperament, of a philosopher, moreover, with an ascetic leaning in religion. And in the essay on "The Poetry of Barbarism" he applies the same standard of criticism to Browning and Walt Whitman. Speaking of the poetry of "this age of material elaboration," in general, he writes: "Its fancy is retrospective, whimsical and flickering; its ideals, when it has any, are negative and partial; its moral strength is a blind and miscellaneous vehemence. Its poetry, in a word, is the poetry of barbarism." "Whimsical," "partial," "blind vehemence," are words representing qualities peculiarly hateful to the philosopher. "Miscellaneous and shallow exuberance" is another characteristic of modern poetry. "The triumphs of reason have been few and partial at any time." The poetry of barbarism can ". . . utter wilder cries, surrender itself and us to more absolute passion and heap up a more indiscriminate wealth of images than belong to poets of seasoned experience or of heavenly inspiration." In passing, it may be suggested that there is more rational anæmia to-day than barbarous abundance. The barbarous abundance of Browning is thus characterised: "The passions of civilised life with which he deals are treated as so many 'barbaric yawps,' complex, indeed, in their conditions, puffings of an intricate engine, but aimless in their vehemence, and mere ebullitions of lustiness in adventurous and profoundly ungoverned souls." Of Whitman: "Whitman's insight into man did not go beyond a sensuous sympathy; it consisted in a vicarious satisfaction in their pleasures and an instinctive love of their persons. It never approached a scientific or imaginative knowledge of their hearts." . . . Of Browning: "The deepest of all failures, the failure in rationality. . . . Mere euphemism to call this perpetual vagrancy a development of the soul." . . .

Throughout the other essays, too, appears strongly the philosophic hatred of the passionate and the irrational, of all that is crude, naïve and unrelated: "Our century has been an age of confusion." . . . Of Jean Lahor: "Only one more case of sensibility and fancy overpowering a timid intellect; . . . the only race that has yet seriously attempted to live rationally; . . . a passion like Romeo's . . . is a thin dream. . . . A scientific and mathematical vision has a higher beauty than the irrational poetry of sensation and impulse, which merely tickles the brain, like liquor, and plays upon our random, imaginative lusts."

The last quotation fittingly characterises the deepest passion in the nature of this brilliant detached personality, endowed with rare gifts of philosophy and expression, but lacking in warmth, in humanity and in robust intellectual impulse.

Hutchins Hapgood.

THE DIUTURNAL THEORY OF THE EARTH. By William Andrews. New York: Myra Andrews & Ernest G. Stevens.

The history of this work is very interesting. William Andrews, the author, was born at Philadelphia in 1798, and served in the War of 1812 as a drummer boy. He afterward learned the trade of book-binding at the Lippincotts, and it was by conducting a bindery and stationery shop that he made his living throughout the rest of his long life. Cumberland, Maryland, became his final home; here he philosophised and bound books to his heart's content, and produced the work which he fondly hoped would unveil all those secrets that have baffled so many generations of scientific investigators.

One of his hobbies was the collection of specimens for his natural history museum, and he brought together a very extensive one. We learn from the biographical note prefixed to his work that part of this museum has passed into the possession of the State of New York, and is now preserved at Albany. Another portion, containing about twenty thousand geological specimens, is at a Maryland college. It will be seen that Andrews must have been a very successful collector. But it is best to say at once that as a scientific investigator he was a failure. He persisted in attacking problems that require for their solution the most profound knowledge of mathematics—a knowledge which he does not appear to have had even in a small degree. He was like one who should try to do carpentering without a kit of tools;

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without even the faintest glimmer of a notion as to what tools might be necessary, or even whether such things as carpenter's tools exist. So long as he devoted himself to picking up specimens, his industry and painstaking devotion made for success, and success was his. But when he began to produce a theory of the universe, he was like that individual who declared he did not know whether he could play the fiddle, because he had not yet tried it. Andrews tried it, and a very pretty music of the spheres is the result.

Now, it is impossible to point out anything absolutely and evidently absurd in Andrews's book, just as it is impossible to prove the truth of the law of gravitation absolutely. That law is merely an assumption or hypothesis, but it is one of whose actual physical existence we may be sure with a certainty as great as can possibly attach to any result of human effort. It might have been predicted with nearly the same degree of certainty that the individual who had not tried the fiddle would be unable to play upon it, and that Andrews's theory would be absurd.

Well, he theorised away for many years, and at last he died at Cumberland in 1887. Up to the present time the manuscript escaped the notice of what Mr. Stevens, in his biographical note, calls "a fully appreciative eye." A fire which occurred failed to consume it. Believers will see in this that fated power of the Truth to prevail against every danger; and scoffers will wonder at the peculiar absurdity of inanimate things which make a fire always spare that which the world could most conveniently spare too. The final paragraph of Mr. Stevens's biographical note will bear quotation in full. After referring to a work of Geikie's, in which certain pending problems of geology are stated with brevity and precision, Mr. Stevens says:

> It is interesting to learn that long years before these words (of Geikie's) were written, the greatest scientist America has produced, though only known to his neighbours as a humble stationer, had discovered the key and solved the problem. He had left comparatively little to be accomplished. Of many workers in many lands he alone has had the skill to read the record. Unseen he had taken his place beside Copernicus, Galileo, Newton and Darwin. He had made the patchwork of geology into a complete science, given the sciences a life line, and built for evolution a base of solid bedrock.

Of course this is all nonsense. No doubt it is very praiseworthy in the publishers to believe so implicitly in their author. We do not know whether this is a usual habit with publishers; but we suspect very strongly that the present ones are but amateurs at their trade. It is safe to acquit them of any desire for a money return from the present venture, and to credit them with a disinterested wish to establish the reputation of a man in whom they take a very special interest, and with whom they are perhaps connected by close family relationship. But they are altogether mistaken.

The Diuturnal Theory itself is not stated very clearly in the book. So far as we have been able to discover, the author postulates a spiral rotation of the terrestrial poles upon the earth's surface. There is not the slightest evidence that such a motion is mechanically probable, and the author appears to be unaware that to establish his theory he must not only prove such motion possible, but also show that it is a necessary and unavoidable consequence of the known laws of mechanics. The whole book is filled with prolix and often irrelevant supposed consequences of the original hypothesis. But we may dismiss the theory in a word as untenable, and advise the publishers humbly to issue no further works of Mr. Andrews.

To such of our readers as may be inclined to examine a casual extract from the book, we beg to submit the following horrific sentence from the preface. It is a good average specimen of what may be expected from that worst of bulls in a china shop, the philosophising metaphysician in the laboratory of exact science:

> The general climatic order or position in which geologists find organic remains in different series of sedimentary formations (and in which periods these once existing beings bear evidence of having lived in corresponding temperatures) is found in strict relation with the rotation of this system of revolutions and the successive deposits laid down during these repeated revolutions; by which means the structure and superposition of the earth's successive plates or coats of contemporaneous or of non-contemporaneous deposits in different hemispheres (or in lesser portions of the globe) may be elucidated in a satisfactory manner hitherto unknown, as these revolutions are evidently the only means by which the structure of the earth's stratified and non-stratified systems composing the shell could have been formed in the same order and superposition that the practical and persistent observations of all geologists have found them.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE FURNACE OF EARTH. By Hallie Erminie Rives. New York: The Camelot Company. $1.25.

Hallie Erminie Rives has written another novel, and she has called it *The Furnace of Earth.* A key to the title is furnished in the lines from "The Revelation of St. Love the Divine."

> Their first estate of joy they leave,
> So pure, impassioned and elate,
> And learn from Piety to grieve,
> Because their hearts are passionate.

The story is second cousin to *The Quick or the Dead.* Miss Rives is a Southerner, and is evidently endowed with the Southern temperament. She writes without reserve, at times becoming lurid in her style. The story itself has merely a skeleton plot and little or no background; the characters might live anywhere and in any sort of way. They are out of doors most of the time, talking about their souls, which, by the way, brings us to the point. *The Furnace of Earth* is intended to be a study in temperament, a warring of the physical and the spiritual in the sex relation. It must be admitted that the heroine, Margaret Langdon, is not particularly spiritual, although she cries, with other women, "Give me soul—give me spirituality!" She has a lover—just the sort of lover that a woman loves—and he makes love in such a way that the "tumbling passion of his utterances pierced through her like a spear of desperate gladness. . . . Her eyes flowed into his. From a blur under cloud-pale eyelids, they had turned to violet balls, shot through with a trembling light. The look she gave him melted over him in a rage of love. Desire bordered it, a smile dipped in it, a promise made it golden, and he saw his own longing painted in it as a pilgrim sees his reflection in a slumbering pool." Even when she was alone "the feel of his strong hair," which sometimes smelled of roses, "was in the fibrous touch of her gown. His mouth, smiling at the corners, warmed her shoulder. His bodily presence was all about her; it breathed upon her, and her soul reeled and shut its eyes like a drunken man." At such times as these her hair would become "flame-washed," and she would look "in the mirror and kiss the glass hungrily." Margaret Langdon, according to her lover, "looks like a tall, yellow lily," and as if "a gnome had drawn amber streaks in her hair and rubbed her cheeks with pink tulip leaves." In one place Miss Rives speaks of "her unused lips," and in another of their resemblance to ripe strawberries. Altogether, Margaret Langdon is hardly the type of woman to cry very loudly for the spiritual. But in Miss Rives's hands the struggle in Margaret's heart is made very clear. Margaret goes to church one day, shortly after an intense love scene, and in spite of the fact that "her limbs were nettled with teasing pricks of restlessness," she becomes very much impressed by the text:

> For they that are of the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are of the Spirit, the things of the Spirit. For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

She dwells upon this thought until she is led to treat her lover cruelly, because she reasons with herself that earthly love is all wrong, and that until the spiritual side is developed there can be no true happiness. She does not make allowances for human limitations, and she succeeds in making herself very miserable, as women generally do when they analyse the human emotions. The strongest scene in the book is that which is enacted at the hospital whither Richard is taken, seriously injured, and where Margaret, who is at that time a nurse on probation, discovers him and also discovers that she would love him were he a physical wreck for the remainder of his days. Miss Rives then brings to the surface the maternal love of a woman.

To any one who adores a love story, the kind that first makes one creep with the depth of its torrid passion and then soothes one with the love which is of the spirit, we recommend *The Furnace of Earth.* And, furthermore, it is not often that we have a heroine whose "moods sometimes struck through her like the smell of earth to a wild thing of the jungle."

Flora Mai Holly.

PINE KNOT. By William E. Barton. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

Many authors find the most difficult achievement of their career is to survive their second novel. A first effort may be mediocre, but a public disposed to encouragement of obscure writers as a rule treats it kindly. Coming forward with his second book, the confident novelist, remembering the genial praise which brought him out of obscurity, is astonished to find that the critical attitude is changed. Whatever of merit he has done is not credited over to his new effort, but against it. He has set a standard for himself which he must not

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merely live up to, but must surpass. His reputation is likely rather to be a weight than a leaven. But if he passes successfully the uncompromising scrutiny of his second book, he may look into the future with confidence. Mr. Barton's second novel is now undergoing this crucial test. *A Hero in Homespun* had brought the author's name before the reading public. *Pine Knot* is a story of Kentucky life. The people dwell neither in James Lane Allen's Kentucky nor in John Fox's, but down on the Tennessee border, where poverty and ignorance have done much to smother the vital spark of human nature. It is a study of the human product in this section and of war times, giving local light on sectional speculations, full of diverting characterisation and progressive interest as a story. Considered independently or in relation to the author's other story, *Pine Knot* passes successfully the Rubicon whose currents menace the second book of an author.

ANDROMEDA. By Robert Buchanan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25.

If *Andromeda* had ended as well as it began, it would have been a good story. But Mr. Buchanan does not fulfil the promise of the opening chapters. The plot is hackneyed and the characters shop-worn. Andromeda, a wild and beautiful waif of the sea, falls madly in love with an artist who is stopping at the "Lobster Smack," a tumble-down inn on Canvey Island. This artist is a good-looking young man, very susceptible and very fickle, with the necessary dash of Bohemianism. He wins the heart of this untamed creature, and then he runs away. Andromeda grows angrily discontented with her lot, and she is at the point of desperation when she comes into the possession of a large amount of money. This money, by the way, comes to her from a sailor whom she had married when she was sixteen, and who now considerately sends word that he is dead. The rest can be imagined. Andromeda goes to London, meets the artist, becomes engaged to him, is very happy, and the sailor returns. This is not all, by any means, but it is all that we are going to say.

IN CIRCLING CAMPS. By J. A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

The Civil War has not done much for the novel spinner, and, on the other hand, the novel spinner, with an exception here and there, has not done much for the Civil War. It is the dramatist who seems to have reaped the richer harvest. To be sure, we have had various phases and any number of romantic incidents of the war, but we do not often get as fine a picture as that which Mr. Altsheler paints in *In Circling Camps*. The tale covers the period from the election and the inauguration of Lincoln until the surrender of Lee and the entrance of the Northern army into Richmond. Lincoln is described:

It seemed to me that he was fully six and a half feet in height, somewhat bent in the shoulders, and with one of those long, meagre, bony, brown and seamed faces so characteristic of the West, where winters and summers are extreme and life has been hard. . . . His gait was so shambling, his black clothes hung so different from the men of easy manners and distinguished bearing whom the South chose for high place, that my first emotion was one of keen disappointment. He looked the rail-splitter that he had been; an awkward Western borderer, with nothing in his appearance to inspire the respect, fear even, that was needed at so critical a time, when the strongest of the nation were at each other's throats. I thought of a missionary with a prayer-book, trying to control a cageful of tigers, when the man wanted was a Hercules with a red-hot bar of iron. The stranger's melancholy eyes met my own again, and at this second meeting I was powerfully attracted; I thought that I saw there so much pity, so much human affection.

In Circling Camps is not a story of one man's bravery or of one man's love; it is, rather, a story of hundreds of thousands of men of the North and of the South, a story of weary marches and prolonged battles, with an undercurrent of romance to hold the reader's interest. Mr. Altsheler, a Kentuckian by birth, cannot disguise his sympathies with the South, although his hero is a soldier in the Federal army. He quotes Lincoln as saying that one cannot mistake the accent of the Kentuckian, "the haughty snubbing of the poor little letter 'r,' and the general air of a speaking acquaintance with God." But it is the heroine who is really worth while. "She had the peculiar mingling of Northern and Southern blood in her veins, the odd grafting of Massachusetts stock upon Kentucky soil." She loves her lover more than she does her country. She braves everything for him, and her acts of heroism are a credit to the author's imagination. Every good American who enjoys the smell of powder and the crack of the rifle will appreciate the chapters which describe the battle of Gettysburg, extracts from which we quote herewith:

I watched with interest the play of flame and smoke from the rifle shots, the little stream of red and the puff of white alternating in such picturesque fashion; the crackling of the rifle shots, now increasing fast, was not unpleasant, being rather musical at the distance, and the forms of the skirmishers appeared

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momentarily, flitting from tree to tree and rock to rock in search of cover as they advanced, and as active as if made of rubber. . . .

The great column which they protected, and around which they skirmished with such vigour and activity, advanced steadily and without shouting. I saw it clearly now, a solid body of many thousand men, with formidable artillery, and I looked anxiously at the smaller force that held the Northern lines and awaited the attack. . . .

I saw well enough that it was a moment of hazard to the army. The dense columns of the enemy, their evident determination, their powerful supporting artillery, the deadly accuracy of their fire, were sufficient proof to a soldier of any experience that the defence must now be of the most desperate kind. Our front ranks had already begun to fire their rifles, volley after volley, sending the bullets straight into the oncoming mass. But it did not stop the Southern advance. They fired their own volleys, too, as they approached, until they were so near that their artillery ceased for a moment lest its shells should strike friends as well as enemies. Then the invading mass heaved up with a mighty effort and hurled itself bodily upon us. . . .

It was no longer an ordered battle, precise, arranged by mathematics and directed by skilful generals, but a *mêlée*, a hurly-burly, a wild, confused conflict, in which each man fought for himself, and the passions were let loose to show of what the human race can be capable in its wildest moments of battle fever. It seemed to me that we had all gone mad together.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1900.

August business was naturally light up to the last few days, when the first of the season's demand for school books was felt. The sales in general trade were confined almost entirely to fiction, with a fair proportion of miscellaneous works on subjects of the day, such as China and campaign literature. The text-book orders were mostly confined to supplies for the primary and grammar schools, which open first, to be followed later by the private schools and colleges.

The month's publications were comparatively few, but included several titles by well-known authors, notably *The Maid of Maiden Lane,* a sequel to *A Bow of Orange Ribbon,* by Amelia E. Barr, and *The Wonderful Wizard,* by L. F. Baum. These may be considered but forerunners of a large list of fiction by popular writers, already announced for early publication.

A few titles showed exceptional life during the month past, of which may be especially mentioned *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box,* by Henry Harland; *Eben Holden,* by Irving Bacheller; *The Redemption of David Corson,* by Charles F. Goss, and *Boy,* by Marie Corelli, while *To Have and to Hold, Billy Baxter's Letters, The Voice of the People* and *The Gentleman from Indiana* were in unabated demand.

The interest in works on China continues to be pronounced, although in a somewhat less degree than during the last two months. The books most called for are *China, the Long-Lived Empire,* by E. R. Scidmore, and *The Break-Up of China,* by Lord Charles Beresford.

After their return from Chicago the publishers' representatives make, as a rule, New York their headquarters for the showing of their autumn books, and this August has been no exception. The samples so far displayed are very complete in the different departments. Juveniles, holiday and illustrated editions, calendars, booklets and the customary editions of 16mos and 12mos are all represented. In the 16mo styles there are several new designs as to covers, and under this general heading are a noticeable number of series of religious titles, which have been increasing in popularity of recent years. The general make-up and prices of the various lines compare most favourably in attractiveness with those of former years, and should do much toward encouraging liberal purchases.

In addition to the above, which are prepared especially for the coming holiday season, there are announced many new volumes of fiction and miscellaneous works, which will be appreciated alike for gift purposes and for library and general trade.

Library business, which was comparatively quiet during August, now bids fair to resume a prominent place in the sales and to exceed in amount that of former years.

The question of excessive cut prices is a prominent one in the trade in view of the coming busy season, and while some individual publishers are suggesting remedies, it does not seem likely that anything effective will be accomplished in the immediate future.

The list of best selling books for the month, composed entirely of fiction, is as follows:

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

Billy Baxter's Letters. By W. J. Kountz, Jr. 75 cents.

Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland. $1.50.

The Redemption of David Corson. By Charles F. Goss. $1.50.

Voice of the People. By Ellen Glasgow. $1.50.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

Boy. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

Fables in Slang. By George Ade. $1.00.

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Sophia. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.
Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.
Wild Animals I Have Known. By Ernest Seton Thompson. $2.00.
Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. $1.50.
Philip Winwood. By Robert Nelson Stephens. $1.50.
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, September 1, 1900.

Business conditions during August were almost similar to those which existed during the previous summer months of July and June. Sales were good for this season, and the average was more than maintained. But few new books were published, and as none of them took rank with the leaders, there was but little change in the order of demand for the more popular books. These, however, sold well.

The autumn business is opening as this report is being written, and so far the orders taken for goods for future delivery are, in the main, encouraging and satisfactory. There appears to be every reason to expect that trade will be brisk during the coming months, despite the political campaign.

The Reign of Law again led sales last month, and seems to be likely to have a good run. *To Have and to Hold* is keeping up its sale remarkably well, and, notwithstanding the large demand it has already had, will in all probability be one of the most popular books in point of sale this autumn. *Unleavened Bread* is selling better each month, and so is *The Gentleman from Indiana* and *The Redemption of David Corson.*

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of forthcoming autumn publications will be the number of books that will appear with coloured illustrations. Heretofore this kind of illustration has been confined chiefly to children's books and those which are special in their character. Many new and promising novels, however, will appear this season with pictures in colour; some with coloured frontispieces only, and others with all the plates illuminated in this way. While this adds materially to a book's attractiveness, it adds considerably also to the cost of manufacture, and it speaks well, therefore, for the enterprise of American publishers, and is a good example of the care that is now being bestowed upon what may be called ordinary books.

Books upon economics and politics generally are going very well at present, but the extraordinary demand for this class of literature which preceded the last Presidential election is entirely absent at present. The demand for books on China is keeping up fairly well, but does not appear to be likely to last much longer.

Inquiries are now being received for some of the new books announced for early publication, and a large sale may be confidently expected for such books as *The Master Christian,* by Marie Corelli; *Tommy and Grizel,* by J. M. Barrie; *Eleanor,* by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *In the Palace of the King,* by Marion Crawford, and *Uncanonised,* by Margaret Horton Potter.

The following books sold best last month:

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. $1.50.
The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.
The Redemption of David Corson. By C. F. Goss. $1.50.
Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.
Boy. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By Gulielma Zollinger. $1.25.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Web of Life. By Robert Herrick. $1.50.
The Cardinal's Musketeer. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
Monsieur Beaucaire. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, July 20 to August 18, 1900.

The present part of the year is usually a most trying one for the bookseller. However, the amount of business transacted during the past month appears to have approximated closely to that in corresponding periods of previous years, and there has been nothing beyond the customary slackness experienced. Fiction has proved the staple commodity; indeed, so much so that it is somewhat difficult to imagine how the trade managed to tide over this season before the era of the six-shilling novel. Rumours are nevertheless prevalent that this style of issue is to be superseded, in the near future, by the 3s. 6d. edition in the paper covers so conspicuous on the Continent. Still, threatened institutions are proverbial for their longevity, and in the meanwhile orders are coming in apace for the approaching new volume by Marie Corelli, *The Master Christian,* an edition of 75,000 having been exhausted before publication. *The Increasing Purpose,* by J. Lane Allen, has continued to be immensely popular, while two new works by Richard Marsh, *The Goddess* and *The Seen and Unseen,* together with *The Silent Gate,* by Tighe Hopkins, have proved very successful.

Works on Sport have been moving briskly, and the several new volumes in the Haddon Hall Library have been especially sought after. *Sport in War,* by the hero of Mafeking, has also sold freely; while cricket has been represented by *The Walkers of Southgate,* edited by E. T. Sachs, which has enjoyed a wide circulation among the lovers of our national game.

China has naturally continued to exercise a moderate amount of influence on the trade, and several new editions of the older works treating upon that region have been issued, and have sold fairly well. Among the most recent productions, *China and the Present Crisis,* by Joseph Walton, and *China in Decay,*

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by Alexis Krausse, appear to have been the most popular. In connection with the South African campaign, the only book of importance published during the month is *The Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed,* by C. H. Thomas, which has sold well.

Guide-books for home resorts still continue to command a steady sale, and several tastily produced descriptive handbooks to the Emerald Isle have appeared. Biography and all literature of a more or less serious nature appear to have been laid aside by the reading public for the present. The sixpenny reprint has been strongly in evidence throughout the whole of the month, and a very considerable turnover has been effected in this line, far more indeed than the outlook during the earlier part of the year seemed to indicate, it having found large purchasers in the holiday makers, and large consignments having also been forwarded to the Colonies. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles,* by Thomas Hardy, has led the way, an edition of 100,000 having been disposed of, while *Aylwin,* by Dunton, *What Cheer!* by Russell, *Young April,* by Egerton Castle, and *When a Man's Single,* by J. M. Barrie, together with a host of competitors, have formed a very important feature in the trade of the month.

There has unfortunately been a marked falling off in the circulation of several of the most prominent magazines, but trade has been compensated somewhat by the increased popularity of several of the illustrated periodicals.

We append the usual list of books which have been most in demand during the present month:

The Increasing Purpose, By J. L. Allen. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)

For Britain's Soldiers. 6s. (Methuen.)

Origin of the Boer War Revealed. By C. H. Thomas. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Village Notes. By Pamela Tennant. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Farringdons. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

China in Decay. By Alexis Krausse. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Overland to China. By A. R. Colquhoun. 16s. (Harper.)

China and the Present Crisis. By J. Walton, M.P. 6s. (Low.)

Pictorial Gardening. By Wright. 1s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Voices of the Night. By F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Edna Lyall's Works. 3s. 6d. edition. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The Seen and Unseen. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Methuen.)

Kirk's Papers on Health. 2s. (Simpkin.)

The Temperance Problem. By Rowntree and Sherwell. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between August 1, 1900, to September 1, 1900.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.
4. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Senator North. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Written in Red. Dyar. (Brentano.) $1.25.
5. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Publishing Co.) 75 cents.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday.) $1.50.
4. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Meloon Farm. Poole. (Harper.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Black Rock. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Robert Tournay. Sage. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Senator North. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. An Unsocial Socialist. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Yellow Danger. Shiel. (Fenno.) $1.00.
5. The Chinese Crisis. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Boy. Corelli. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. A Friend of Cæsar. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Banker and Bear. Webster. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Boy. Corelli. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Grip of Honour. Brady. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
6. Senator North. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.

HARTFORD, CONN.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
3. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75 cents.
4. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Sweepers of Sea. Wetmore. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
5. The Knights of the Cross. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $2.00.
6. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Blood and Blue. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

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3. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. The Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. Senator North. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Flower of the Flock. Norris. (Appleton.) 50 cents.
6. China, the Long-Lived Empire. Scidmore. (Century Co.) $2.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Boy. Corelli. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.10.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.10.
3. Isle of the Winds. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.10.
4. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) 75 cents.
5. Passing of Thomas. Janvier. (Harper.) 90 cents.
6. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.10.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Banker and Bear. Webster. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. Memory Street. Dun. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Senator North. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Up in Maine. Day. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.00.
6. China, the Long-Lived Empire. Scidmore. (Century Co.) $2.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Robert Tournay. Sage. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Price of Peace. Ackerman. (McClurg.) $1.00.
5. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Poor People. Friedman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Senator North. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Up in Maine. Day. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Web of Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. China, the Long-Lived Empire. Scidmore. (Century Co.) $2.50.
6. Overland to China. Colquhoun. (Harper.) $3.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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3. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
4. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Boy. Corelli. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Boy. Corelli. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75 cents.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75 cents.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Mussen Book Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. Fables in Slang. Ade. (McLeod.) 75 cents.
5. Boy. Corelli. (Gage.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday, McClure & Co.) $1.50.

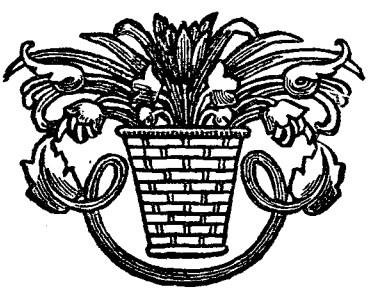
WORCESTER, MASS.

1. A Friend of Cæsar. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. China, the Long-Lived Empire. Scidmore. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Meloon Farm. Poole. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. { To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
   { Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.



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